Jan. 31, 1959

THE NEW YORKER

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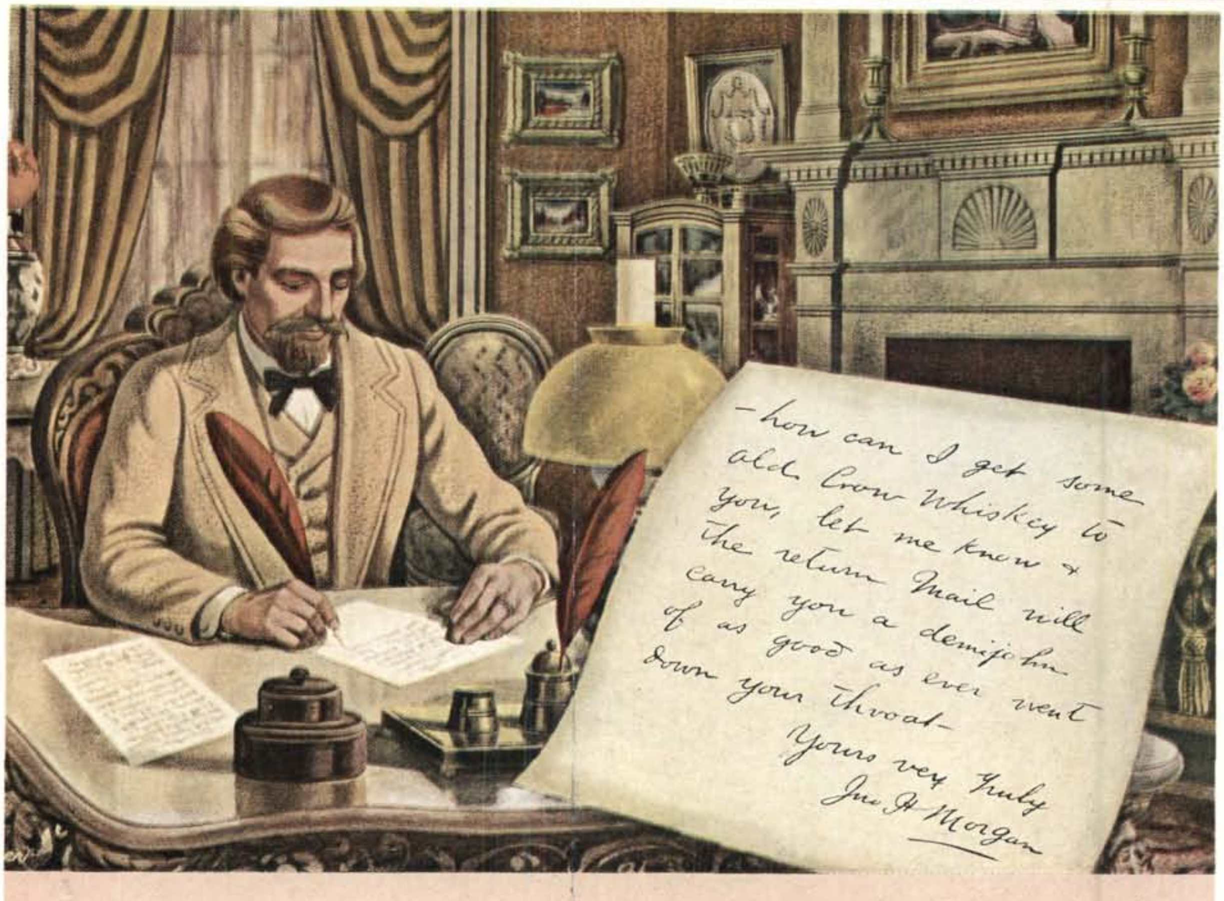

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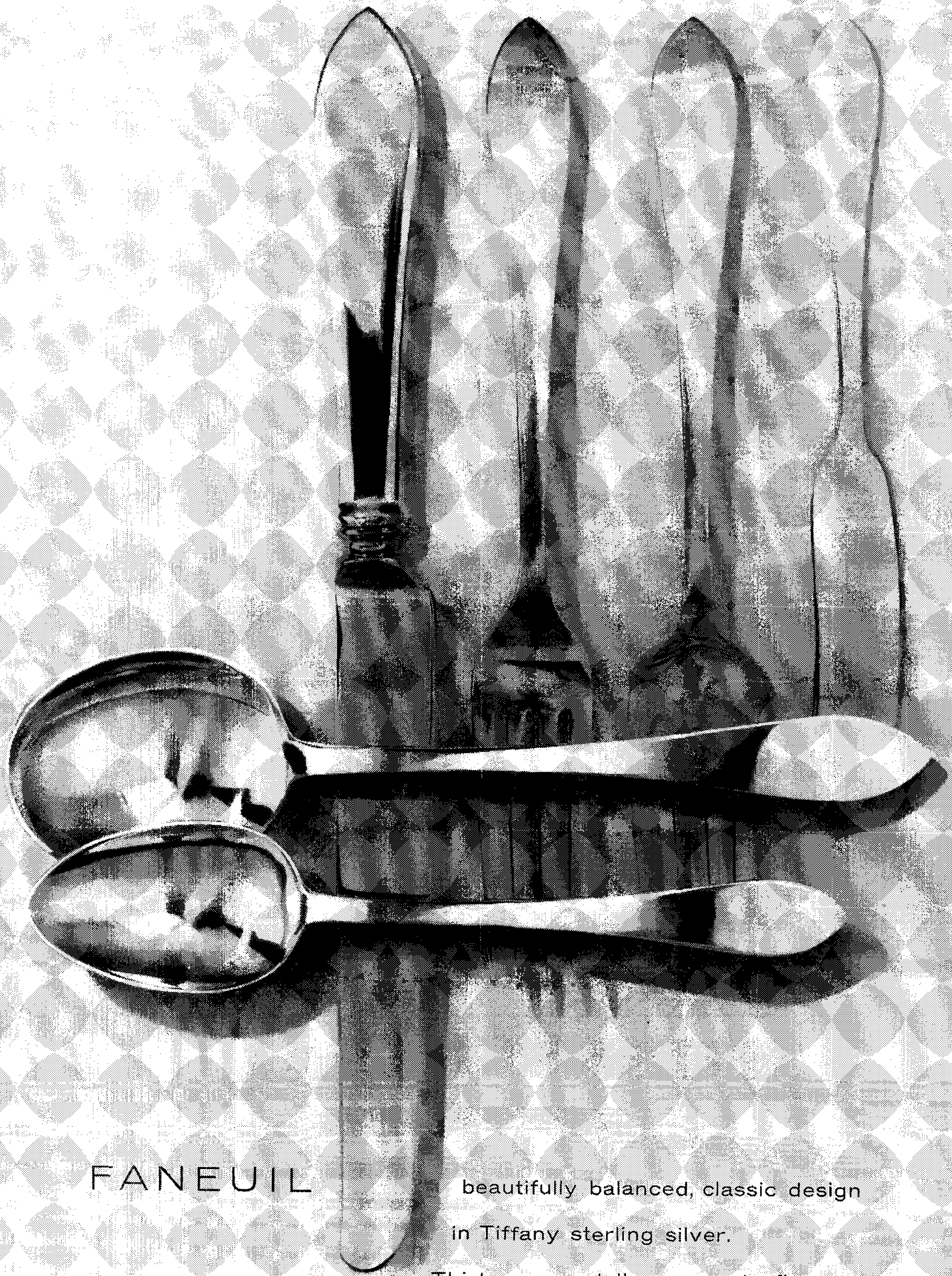

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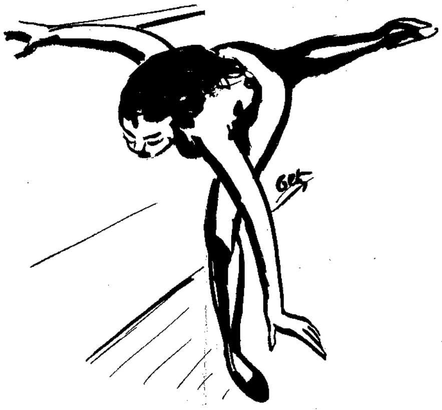
NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Ages of Man—John Gielgud in a solo show taken from Shakespeare's sonnets and plays. Presented for a four-week engagement by Jerry Leider, in association with Tennent Productions, Ltd. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Final performances Saturday, Jan. 31.)

The Cold Wind and the Warm—S. N. Behrman's fuzzy tragicomedy about Jewish life and love in Worcester, Massachusetts, half a century ago. With Eli Wallach and Maureen Stapleton, who plays a buoyant matchmaker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Disenchanted—Jason Robards, Jr., is the main reason for seeing this somewhat unconvincing account (by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit) of a great writer's last assignment. The hero, a ravaged ex-alcoholic, has points in common with Scott Fitzgerald. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Epitaph for George Dillon—Happily resurrected after an overhasty burial, this searching play by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton concerns a rapacious young Englishman, trapped in suburbia, who can't decide whether he's a genius or a fraud. Robert Stephens is alarmingly good as the hero, a sinking ship firing on its rescuers, one of whom is Eileen Herlie. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Gazebo—Alec Coppel's frail comedy about a TV writer who gets mixed up in a suspected murder is valiantly played by Walter Slezak and Jayne Meadows. The dialogue, however, is a constant drag. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

J. B.—Nobody could have got more dramatic momentum out of the Book of Job than Elia Kazan, who directed this fuddled modernization, by Archibald MacLeish, of the Biblical tragedy. Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, and Raymond Massey do what they can with a grim script. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Make a Million—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Marriage-Go-Round—Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, with staunch support from Julie Newmar, illustrate the problems of monogamy. Leslie Stevens' comedy, which has an academic setting, is a glossy, if sometimes banal, piece of work. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Once More, with Feeling—Some aspects of the world of serious musicianship, discussed in a farcical way in a play that requires a lot of good will on your part to make a visit worth while. Arlene Francis and Joseph Cotten head the cast. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Pleasure of His Company—A slick and graceful, though faintly soap-operatic, play about young love, adult selfishness, and other family matters. Cyril Ritchard and Cornelia Otis Skinner, who have doubled as director and co-author, respectively, lead the cast, and are strongly supported by Walter Abel, Charlie Ruggles, Dolores Hart, and others. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Third Best Sport—Celeste Holm has a few bright moments in this rather toothless satire about the plight of a newly married girl in the midst of a business convention in Florida. The authors, who drew the teeth, are Eleanor and Leo Bayer. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—A fine cast, headed by Helen Hayes and Eric Portman, in a satisfying period play by Eugene O'Neill that is having its first American production. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The World of Suzie Wong—One of those plays developing the whiskery old notion that brothel inmates are just about the nicest people in the world. France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell do their best when they get a chance. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 1.)

Long Runs—**LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL:** Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO:** Ralph Bellamy plays the central role in Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **TWO FOR THE SEESAW:** The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS
It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Rashomon—A play by Fay and Michael Kanin, taken from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. The cast, directed by Peter Glenville, includes Claire Bloom, Rod Steiger, Oscar Homolka, and Akim Tamiroff. The producers are David Susskind and Hardy Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Flower Drum Song—East meets West, rather coyly, in the disappointing new show that Rodgers and Hammerstein have composed for a breezy company, among whose members are Pat Suzuki, Miyoshi Umeki, and Larry Blyden. It all happens in San Francisco. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Goldilocks—A noisy but sophisticated musical comedy by Jean and Walter Kerr about the pioneer days of movie-making. With Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley, and a score by Leroy Anderson. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

La Plume de Ma Tante—This is an anthology of the madcap revue numbers with which Robert Dhéry, author, director, and star, has been delighting Europe for the past ten years. His attendant zanies, who all speak English when they speak at all, include Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Whoop-Up—An earsplitting account of life and love on an Indian reservation, with a pounding score by Moose Charlap. Susan Johnson, Paul Ford, and Danny Meehan are audible above the orchestral tumult. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **JAMAICA:** Lena Horne in a musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Robert Preston. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes that of Eliza Doolittle. Pamela Charles will succeed Miss Howes starting Monday, Feb. 2. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednes-

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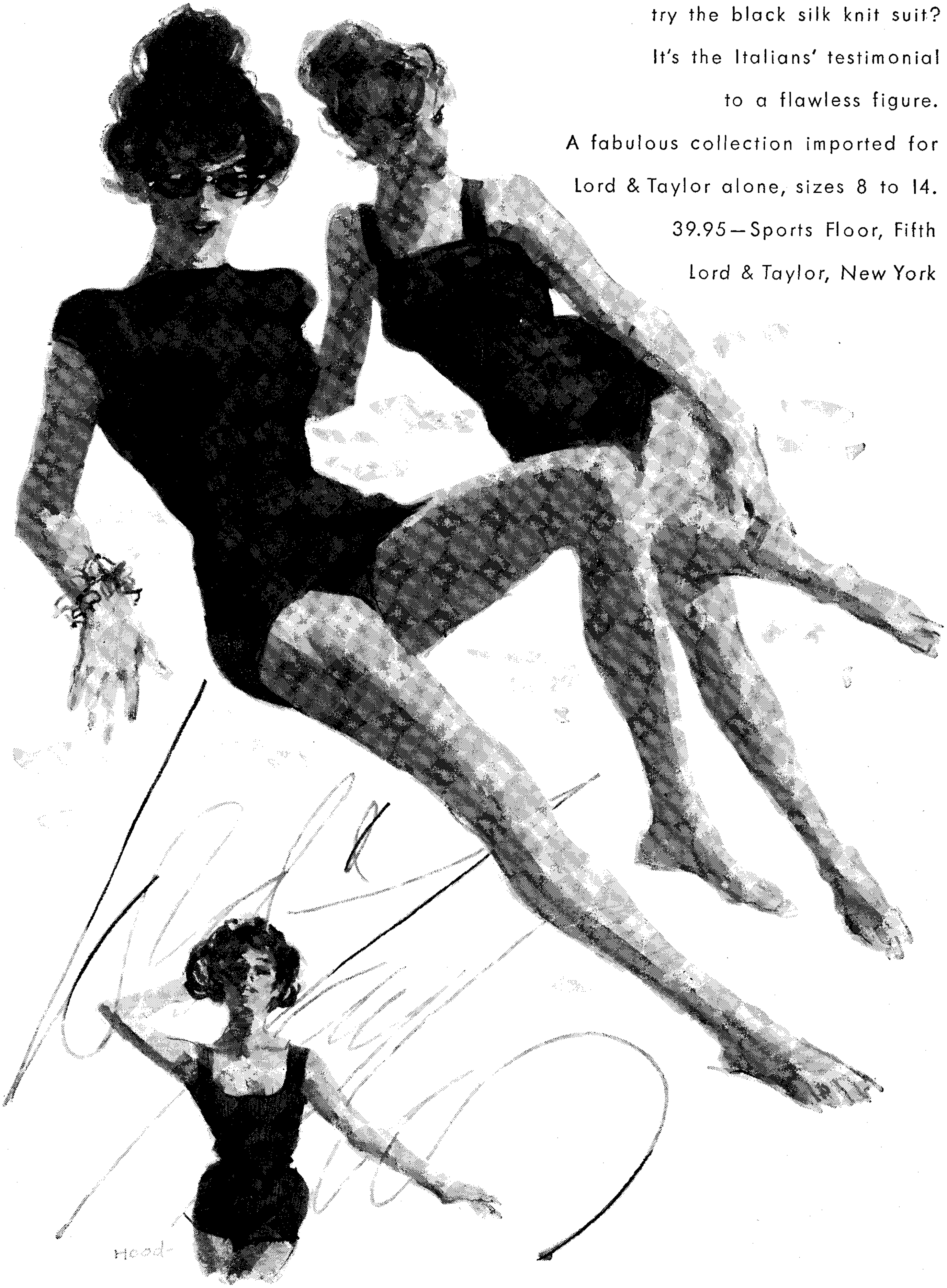

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WEST SIDE STORY**: "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

TALL STORY—A new comedy by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, suggested by "The Homecoming Game," a novel by Howard Nemerov. Hans Conreid and Marc Connelly are in the cast, Herman Shumlin is the director, and Emmett Rogers and Robert Weiner are the producers. Opens Thursday, Jan. 29. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:50. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

REQUIEM FOR A NUN—William Faulkner's dramatization of his novel, starring Ruth Ford and Zachary Scott. Directed by Tony Richardson and produced by the Theatre Guild, Richard Myers, and Julius Fleischmann. Opens Friday, Jan. 30. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

REDHEAD—Gwen Verdon and Richard Kiley in a musical with a book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, Sidney Sheldon, and David Shaw. Albert Hague wrote the music, Miss Fields the lyrics. Presented by Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr, and staged by Bob Fosse. Opens Thursday, Feb. 5. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE RIVALRY—A dramatization by Norman Corwin of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, with Richard Boone, Nancy Kelly, and Martin Gabel as the entire cast. Directed by the author and produced by Cheryl Crawford and Joel Schenker. Opens Saturday, Feb. 7. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, Jan. 30: "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA—Bare-stage performances of Shakespeare's tragedy, put on by the New York Shakespeare Festival, with George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst in the title roles. (Heckscher Theatre, Fifth Ave., at 104th St. SA 2-4008. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Feb. 7. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

THE BOY FRIEND—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Judson Morgan head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:30; Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

FASHION—There is a certain amount of fun to be got out of this revival of Anna Cora Mowatt's social comedy of 1845, most frequently when the author's notion of the sublime coincides with the modern sense of the ridiculous. Will Geer and Enid Markey bulk large in the cast. (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN—A very promising first play by England's Bernard Kops, which is precariously based on Mr. Shakespeare's well-known drama. Most conspicuous among the talented players are Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizzano, and Jeanette Roony. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HÉLOÏSE—An intelligent reconstruction of the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag play the unfortunate lovers in a workmanlike but not altogether inspired production. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

IVANOV—This early effort by Anton Chekhov cannot compare with his later great plays, but it can compare (and very favorably, too) with other current off-Broadway productions. The role of the enervated provincial gentleman mentioned in the title is persuasively acted by Paul Stevens, and he receives firm and thoughtful support from the other players. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Shust, Audree Rae, and Helen Jean Arthur appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED—All about how the reactionaries hounded Joe Hill, the celebrated union martyr, through both the lower and the higher courts of Utah, and through the board of pardons as well. For dramatic purposes, any one of these sessions would have been enough to establish the point; all of them together are a great deal more than enough. Barrie Stavis wrote the play, and Mark Gordon acts the part of Joe Hill. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

MANY LOVES—William Carlos Williams has written a trio of playlets, all dealing with some aspect of love, and has wrapped them in a play, which also treats of love. If the result at times seems more akin to revue than to drama, it is a revue of the highest level of wit and intelligence. Judith Malina, George Miller, and Ronald Durling are in the cast. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISTRESSES AND MAIDENS—A double feature, the first item being a rather stolid exercise by Jean Giraudoux, and the second an implausible but frequently effective playlet by Meade Roberts, which concerns an aging beauty, her invalid husband, and her young Arab lover, the latter of whom she rents out to friends. "Maidens and Mistresses at Home in the Zoo" is the name of this offering, and Leueen MacGrath excellently plays the aging beauty. (Orpheum Theatre, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. GR 5-8807. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

ON THE TOWN—Harold Lang and Pat Carroll in a revival of the 1944 musical, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Leonard Bernstein. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. JU 6-7663. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

THE POWER AND THE GLORY—A powerful dramatization, by Denis Cannan and Pierre Bost, of Graham Greene's novel about a grubby and thoroughly disreputable Mexican priest who achieves an odd kind of sanctity as he is hunted down and finally killed during the anticlerical period of the early nineteen-thirties. Fritz Weaver is superb as the cleric, and the rest of the cast is not far behind. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

THE QUARE FELLOW—A grim comedy, by Brendan Behan, about life and death in an Irish prison. The play is occasionally discursive and uncertain in its development, but it offers, by way of handsome compensation, many sharp and mordantly funny sketches of life behind bars. Lester Rawlins, Roy Poole, Bryan Herbert, and William Myers figure in a large and very able cast. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC—A musical, with its roots in the seventeenth century, that has a book by Stuart Bishop, music and lyrics by Dede Meyer, and a cast including Lawrence Weber, Skedge Miller, and Betty Oakes. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

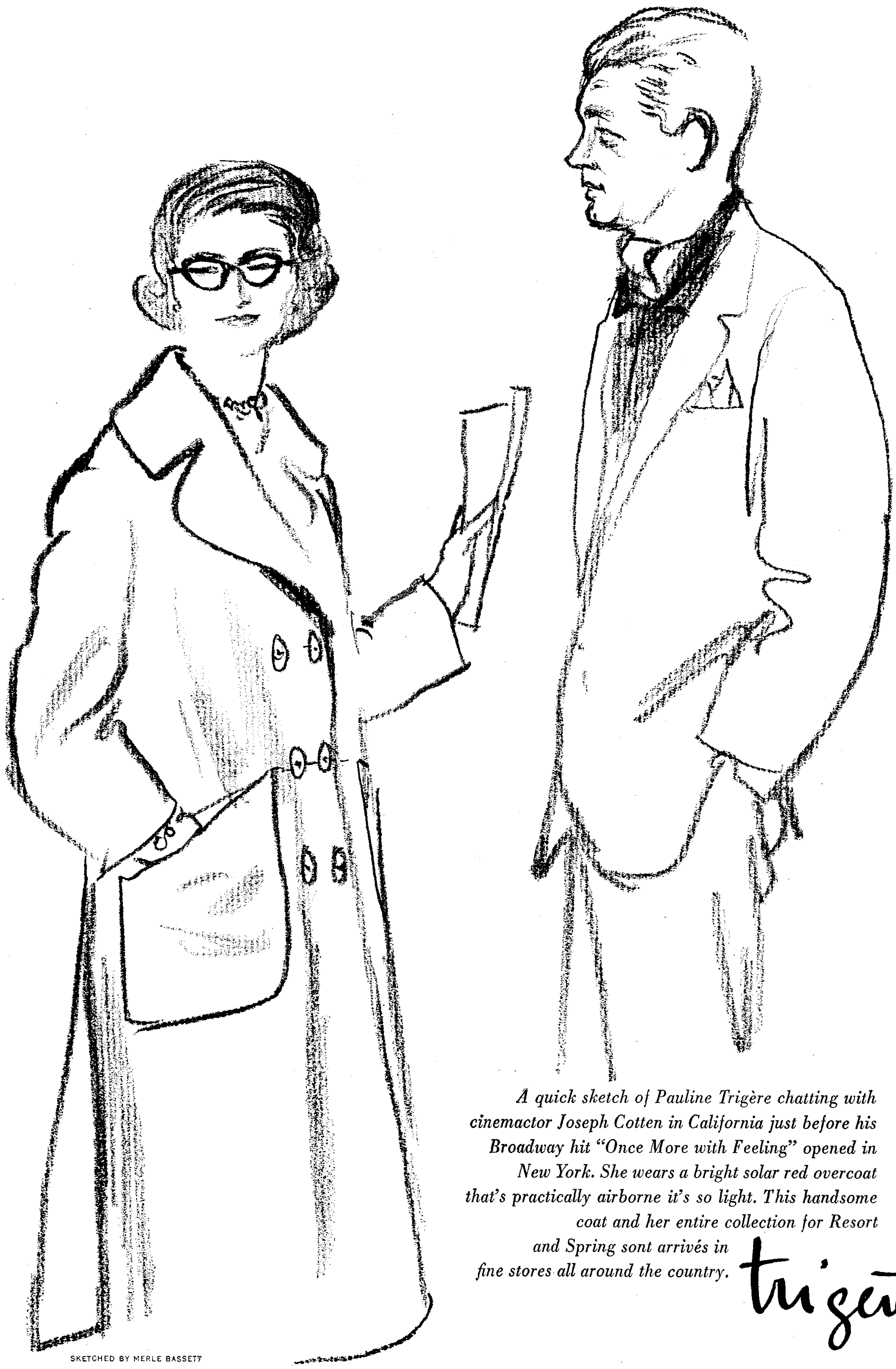
THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE—A tragedy of incest by the Jacobean playwright John Ford. Despite the author's serious intentions, the drama falls short of tragic significance, and is further compromised by an intricate, tedious, and unnecessary subplot. Ursula Stevens and Christopher Drake play the impassioned siblings, and Martin Kosleck the wicked Vasquez, who engineers their downfall. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule of final performances—Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Swan Lake," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Agon," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30: "Gounod Symphony," "Pastorale," "Native Dancers," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31: "Swan Lake," "Fanfare," "Pas de Dix," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "Fanfare," "Apollo," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 1: "Gounod Symphony," "Apollo," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 1: "Fanfare," "Native Dancers," "Agon," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

BERYOZKA RUSSIAN DANCE COMPANY—A return



A quick sketch of Pauline Trigère chatting with cinemactor Joseph Cotten in California just before his Broadway hit "Once More with Feeling" opened in New York. She wears a bright solar red overcoat that's practically airborne it's so light. This handsome coat and her entire collection for Resort and Spring sont arrivés in fine stores all around the country.

trigère

SKETCHED BY MERLE BASSETT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

visit by the troupe of forty-three women dancers from Moscow that was here last November. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 3-5, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Lights! Action! Camera! Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra on the dead run all night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the recital of Jerome Kern's music in the handsome Cotillion Room (it happens at nine-thirty and, on Fridays and Saturdays, again at twelve-thirty), Mark Dawson and Jim Hawthorne deliver the chest tones, and Lois Hunt is the heroine. Dance music by the bands of Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room at dinner and supper there is Lilo, a gusty lady who sings and acts French in a manner that the Shubert Brothers could not have faulted. Ted Straeter's dance band, the cynosure of all ears, and Mark Monte's merry minstrels keep up a steady rain of grace notes the evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the time of night, the dance orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen glide decorously down Memory Lane. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians dish up watercress-sandwich music at teatime in the Palm Court and tossed-salad music at the dinner hour in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either abode.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To make certain that there'll be no missteps by its students of the dance, the family Lombardo does all its music in slow motion. The scene is the vasty Grill, the time is dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grandeur that is the Maisonette, Margarita Sierra makes a nice little soubrette and an entertaining Andalusian soprano. She's on hand at dinner and supper. Her last night is Wednesday, Feb. 4; Vicky Autier, another of those French girls, starts singing the very next evening. Dancing, too, and just about non-stop, to the happy little bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is on a new regimen: cocktail and dinner piano by Tommy Purcell; dancing after nine to his small band.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, an affair of state, Chauncey Gray's orchestra turns on its débutante-speed dance music at nine, and Quintero's band takes up any slack. There's dinner music, *too. Sundays are soundless.*

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—All roads lead to doom, according to the love songs of Edith Piaf, a thoroughly believable Cassandra, as well as a remarkably accomplished one. She's in the Empire Room, along with Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's orchestra, both of them outspoken, which play for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Thursdays, from seven to twelve, in the serene enclosure called Peacock Alley, there's serene listening music by a couple of trios. Fridays and Saturdays, they conjure up dance tunes during the same hours; Sundays, the Babai group takes care of dancers from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which is high enough up in 30 Rockefeller Plaza to miss most of our mean average rainfall, has listening and imbibing music by Joseph Sudy's trio. The bar opens at four-thirty; time's up at nine. Closed Sundays. The phone is CI 6-5800.

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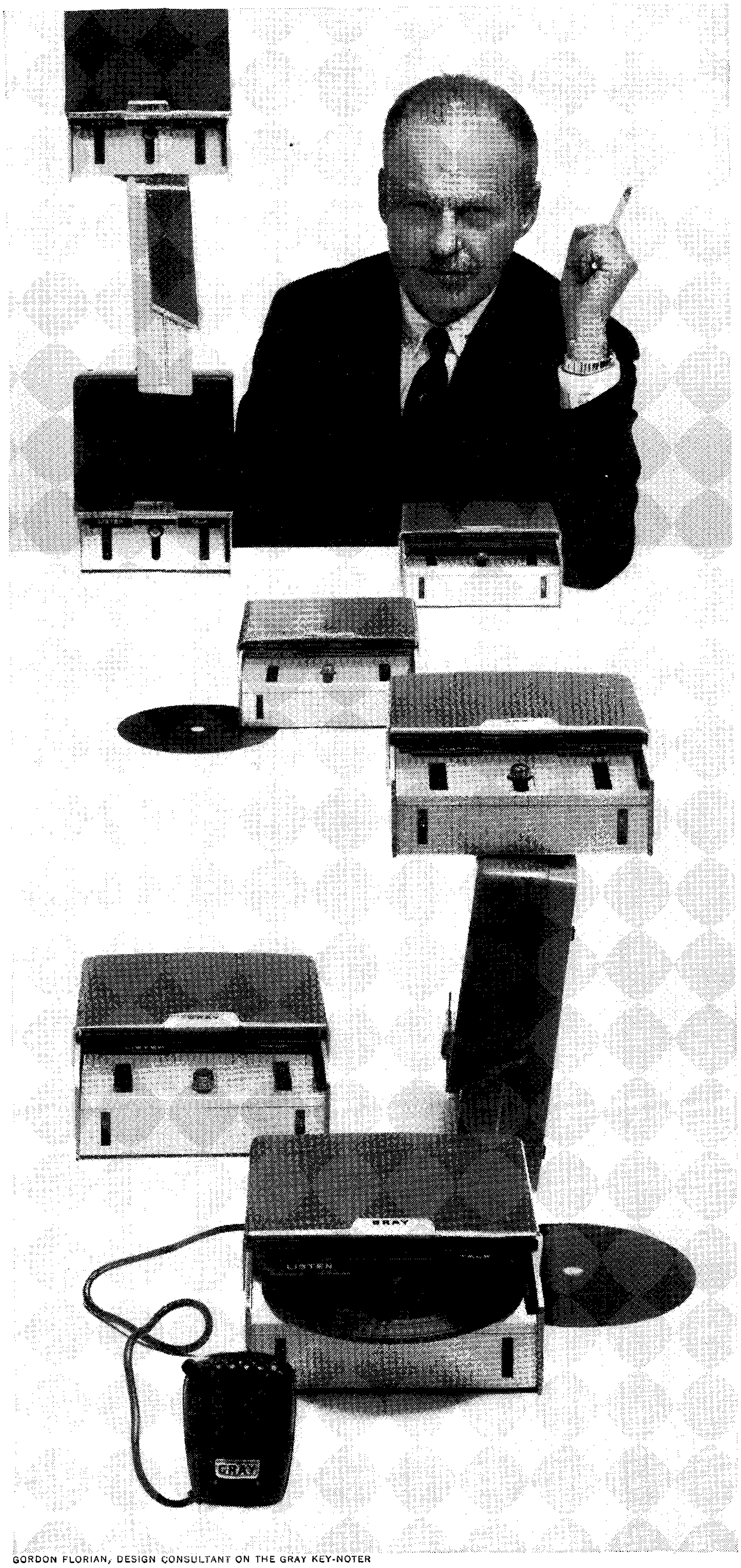
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Johnny Mehegan holds the chair of softly applied jazz piano in this luxurious conservatory. He's around from nine to one. Addison Bailey, an early settler, is at the keyboard from five until eight-thirty. The Sunday handyman for the whole circuit is Joel Forbes. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some of our metropolitan counters of sheep prefer to do their homework here, grog in hand, ears cocked to the intricate but joyous and occasionally sardonic piano of Rack Godwin, once of the never-to-be-forgotten team of Eadie and Rack. He starts at nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads spend as much time on the campus as the boy and girl undergraduates, so the piano starts sounding off at 5 P.M., before classes are out. Bob Printz runs the instrument until seven-thirty, when he's replaced by Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who don't care when they stop playing two-hand and four-hand exercises. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, who at times is the wisest woman of the extra-civilized world, offers a song recital of infinite variety that begins after the theatre. Her accompanist, and the piano soloist, is Sam Hamilton, by now practically her alter ego. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): This crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, where Ralph Strain, a romanticist of long standing, is now at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday, undergoes a major reorganization on Tuesday, Feb. 3—i.e., Mr. Strain solo, from six to eight; Mr. Strain with trio, beginning at nine-thirty; then, from ten-fifteen to a late, late curfew, the Strain ménage alternating with Bobby Short, whose piano and songs were expressly designed for those who are afraid to go home in the dark. . . . **PLAYBILL,** Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (PL 7-6100): Cy Walter has one Steinway in the glossy bar (five-thirty to eight-thirty in the evening) and another in the vehemently overstuffed dining room (ten to one in the morning). Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Violins with every course, right on down to the *caffè espresso*. Theo Fanidi's corps of bowmen keeps it up all night. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Now there's a drawbridge leading to this fully equipped castle, and also leading us all to suspect that we've strayed into the medieval department at F. A. O. Schwarz. The table-side violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the other main event. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fun in a Spanish wine cellar, which has been furnished with tables, chairs, and a troupe of players who never get out of the habit of singing, dancing, and plain and fancy strumming. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Another aspect of Spain—a de-luxe but pastoral one—where indigenous music wells up until quite late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): An exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else this side of Jupiter or Mars. Despite a few resolute discussion groups at table, the words and music of Johnnie LaSalle's quartet and Cecil Young's duo, which are largely frolicsome, can be heard without earphones. The music begins at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): None of the Hungarians around here can hold their tongues for any length of time. Along with the resultant songfest comes music by the bushel, some of it from that vanishing instrument the zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): After dark, it's the north end of Wall Street. The major punctuation is the piano of George Feyer, no indulger in elaborate figures or militant tempos. He's on at frequent intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, largely British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, the gatekeeper's lodge of a sumptuous estate, there's fairly robust piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The scenery (as sylvan as anything indoors can be) of the ample Casino-on-the-Park is enhanced, between six and nine-thirty and between ten-thirty and one every evening but Sunday, by mannerly piano music. Steven Weltner finishes his stint on Saturday, Jan. 31; Vincent Limoli takes over the job on Monday, Feb. 2. . . . **COAT OF ARMS,** 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): The sort of place that looks lived in by people who are content to browse and munch at leisure. In one corner, Marty Berns soothes a piano weekdays and Joe Moon fills in on Sundays. They're on duty from seven to one. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The Good Book in the bar is probably the *Social Register*. The background is piano from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty. Al Mello, the incumbent court musician, bows out on Saturday, Jan. 31; Lothar Perl succeeds him on Monday, Feb. 2. No music Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A familiar scene—candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, rhapsodic violin and soprano down front. Dancing, too, starting at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIPLOMAT,** 405 E. 52nd St. (PL 5-5992): Two-room apartment, completely redecorated, in good neighborhood, ground-floor location. Service staff; fully equipped bar and kitchen; small piano, fully equipped with Billy Dennison. May be inspected daily, cocktail hour to early morning.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Jaye P. Morgan, blithe, blond, and full of bounce, is principal girl in a dizzy world of young women who simply haven't a thing to wear but are still willing to make a night of it. She and her Morgan Brothers sing as though they like to; Harry Mimmo does good old vaudeville mummery; and Francis Bruun, a juggler, persuades the law of gravity to hold still. On Thursday, Feb. 5, a host of new characters, led by Jean Carroll, Broadway comedienne, will replace the present bunch. Dancing. . . . **CASA CUGAT,** 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Just as large as Greater Miami, and a damn sight prettier. Xavier Cugat's conga-rumba-samba thunderbirds are the ringleaders in a dance festival that starts at nine and runs until four, except Sundays, when the hours are eight-thirty to three. There are also thunderous tea dances Saturdays and Sundays from three to six. The roster of edibles goes as far south as the West Indies. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The rambunctious Jimmy Durante, who survived the ordeal by firewater called Prohibition, will abandon (on Wednesday, Feb. 4) his effort to survive the ordeal offered by the rumpus in this old mushroom cellar. The following evening, Johnny Mathis, a songster of rare



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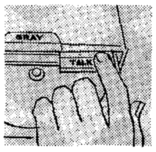

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

skill, will become the next volunteer to play David to the customers' Goliath.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, a hundred and twelve pounds of fighting wildcat, gets her claws into any number of preposterous ballads. Also present are the Kingston Trio, three young madrigalists from the California (or orange) groves of Academe; Bob Lewis, a homespun philosopher; and Los Indios Tabajaras, two guitar-slinging boys from Brazil, whose Portuguese arias may remind you of the late lamented Elsie Houston. On Tuesday, Feb. 3, Orson Bean and his shaggy-Vermont, shaggy-ostrich, and shaggy-Martian anecdotes will replace the Kingston Trio and Mr. Lewis. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. The first performance begins as early as nine-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyonses. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Six naughty children—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall—who should not only be seen but heard. They're the inmates of a Julius Monk revue that points out, cheerfully but firmly, what fools we mortals be. The pit band is the twin pianos of Gordon Connell and Jay Thompson; the curtain times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Katie Lee, who heretofore has kept her songs for the analyst's couch between the covers of a record album, has been making an open book of them in a picturesque gazebo that is also a Julius Monk venture. Her case histories commence after the theatre; they're set to the jewelled music of Stan Keen and Carl Norman, upper-echelon pianists. The bar opens at five, the pianos at nine-thirty. Miss Lee moves on to other patients on Wednesday, Feb. 4. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The fine Florentine hand of the resident chef is supplemented by other diversions: calm dinner and supper piano by Dick Hankinson, and (after the theatre) let's-go piano by the old virtuoso Herman Chittison, cantatas by a new hummingbird named Greta Rae, and (Fridays and Saturdays) a new Neapolitan tenor named Enzo Lembo. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, Mickey Deems—man overboard in a raging sea of domestic bliss, economic stringency, and general vitamin deficiency—fights bravely, noisily, and wittily for his life. Betty McNamara runs the canary cage, and Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their double pianos. Sundays, silent movies and no Deems; Mondays, amateur performers and no McNamara. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Part of the doings—Mae Barnes' chanteys, which all come out like battle hymns of the Republic, and the sound track of Tony and Eddie, America's least restrained mimes—may leave you more deaf than alive. Alice Ghostley's quatrains, deep in malice and menace, have quite a different talent to amuse, and a third talent is implicit in the cacophony of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Jimmie Daniels, the inventor of this inn, is bland and *dégagé* in his singing. The intermission pianist is Murray Grand. Closed Mondays. . . . **DEN IN THE DUANE,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): Milt Kamen, man of the people, deals with aspects of the news of the day that most commentators haven't the wits to discover. He's flanked by the squad of Little, Dane, and Mason, whose songs have a pep rally in mind. Closed Sundays. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The afterdeck of the Midtown Café, and Chinese ice-cream parlor is the word for it. Janice Mars, a delightfully unmannered purveyor of songs of dalliance and songs of supplication, and Baldwin Bergersen, composer and pianist of note, gambol late into the night. They are on hand, along with a protean intermission pianist named Gene Hunt, Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, the Tarriers, a posse of singing guitarists, hold forth not only in the evening but in three-to-six matinées on Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): As good a nightcap as the city affords is a bouquet of Matt Dennis songs from the hands of the composer himself, a sentimentalist, a humorist, a philosopher, and a pianist. His sidekicks are also the sidekicks of Jack Kelly's purposeful trio. Mr. D. is away Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The jolliest (and occasionally the most rampant) corner of this definitely Latin colony is the alcove in which Ray Tico, a Costa Rican guitarist, sings for pure joy. In another room, Panchito's band makes dance music, and a floor show that is Spanish in footwork and choral work has its say. Music as of 9 P.M., Señor Tico as of 10 P.M. The sole Sunday activity is a Pan-American tea dance, three to eight. . . . **CAFÉ SAHBRA,** 253 W. 72nd St. (TR 3-1276): Shoshana Damari, an almost operatic firebrand, is the queen bee of yet another local colony, this one thoroughly Israeli and often downright family-style. She chants in her native tongue; the humorists Jackie Clark and Leo Fuld, who are, in general, family-style, too, can be understood by anyone. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Eight hundred authors have had a finger in the local portmanteau revue, and a few have contributed nothing but thumbs. The result takes a while to come to a boil. Ellen Martin (a young lady with elves in her ancestral tree), Sheila Smith, and Lynne Stuart are the most useful inhabitants. Presentations at nine-thirty and twelve; closed Mondays. . . . **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): At midnight every evening but Monday, this segment of the Casbah has songs by Gigi Durston, a clear, untormented voice superimposed on a sunny disposition. There is also an interlude with Kuldip Singh, a handsome young Pakistani and a definite proof that international boundaries are no barrier to the cultural impact of Elvis Presley. Dancing.

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon foot soldiery—Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall—selling their Dixie lives as dearly as possible. Mr. Condon looks in frequently to review his troops. The recess-hour pianist is Bob Hammer. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Sonny Rollins quartet, driving hard toward a new and as yet unseen horizon, is the main event. The lesser lights are Bill Henderson, an incipient blues singer, and the Three Sounds, who are instrumentalists. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée as well as an evening session. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The War of the Secession has reached the battlements of this mock Camelot, which is now firmly Dixie; i.e., Bob Scobey and his Frisco gossoons. Teddy Wilson's trio is, of course, in a class and region all by itself—equidistant from ragtime, Dixie, and today. Sundays, when the regulars are away, other seneschals take over the castle. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Way down upon the Swanee River, before chambers had echoes and guitars had electronics. Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Wilber Kirk represent the Old Guard. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five dream, among Manhattan's icicles, of the land of cotton, where their sort of music was begotten. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, whose trio is inside the oval bar, plays split-personality piano suggesting (1) that he's a technician of Juilliard grade and (2) that he has a pronounced craving for sweets. He begins at ten-fifteen every evening but Monday. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Tower of Babel, minus not a single sound effect. Wednesday through Sunday, such river-boat shufflers as Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and J. C. Higginbotham can often be heard. Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday evenings, Coleman Hawkins, J. C. Heard, and Roy Eldridge take a quintet for a good fast ride. The uproar is continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays and Saturdays and Sundays from 1:30 P.M. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Pay no heed to the melee in the bar but press on to the back room, where Billy Taylor's jet-propelled fingers keep all the piano keys on the move. His trio (no work Mondays) and the trio of Gene Rodgers (no work Sundays) begin at nine. Modernism is the password for both groups. On Thursday, Feb. 5, George Wallington's threesome will replace the Rodgers brigade. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Jazz for old times' sake; that is, jazz with the fur left on. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, such traditionalists as Jo Jones, Charlie Shavers, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Roy Eldridge, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Herb Fleming, and Panama Francis will make the fur fly. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Silence in the auditorium is not always part of the golden rule here, so sit well forward if you wish to hear the trio of Charlie Beal, which sets to at eight-thirty. Its last night will be Saturday, Jan. 31. Dorothy Donegan's trio and Eugene Smith's trio will be popping in on Monday, Feb. 2. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening, and Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Last chance before the Mexican border to get your red-hot hero sandwiches, cold beer, and jazz. The Zoot Sims (with Mose Allison) quintet, whose views of the modern scene may well remain incommunicado to some of us, depart this bit of night life on Sunday, Feb. 1. Lennie Tristano's new quintet, which includes Lee Konitz, arrives on Tuesday, Feb. 3. Closed Mondays. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): One of those Village come-as-you-are *boîtes,* which may or may not be the perfect setting for the childlike treble of Blossom Dearie's soprano or her light-as-a-feather jazz piano. She's off Mondays; Jacques Kayal, who plays piano and sings modest Parisian airs, is off Tuesdays. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): On Saturday, Jan. 31, from eight to one, there'll be an Early American recital,

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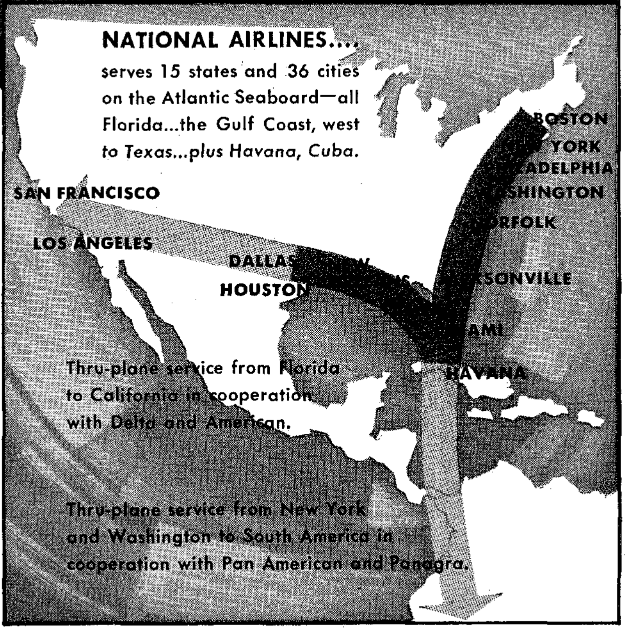
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

concert, or temblor, by Russ Bowman and his Finger Lake Five Plus One. The Madison Room is the locale.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CAMERON BOOTH—Abstract canvases; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

FRITZ BULTMAN—Four large Abstract Expressionist oils of New Orleans, together with smaller oils, some of which were preparatory studies for them; through Feb. 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronzes, mostly small, including a set of her recent studies of flowers; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

KAY CHRISTENSEN—Delicately fanciful paintings by a contemporary Danish artist; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT DELAUNAY—A lively revival of paintings by one of the early French abstractionists; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Large abstract oils; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)

CLEVE GRAY—Impressions of Spain; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN GREENE—The Garden of Eden is the theme of a showing of paintings and drawings; through Feb. 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARION GREENWOOD—Paintings on Mexican and Haitian subjects; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

HANS HOFMANN—Early works, dated 1940-47, by the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GERRIT HONDIUS—Figure paintings chiefly; through Feb. 14. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

KAETHE KOLLWITZ—Drawings, etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts; through Feb. 21. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

PETER LANYON—Abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Feb. 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER—A small, neat showing of oils, water colors, and drawings of two decades—1919-29 and 1944-54; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

GEORGE MCNEIL—Large, swirlingly colorful Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

BERNARD MEADOWS—Sculptures by one of the younger British artists; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

BEN MEYERS—Abstract oils, most of them based on flower patterns; through Thursday, Jan. 29. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.)

SUE MITCHELL—Impressionist landscapes and flowers; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

JULES PASCIN—"The Nude," a show comprising twenty-seven oils, largely loans; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PICASSO—Lithographs, drawings, and sculptures; through Feb. 21. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

THOMAS SILLS—Expressionist paintings; through Feb. 14. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ—Bits of junk raised to artistic levels, in a new set of his imaginative welded sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

WALTER STUEMPFIG—Landscapes, figures, still-lifes, and portraits; through Feb. 21. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—Abstractions; through Feb. 17. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—Oils and water colors covering this retired artist's considerable career from 1895 to 1932; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

FRITZ WINTER—Abstract oils, mainly naturalistic in impulse, by a German contemporary; through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

MASTERPIECES OF THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART, IN WASHINGTON—Fifty-five European and American paintings by Rembrandt, Degas, Thomas Eakins, Theodoros Stamos, and others. An exhibition commemorating the hundredth anniversary of, and for the benefit of, the Museum. Through March 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

THE IMPRESSIONIST MOOD IN AMERICAN PAINTING—A loan exhibition of eighty-five works by thirty-three artists, including Theodore Robinson, Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, and George Luks; through Feb. 15. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY PEARLMAN—Paintings, sculptures, etchings, and lithographs by such European artists as Cézanne, Modigliani, Kokoschka, Toulouse-Lautrec, and van Gogh. For the benefit of the Greenwich House Music School. Through Feb. 21. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

AUDUBON ARTISTS—Their seventeenth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and non-members; through Sunday, Feb. 1. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces, by artist-craftsmen, designed for specific purposes (religious statues, ornaments, toys) and dating from ancient Greek to nineteenth-century American; through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Four walls covered by four Abstract Expressionist paintings (by Sam Francis, Fritz Bultman, Michael Goldberg, and Alfred Leslie), plus a single sculpture by John Chamberlain; through Feb. 14. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: A painting apiece by Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, Josef Albers, and five other Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The sixth annual exhibition of water colors, chosen this time by John von Wicht, Chen Chi, and Mario Cooper; through Friday, Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PARSONS**, 11 E. 57th St.: "Paintings for Unlimited Space" (large oils) by Ellsworth Kelly, David Budd, Agnes Martin, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 31.

FRENCH; GROUP SHOW—An exchange exhibit of abstract paintings (by Chabrillan, Christian Chenard, and Jean Villeri) from the Galerie Creuze, in Paris; starting Friday, Jan. 30. (Brata, 89 E. 10th St. Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About two hundred and forty works by Winslow Homer, on loan from museums and private collections; through March 8. . . . ¶ Over two hundred French drawings from American collections, including works by Boucher, Clouet, Matisse, and Picasso; starting Tuesday, Feb. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

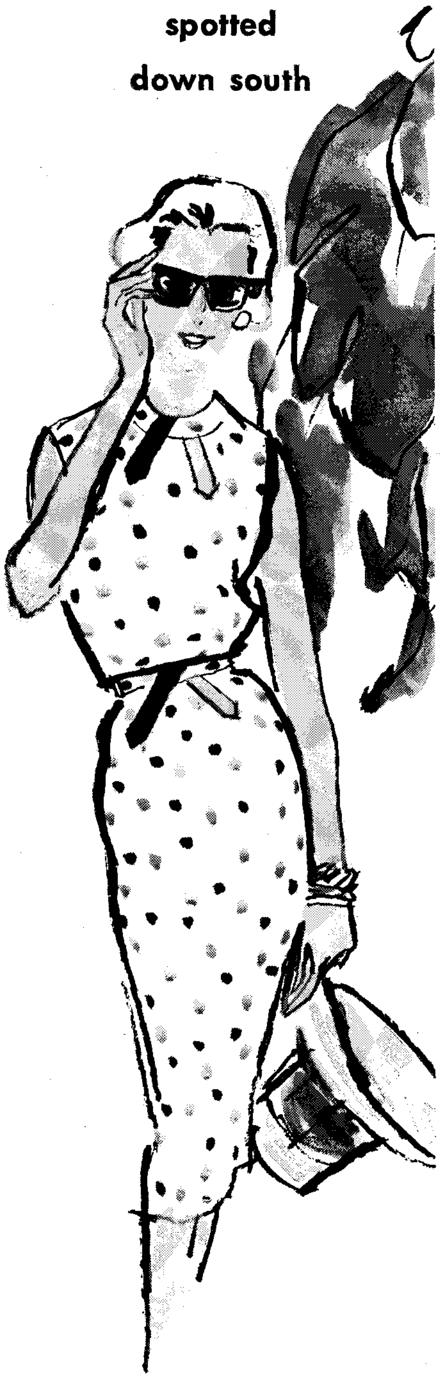
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recently acquired prints by Matisse, Klee, Kirchner, and seven other European artists; through March 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—William Blake's original series of water colors for the Book of Job, done about 1820, plus proof impressions of twenty-one engravings he subsequently did on the same subject; through March 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Primitive sculptures in metal, among them bronzes from Benin, in Nigeria, and pre-Columbian goldwork from Central and South



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America; through Feb. 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Prints by Minna Citron, Antonio Frasconi, John von Wicht, and other contemporary Americans; starting Sunday, Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Four American Expressionists": Sculptors Doris Caesar and Chaim Gross and painters Karl Knaths and Abraham Rattner; through March 1. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Vanessa," with Eleanor Steber, Rosalind Elias, Regina Resnik, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: "Lohengrin," with Lisa Della Casa, Margaret Harshaw, Brian Sullivan, Walter Cassel, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, Mario Zanasi, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 2, at 8: "La Traviata," with Antonietta Stella, Barry Morell, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Carmen," with Jean Madeira, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and George London. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Regina Resnik, Sebastian Feiersinger, Otto Edelmann, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8: The Metropolitan Opera's first production of Verdi's "Macbeth," with Leonie Rysanek, Leonard Warren, Carlo Bergonzi, and Jerome Hines. (A benefit for the Metropolitan Opera Guild's Production Fund; for tickets, call TE 8-8500.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Belen Amparan, Eugenio Fernandi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Rosalind Elias, Lucine Amara, Nicolai Gedda, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, Cesare Valletti, Ezio Flagello, and Theodor Uppman.

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 30, at 2:30; and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30 (all with Leonard Rose, cello); Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3 (with Russell Sherman, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 6, at 2:30; and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30 (all with Maurice Gendron, cello).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program, with Louis Kentner, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Clifford Curzon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Music Forgotten and Remembered—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with soloists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Beatrice Krebs—Contralto, in the second of three lieder programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Festival Quartet—A program of piano quartets. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Karl and Phyllis Kraeuter—Violin and cello, with Katherine Bacon, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 5:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-59—The second in a series of eight concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff, violin; Phillip Evans, piano; and composers Hugh Aitken, Henry Brant, and William Sydeman. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Renato Bonacini and Robert Conant—Violin and harpsichord, in a program of eighteenth-century French and Italian music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Suzanne Bloch—Playing a lute and virginals, and singing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Artur Balsam and William Kroll—A program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Paul Zukofsky—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Marais and Miranda—Ballad singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Parrenin Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

LaSalle String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Note—Byron Janis will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 8, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 3, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Festival of Music—The first in a series of three programs, this one involving Roman Totenberg, as violin soloist and conductor of a chamber orchestra; Mack Harrell, baritone; and Raymond Hansen and John Wustman, piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Tom Lehrer—Satiric songs. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:40.)

Jazz Concert—Dinah Washington and the orchestras of Ray Charles and James Moody. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 30: Tony Anthony vs. Reuben Vargas, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6: Gaspar Ortega vs. Rudell Stitch, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 1, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday *night*. (*Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave.* at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 7: Boston vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 9: Knicks vs. Boston.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, Feb. 7, through Tuesday, March 31.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association.

(Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Siegfried Landau conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonia, with soloists and a chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 3.)

Plays—By the **MERRI-MIMES**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **THEATRE EAST**: "I Wish I May," Saturdays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Star Bright," Saturdays at 3:15. (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220.) . . . **THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Clown Face." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 11.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W., at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Sky Is the New Frontier," reviews the conquest of space thus far and previews this year's astronomical events. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—A program of four Charles Chaplin films: "The Cure," "The Floorwalker," "The Fireman," and "The Pawn Shop." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 4:15. Admission is free.) . . . ¶ Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Riders of the Purple Sage," with Tom Mix. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 11 and 1:15. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

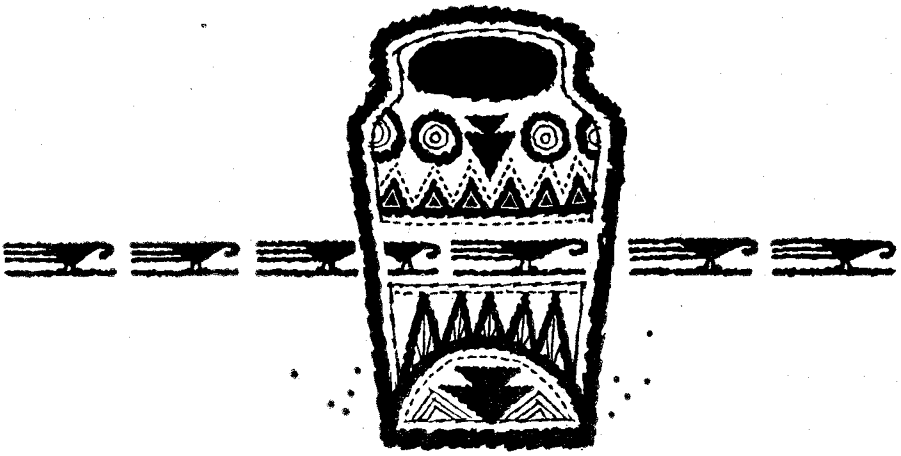
Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to convene on Friday, Jan. 30), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—At **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, Y.M.H.A.: Stephen Spender reading from his own works, Thursday, Jan. 29. . . . ¶ Robert Lowell reading from his own poetry, Thursday, Feb. 5. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Evenings at 8:30.) . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**: A group of actors, sponsored by Peggy Wood, in a reading of Shaw's "Don Juan in Hell." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, at 1:45: English eighteenth-century furniture; Chelsea, Derby, and other old cabinet porcelains and services; lustreware, including Wedgwood and Staffordshire; miniatures; paintings; and Oriental rugs. The property of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 4-5, at 1:45: Part III of the Cushing Toppan collection—George III and other old English silver. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 31.



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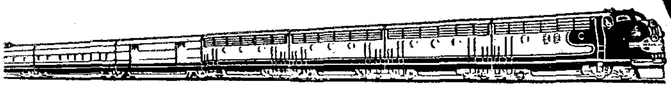

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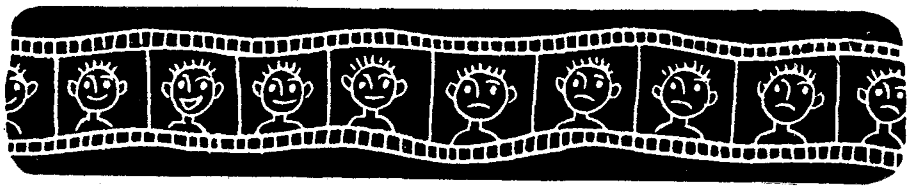
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

GIGI—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a good cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

HE WHO MUST DIE—An extremely moving French picture, taken from a novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, about a group of Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. Filmed in Crete by Jules Dassin, it is beautiful to look at and stunningly acted by a cast that includes Pierre Vaneck, Melina Mercouri, Gregoire Aslan, and Fernand Ledoux. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH—Alec Guinness giving a solid comic performance as the raffish hero of an adaptation of Joyce Cary's novel. Mr. Guinness, who did the adaptation himself, is perhaps more successful as an actor than as an adapter, but his portrait of a free-wheeling artistic nonconformist in a world he never made makes up for any small handicaps. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS—Ingrid Bergman is good-looking and effective in this tale of an English parlormaid who took off for China some thirty years ago and became a missionary of the sort that anyone could admire. A fine cast helps the entertainment on its sentimental way. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

ME AND THE COLONEL—This account of the haphazard flight of a Polish Jew and an anti-Semitic Polish colonel from Paris in 1940 is gently diverting throughout. Danny Kaye could not be improved upon as the Jew, and Curt Jurgens is excellent as the Colonel. Nicole Maurey turns up as a lovely travelling companion of the gentlemen, and Akim Tamiroff as the Colonel's batman. They are first-rate, and so are Françoise Rosay, Alexander Scourby, and Martita Hunt, who round out the cast. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 31.)

PATHER PANCHALI—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

SEPARATE TABLES—An adaptation of Terence Rattigan's play about the worries and woes of a group of forlorn people living in a threadbare hotel in Bournemouth. Quite a bit of tension is generated as the film goes along, and the principal characters are aptly delineated by David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Wendy Hiller, Burt Lancaster, and Rita Hayworth. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

REVIVALS

ALL ABOUT EVE (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 3-4.)

W. C. FIELDS SHORTS (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 3.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 29.)

THE MUDLARK (1950)—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes Victoria (Irene Dunne) stop brooding about Albert. With Andrew Ray. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Feb. 1-3.)

THE PRISONER (1955)—Alec Guinness, as an incarcerated cardinal, and Jack Hawkins, as his Communist inquisitor, in a Balkan country the Reds have taken over. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 3-4.)

THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 30-Feb. 2.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years"—Through Jan. 31: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 1: "America" (1924), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lionel Barrymore. (Showings at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE
AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
SEPARATE TABLES.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Trap," Richard Widmark, Lee J. Cobb.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"A Night to Remember," Kenneth More.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Jan. 29: "The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald, Sessue Hayakawa.
From Jan. 30: "The Last Blitzkrieg," Van Johnson, Kerwin Mathews.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th (CI 6-4600)
"Some Came Running," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

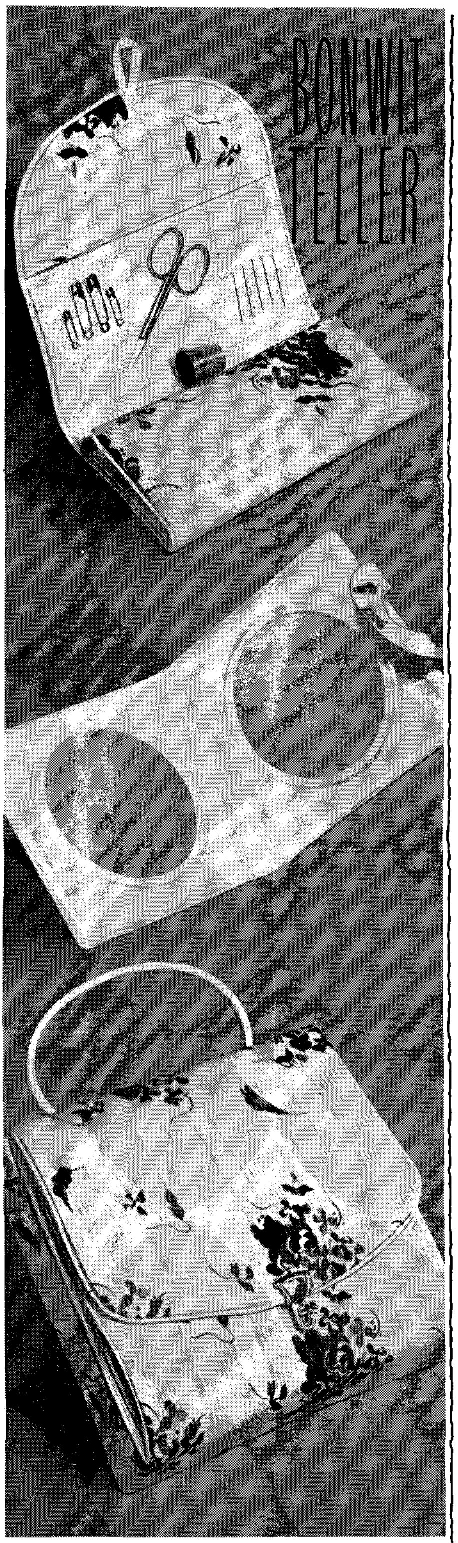
RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Perfect Furlough," Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Keenan Wynn.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Anna Lucasta," Eartha Kitt, Sammy Davis, Jr.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 4 (tentative): "The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Feb. 1: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.
Feb. 2-3: "Tank Battalion," Don Kelly; and "Hell Squad," Wally Campo.
From Feb. 4: "I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland; and "Toughest Gun in Tombstone," George Montgomery.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 3 (tentative): "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.
From Feb. 4 (tentative): "The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Feb. 3: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.
From Feb. 4: "The Tunnel of Love," Doris Day, Richard Widmark; and "The Man Inside," Jack Palance, Anita Ekberg.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Doctor's Dilemma," Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 3: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.
From Feb. 4: "I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland; and "Toughest Gun in Tombstone," George Montgomery.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HE WHO MUST DIE (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 4: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Feb. 3: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.
From Feb. 4: "The Tunnel of Love," Doris Day, Richard Widmark; and "The Man Inside," Jack Palance, Anita Ekberg.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 3 (tentative): "The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.
From Feb. 4 (tentative): "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 1: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.
Feb. 2-3: "Tank Battalion," Don Kelly; and "Hell Squad," Wally Campo.
From Feb. 4: "I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland; and "Toughest Gun in Tombstone," George Montgomery.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 3: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.
From Feb. 4: "The Tunnel of Love," Doris Day, Richard Widmark; and "The Man Inside," Jack Palance, Anita Ekberg.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Feb. 2: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.
Feb. 3-4: **ALL ABOUT EVE,** revival; and **THE PRISONER,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 3 (tentative): "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.
From Feb. 4 (tentative): "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 3: "Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.
From Feb. 4: "The Tunnel of Love," Doris Day, Richard Widmark; and "The Man Inside," Jack Palance, Anita Ekberg.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 31: **ME AND THE COLONEL;** and "God's Little Acre," Robert Ryan, Aldo Ray.
Feb. 1-3: **THE MUDLARK,** revival; and "Night People," revival, Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford.
From Feb. 4: "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin; and "All at Sea," revival, Alec Guinness.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Feb. 1: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.
Feb. 2-3: "Tank Battalion," Don Kelly; and "Hell Squad," Wally Campo.
From Feb. 4: "I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland; and "Toughest Gun in Tombstone," George Montgomery.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Feb. 1: "Nine Lives" (in Norwegian), Jack Fjeldstad.
From Feb. 2: "The Mistress" (in Japanese). (The 8 P.M. performance opening day by invitation only.)

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Marianne of My Youth" (in French), Marianne Hold, Pierre Vaneck.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
SEPARATE TABLES.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The Sins of Rose Bernd" (in German), Maria Schell, Raf Vallone.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 3: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.
From Feb. 4: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "Tank Force," Victor Mature, Leo Genn.

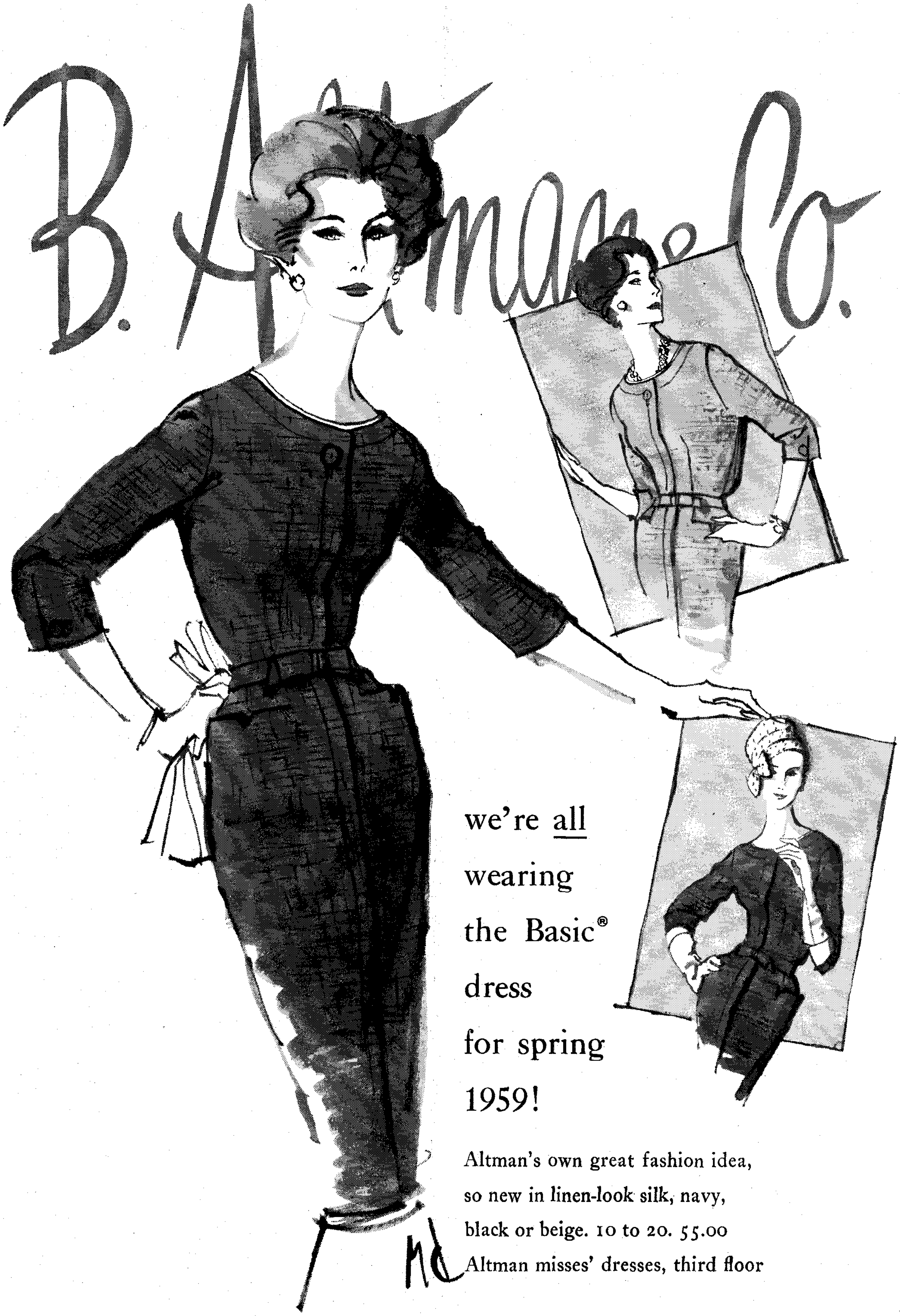
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 29: **THE INFORMER,** revival; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
Jan. 30-Feb. 2: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** (in Spanish), revival; and "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.
From Feb. 3: **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS** (revivals); and "Le Plaisir" (in French; also known as "House of Pleasure"), revival, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Simon.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Jan. 31: "Home Before Dark," Jean Simmons, Dan O'Herlihy; and "Enchanted Island," Dana Andrews, Jane Powell.
Feb. 1-3: "Tank Battalion," Don Kelly; and "Hell Squad," Wally Campo.
From Feb. 4: "I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland; and "Toughest Gun in Tombstone," George Montgomery.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
"The Night Heaven Fell" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Alida Valli.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"Houseboat," Cary Grant, Sophia Loren; and "As Young As We Are," Robert Harland.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Feb. 3: "The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy; and "From the Earth to the Moon," Joseph Cotten, George Sanders.
From Feb. 4: "I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland; and "Toughest Gun in Tombstone," George Montgomery.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are still on the fence as far as Mr. Mikoyan, the Soviet Deputy Premier, is concerned, but we managed to get uptown on one of the days he was here, and were able to observe and record the reactions of some of our fellow-citizens to his visit. At the southwest corner of Sixty-eighth and Park, we caught sight of a policeman—one of our own policemen, that is—sitting on guard astride his motorcycle in full official regalia, including helmet. While he waited, he glanced every now and then at the building that houses the Russian Delegation to the United Nations, and the rest of the time he read a book. Whistling, to show how unconcerned we were, we crossed over and sidled past him, and got a good look at the book he had in his hands. It was "Anna Karenina," by Count Leo Tolstoy, a Russian.

Recrossing Sixty-eighth Street at the conclusion of this successful expedition, we came upon another policeman, an ambulatory one, and managed to be at his elbow when a nicely got-up and intelligent-looking lady, somewhat older than the Anna of our memory but just as pretty, and, like Anna, wearing furs, addressed him, saying, "Officer, do tell me what is going on!"

"Why, Madam," he told her, "the world's Number Two Communist is over there in that building."

"And who is he?" the lady asked, undismayed.

"Anastas Mikoyan," the officer replied.

"But isn't that the Colony Club?" she wished to know.

"No, Madam," the officer said, "that is the Russian U.N. headquarters."

"Well," she said, "it looks like the Colony Club to me."

At this point, a man in a trench coat, who had been standing by and keeping quiet, said to her, "Madam, do you live in New York?"

"Yes, I do," she replied.

"Well," said he, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. That is the headquarters of the Russian Delegation to the United Nations, and the building across the street is Hunter College."

"Really?" breathed the lady, with a charming smile.

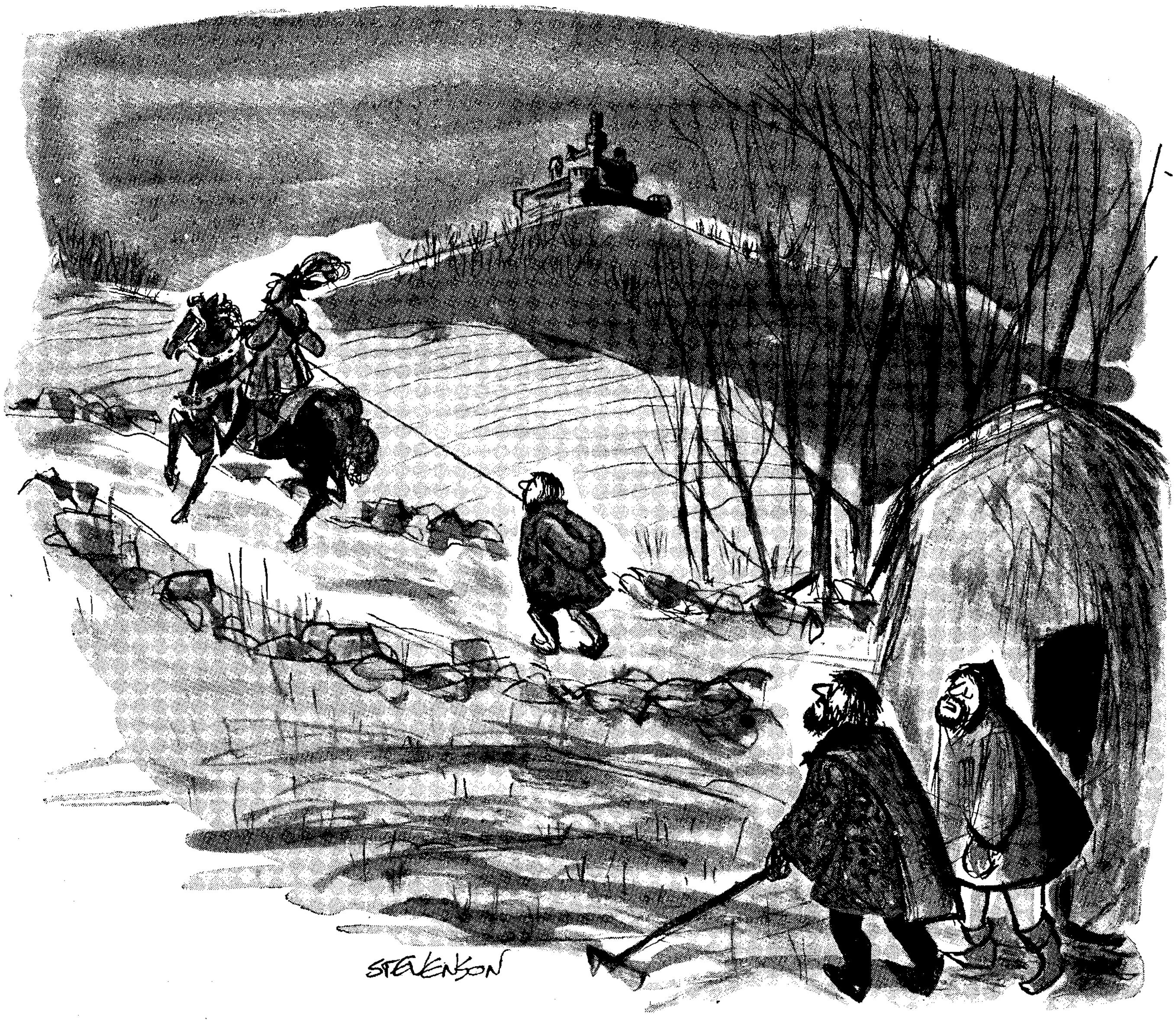
Then a somewhat shabby elderly man who had joined the bunch of us said, "Madam, you are quite right. The Colony Club does look like the Russian U.N. headquarters, only it's on Sixty-second Street."

"Thank you ever so much," she said to him. "I never can keep such things straight." And she hurried away down Park.

READING that informative but occasionally alarming publication the *Wall Street Journal* the other day, we learned that seventy-five million pounds of fresh vegetables and fruit were sold in 1958 in what the writer called "consumer-size" lots prepackaged in cloudily transparent polyethylene film produced by the Crown Zellerbach Corporation, the Dow Chemical Company, the Union Carbide Corporation, the Continental Can Company, and others. The quantity marks an increase over 1957 and is expected to grow in 1959, the *Journal* said, noting that another vast volume of vegetable matter had gone in and out of supermarkets enveloped in a polyethylene rival—cellophane, pioneered by E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. Although the *Journal* did not say so, one wrap or the other sheathed about a billion of those gray-pink, marble-hard, golf-ball-size tomatoes, which their packers buy green and color by heat, like meerschaum pipes, in a kind of kiln before they put them into their viscose shrouds for distribution. Both synthetic integuments have the tensile strength of chain mail, and the broken fingernails resulting from attempts to open the prepackages freehand have led to important gains for Peggy Sage and other makers of nail paint, and for the Nicholson File Company.

"Though housewives may not entirely approve," the *Journal* commented approvingly, "the pick-and-choose produce counter in the neighborhood supermarket is on its way out, following the path of such mostly-vanished Americana as the cracker barrel and the open pickle vat." Prepackaging keeps prospective purchasers from touching the vegetables, the *Journal* explained. This is a routine retailers resent, because it implies a right of rejection—something that they may soon lobby to have outlawed by referendum in the individual states as an obsolescent survival, like a man's right to beat his wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb. To clarify the cloudily transparent reason for the employment of viscose as a deterrent in preference to barbed wire produced by the Bethlehem Steel Company, the *Journal* cited a California supermarket technician, who said, "The semi-moisture-proof wrapper also delays wilting of such leafy vegetables as lettuce and cabbage, by holding down dehydration. This can be particularly severe in refrigerated display cases where the circulating cold air tends to pull moisture from the vegetables." He left us lost in admiration of a culture that, having furnished a refrigerated case to protect the hardy cabbage, now provides the cabbage with a cloudily transparent epidermis to protect it from its protector's cold breath.

Any day, we expect some genius of de-innovation to remember and de-pre-



"You may get away with evading tithes for a while, but sooner or later they always catch up with you."

• •

package sauerkraut, an improved cabbage that has been forgotten by the public since its packers hid it in small, costly tin cans pioneered by Continental. To meet the price competition, fresh-cabbage merchandisers may then have to slough the viscose and, to protect the heads, which have become susceptible to drafts since people began to coddle them, remove them from the display cases, or else defrigerate the latter. (A cabbage accustomed to rainwear is delicate, like a poodle that has got used to wearing cashmere sweaters.) The cases themselves will then become available for use in a Museum of Mostly Vanished Americana that we hope to get some supermarket foundation to endow before they totally vanish. In it there will be, if we can promote the ante, apples that taste like apples, non-processed cheeses in a format large enough to mature, and meat adhering to other meat, as in the days when the customer could command the quantity he wanted instead of having to approximate it by adding eleven and three-eighths ounces to four and a quarter ounces to one and six-tenths ounces, each sliver being protected from dehydration in a consumer-size sheath. Consumers, by the way, come in some pretty extraordinary sizes, according to the I.B.M. machine that thinks about such things.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The American Eugenics Society has announced an international conference on "Differentiation in Current Mating and Fertility Trends," which, propitiously, will be held on February 14th.

Balance

A LADY we know in Sneden's Landing tells us that she received a beautiful, and rather long and heavy, Ford for Christmas and that the next-door lady got a Volkswagen. The two of them exchanged congratulations, and everything went well. Then, on a morning in the third week after the new year began, they happened to come out of their front doors at the same time on the way to their garages. They waved cordially, and the Ford lady complacently watched the Volkswagen lady raise her garage door. But after raising it the Volkswagen lady gripped the rear bumper casually, pulled the little car toward her, and, as it came abreast of her, tossed her handbag in through an open window. When the front bumper reached her, she stopped the car with one hand and, with the other, pulled the garage door down. Then she got in and drove off. Everything is still going well, though. The Ford lady pulled her garage door up, got into her car, backed it out, dismounted, pulled the door down, got back in, and passed her neighbor a quarter of a mile south on Route 9-W.

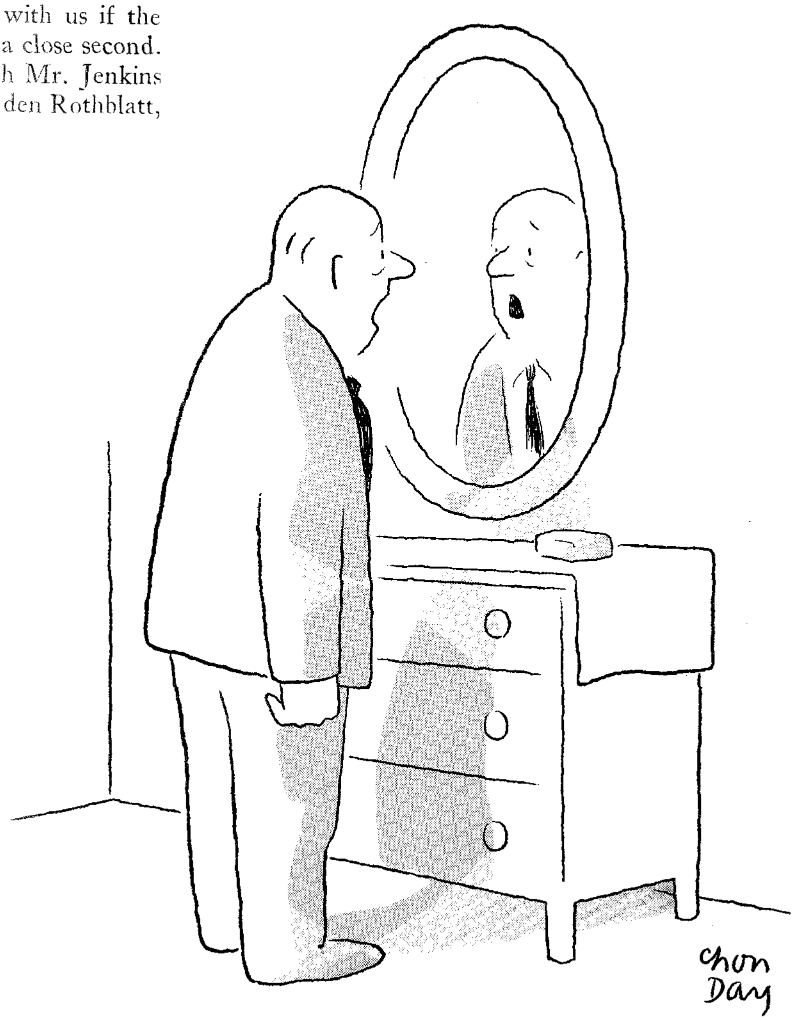
Sure Thing

FOR the first time in its history, this musical city is about to enjoy what it has long deserved—an honest-to-goodness music festival, officially sponsored, running for several weeks (from March 1st through May 20th), and embracing nearly every musical group of importance in town. The two men chiefly responsible for this welcome event are Newell Jenkins and George Frederick Handel. Mr. Jenkins is the forty-three-year-old conductor of a local chamber orchestra known as Clarion Concerts, which has been heard regularly at Town Hall for the past couple of seasons; Handel is— well, Handel. The idea of having a festival in Handel's honor came to the lively Mr. Jenkins when he realized, many months ago, that 1959 would mark the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of the great composer. Fearing that the occasion would be neglected here, Jenkins set to work, and with what results! By the twentieth of May, Handel should be one of the best-known names in New York, and it will be all right with us if the name of Jenkins runs it a close second.

We've had a talk with Mr. Jenkins and with Mrs. Emma Alden Rothblatt, Deputy Commissioner of Commerce and Public Events in New York City and Jenkins' right hand in respect to Handel Festival matters. "This is an age of festivals," Jenkins told us. "Only New York, the musical capital of the country, and perhaps of the Western Hemisphere, has been out of step. In 1956, the bicentennial of Mozart's birth was celebrated in bang-up fashion in Salzburg, in Aix-en-Provence, in Vienna, and even in Vancouver, but here we contented ourselves with the three big symphonies and the Requiem. Shameful! I foresaw that the same thing might happen to Handel, with everyone all over town doing the 'Messiah,' and letting it go at that. Handel was a prolific composer; he wrote four or five hundred works in various forms, and I was anxious to get a proper hearing for as many of those works as possible, so I started making phone calls. First to the Philharmonic, then to the Little Orchestra, then to Alexander Schneider's chamber orchestra, and so on, all the way down the line. Next I tackled the choral groups and, after them, the churches that give regular musical performances. Everybody seemed delighted to pitch in and try something different—that is, with as little duplication as possible—and the first thing we knew, we were calling it a festival, though it hadn't started out as one."

At that point, Jenkins and his assorted *Handelliebhabereidgenossen* turned to the city for help. They wished to publish a complete program booklet of the planned concerts, but were unable to raise money for this purpose; undaunted, they sought out Mrs. Rothblatt, who at once caught fire. "Music and art are big business in New York, as well as immensely desirable in themselves," Mrs. Rothblatt told us, still aglow from that historic conflagration. "My department considers a music festival an excellent commercial proposition. We've arranged with private industry to print fifty thousand copies of a full souvenir program, which will be distributed free to people attending concerts during the Festival period. Museums, colleges, and even banks and retail stores will all be doing their bit for Handel, and vice versa. If the Festival brings in as many thousands of tourists as we expect it to, we'll go to the Mayor and try to talk him into making it an annual affair."

Naïvely, we protested that the two-hundredth anniversary of the death of a Handel didn't happen every year. Jenkins gave us a reassuring smile. "The sesquicentennial of Mendelssohn's birth occurs this year," he said. "The sesquicentennial of Chopin's birth is only a year off. I'd estimate that there are twenty or thirty anniversaries, either of birth or death, to be counted on every year. Not all big men, of course, but big enough. Give us a chance at an annual festival, and we'll produce the composers, dead or alive."

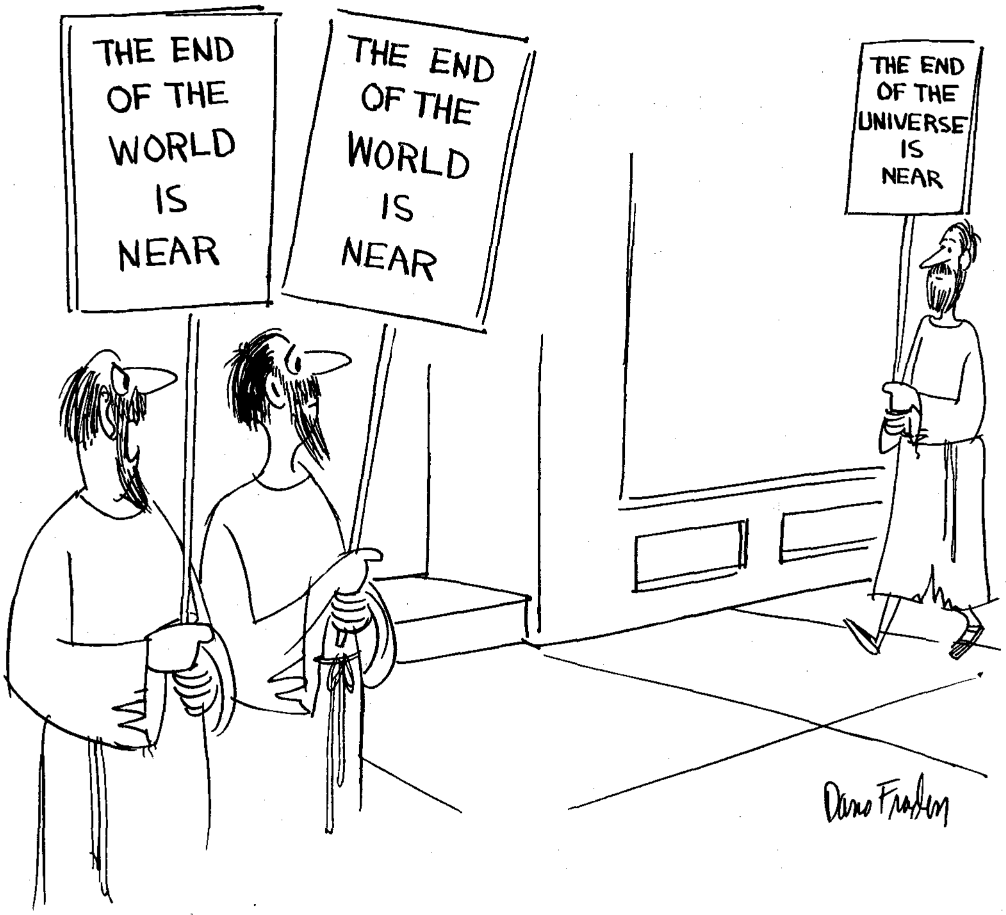


"You're all I've got."

Mares and Women

THE other night at Costello's, our Third Avenue correspondent reports, the punters were sitting around reminiscing about last November's International race at Laurel. Evidently, Ballymoss, the Irish entry, left much to be desired in the eyes of most of the gabbers. "The only one who stood up to defeat was a tall, lugubrious fellow, with a nose longer than most, called Owen McNamara," our man advises us. "While everybody else in the saloon was wailing along, McNamara announced that although he had ventured as much on Ballymoss as any weeper in the house, he was content. I'll let McNamara go on, with no further interference from me." Our man's transcript of McNamara's remarks follows:

"I did the loyal thing and bet this Ballymoss for more than I could afford, so that no one could say my courage was meagre. But in the back of my head I kept thinking that his mother was a fifty-dol-


THE END OF THE WORLD IS NEAR
THE END OF THE WORLD IS NEAR
THE END OF THE UNIVERSE IS NEAR
Dana Fradon

"He's a nut."

• •

lar mare of no consequence, and it is my belief that females of no account are responsible for the woes of the world. Since I came out here from Dublin, I've heard more damned nonsense about Mother Machree and the like of that, and not a word about Father Machree, who probably put knobs on his knuckles keeping a house together while old Mother was gassing away in a snug with some other crone about what a hard lot she had. Where do you find a woman who can stand up to life without whimpering? I tell you, they're few and far between, and no mare that goes for fifty dollars is going to give her get the gallant outlook on life that he ought to have. Mind you, I admit the poor beast was sorely put upon—and you might know that Piggott, that Englishman, would be the one to bear out on him—but I had the idea as they raced into the stretch that Ballymoss wasn't holding to the advice of his brave da but listening to the lazy drill he'd learned at his mother's clumsy knee. Up the males!"

Our correspondent tells us that things got pretty confused in Costello's after McNamara stopped talking, and that McNamara wound up in an argument with a bystander who alleged that his mother had been referred to as a fifty-dollar mare.

Milestone

BACK in 1943, we attended the first annual stockholders' meeting of J. P. Morgan & Co. as a publicly held corporation—before that, it had been first a partnership and then a privately held corporation—and last week, for the sake of nostalgia as well as of symmetry, we attended the last annual stockholders' meeting of J. P. Morgan & Co. as such. Sometime this year, when approval has been granted by the State Superintendent of Banks, the Federal Reserve Board, and the stockholders of both banks, J. P. Morgan and the Guaranty Trust Company of New York will merge to form the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York, thereby carrying the togetherness trend in local banking circles pretty much to its ultimate, and depriving Wall Street of perhaps its most celebrated corporate citizen. (Could a street-corner radical rail against "the Morgan Guaranty Trust"? Hardly. Too cumbersome a handle for a villain.) On the morning of the meeting, we entered the Morgan edifice, at Broad and Wall, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, the announced hour, and were courteously ushered by a doorman into a well-furnished anteroom, where we were presently greeted by an officer of the bank. When we told him we wanted to go to the last annual meeting, the Morgan man said, with nicely restrained emphasis, "See here, now, please don't speak as if we were going out of business. We're simply peeling two initials from our name, and linking it with that of an honored colleague." Smiling, he added, "You're welcome to come to the meeting. Follow me."

We followed him to a place where several distinguished-looking men were waiting for an elevator. "Good morning, Mr. Lamont," one of them said to another. While we waited, our Morgan man told us that Henry C. Alexander, present chairman of J. P. Morgan, would be chairman of the new bank resulting from the merger, and that J. Luther Cleveland, now chairman of the Guaranty Trust, would be chairman of its executive committee. "The headquarters of the new bank will be either here or at 140 Broadway, the Guaranty's present headquarters," our man said.

"If 140 Broadway is chosen," we asked, "what will the Morgan building be used for?"

"I don't know exactly," he replied, "but you may consider it *most* unlikely that it will be used as a retail branch handling small accounts."

Up we went to the second floor, then down a long corridor, carpeted, panelled, and portrait-hung, and into a similarly furnished room, at one end of which a long table was set up under a splendidly fierce portrait of J. P. the Younger and in front of a big fireplace. (The day being mild, the fireplace wasn't in use.) The rest of the room was full of folding chairs, some fifty or sixty of which were occupied by stockholders, at least ten of them ladies. Thinking we were being modest, we tried to take a seat in the extreme rear, only to find that the three back rows were the only ones in the room reserved for dignitaries. Marvelling at the delicacy of this touch of decorum and at the tact of the usher who informed us of it, we moved to a seat farther front.

Shortly before eleven, four men took places behind the big table, and on the stroke of eleven one of them—a tall man with a craggy face, a double-breasted jacket, and a pleasing hint of Southern accent, whom we guessed to be Mr. Alexander—called the meeting to order. Then, after welcoming the stockholders and friends of the bank, he confirmed our guess at his identity and introduced his fellow-officers at the big table: H. P. Davison, president; Thomas S. Lamont, chairman of the executive committee (and our companion in the elevator); and D. P. Davison, secretary. The secretary, who appeared to be the junior officer at the table by a substantial margin, patted a pile of proxies in front of him and said that at least ninety-two per cent of the total stock was present or represented. Mr. Alexander said that this constituted a quorum, all right, and thereupon read the names of the seven directors whose terms of office were to expire and asked for nominations to succeed them. A man in one of the three back rows moved that all seven directors be renominated, and another man in the area seconded the motion. Mr. Alexander called for a vote, and the motion was unanimously passed. There were no other nominations.

Mr. Alexander asked that ballots be distributed to stockholders. Nothing happened for perhaps half a minute, so he repeated his request, somewhat more loudly. This time, a Morgan man entered at a dog-trot and, smiling indulgently at his own tardiness, began distributing ballots. Since there were seven vacancies to be filled and seven nominees to fill them, the stockholders did not seem to be faced with a very taxing electoral decision. While the voting was going on, Mr. Alexander commented on the company's annual report for 1958. Earnings, profits, and deposits were all up over 1957. As Mr. Alexander intoned the statistics, a stockholder near us yawned, and so did Mr. Lamont. "Not a bad year, on the whole," Mr. Alexander said in summation.

At eleven-twenty-three, Mr. Alexander said, "I will now turn to the matter of the proposed merger." A few stockholders sighed, and others sat up straighter in their chairs. Mr. Alexander said that the merger had seemed desirable to the directors as a means of keeping pace with the rapid growth of American industry and commerce, that each share of Morgan stock would be worth four and two-fifths shares of Morgan Guaranty stock, and that he hoped the proposal would be ready for submission to the stockholders within five or six weeks. "Perhaps some stockholders may have questions," he suggested.

The Messrs. Alexander, Lamont, and H. P. Davison took off their reading spectacles to be on the alert for questions, and a stockholder got up to ask what the dividend would be after the merger.

"That will depend on the decision of the directors of the new institution," said Mr. Alexander. "It will be ample, yet conservative."

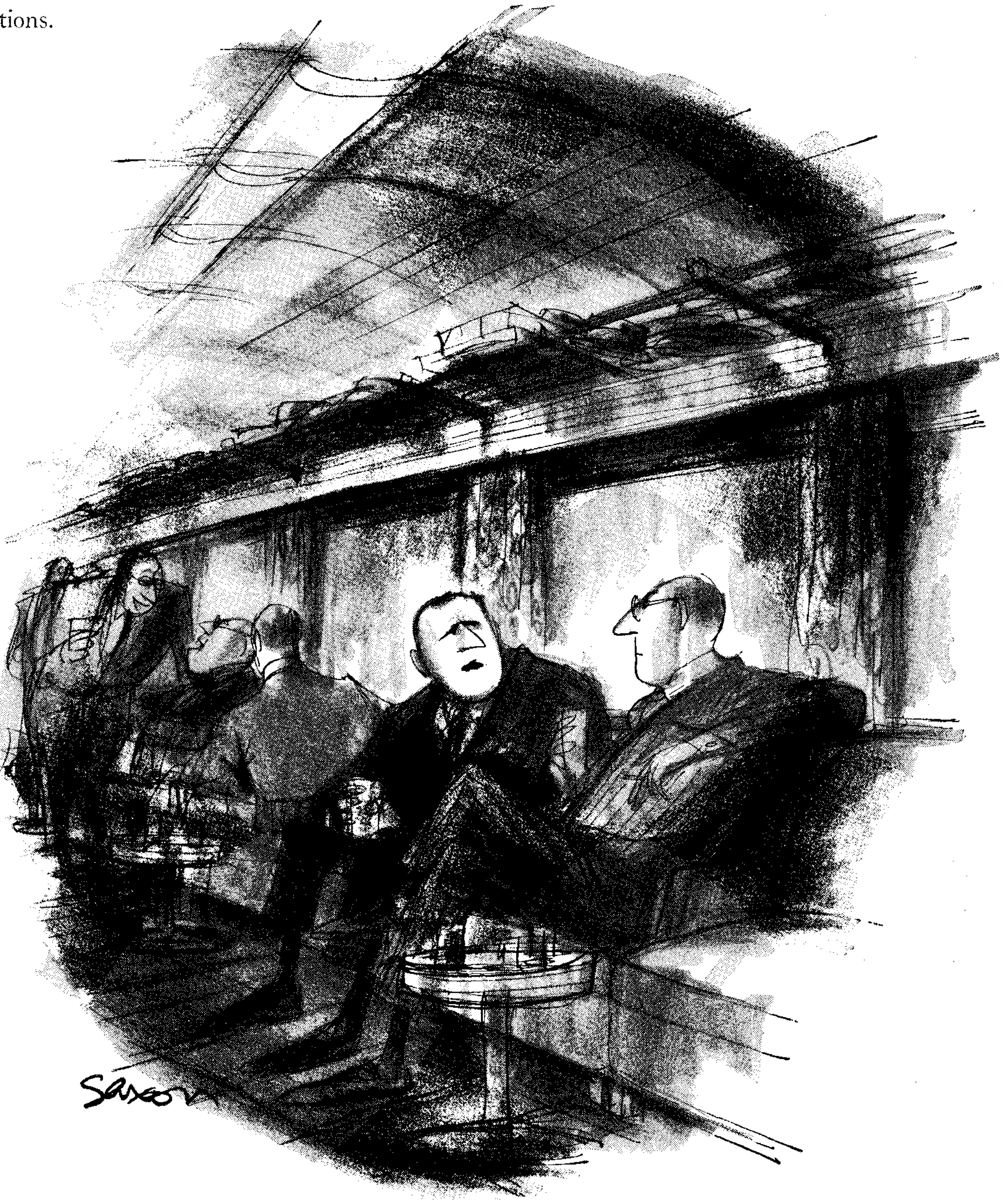
Another stockholder arose, identified himself as Mr. Wirth, and said, "May I presume to ask a question, sir?"

Mr. Alexander nodded.

"Would the chairman be bold enough to hazard a speculation as to the possibility of federal antitrust action?" Mr. Wirth asked.

"We received a highly proper inquiry about the proposed merger from the Department of Justice," said Mr. Alexander. "The Guaranty Trust received a similar inquiry. The information they asked for has been assembled and sent to Washington. The Department of Justice properly inquired, and we properly responded. We do not believe that the antitrust laws are in any way violated, and we hope that the Department of Justice will think likewise."

There being no more questions, Mr. Alexander asked the secretary to read the results of the election for directors. "Henry C. Alexander, 323,386 votes," read the secretary, with solemnity. "Bernard S. Carter, 323,386 votes. Charles S. Cheston, 323,386 votes. Charles D. Dickey, 323,386 votes. Devereux C. Josephs, 323,386



"Oh, it's no problem telling my wife I've been fired, but what am I going to say to 'Who's Who'?"

votes. L. F. McCollum, 323,386 votes. John M. Meyer, Jr., 323,386 votes."

"We all got the same number of votes," Mr. Alexander commented. A mild ripple of laughter went through the room, whereupon Mr. Alexander suggested a motion for adjournment, which was made, and seconded, from the back of the room. We left the meeting musing on change and permanence, and wishing we had a hunk of Morgan stock.

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STRATEGIC plan found on the desk of a third-grader named Carol, in Great Neck:

How to Catch Jan

1. Find out where he lives and surround him.
2. Then hide in a bush and jump out at him.
3. Call him loverboy.
4. Then Jimmy will hit him.

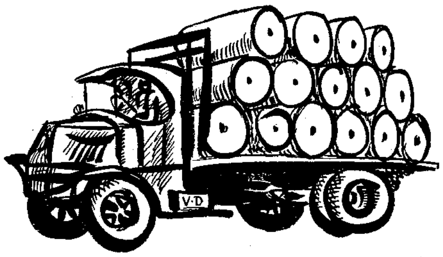
Powerhouse

ONE of the great natural wonders of our time is Miss Fannie Hurst, who for several decades now has been generating and dispensing as much energy hereabouts as Consolidated Edison. The last time we talked with Miss Hurst was fifteen years ago, when we accompanied her on her daily constitutional in Central Park. The pace she set on that occasion was a killing one, while the hour—5:30 A.M.—was downright grisly, and it was doubtless our memory of pace and hour that led us to delay for so long a second meeting with the powerhouse. Be that as it may, when we recently paid a call on Miss Hurst, we contrived to make it a restful middle-of-the-afternoon-and-sitting-down affair, in the extraordinary apartment, on West Sixty-seventh Street, where Miss Hurst has lived for upward of forty years. Miss Hurst's home is truly her castle—a fourteen-room triplex castle, boasting a drawing room, sixty feet long and three stories high, that is chockablock with tapestries, paintings, ancient sculpture, and outsize furnishings. When our eyes grew accustomed to the Renaissance twilight in which the room was bathed, we made out innumerable calla lilies, some of them real and others of glass or bronze; we also made out Miss Hurst, seated in the depths of an Italian-brocade sofa, under a rose-colored cartwheel hat. She was wearing a black dress, and at her throat was yet another calla lily; her hair was as black, her eyes as shining, her manner as forceful as ever, and we sank hurriedly into the sofa before she could propose a hike.

When we commented on the prevalence of lilies, Miss Hurst noted briskly that in her autobiography, "Anatomy of Me," published last fall, she had explained precisely what lilies mean to her. "In two words, they stand for inner serenity," she said. "I even have a Yorkshire terrier called Calla Lily. She's neurotic and hasn't been downstairs for years—not much inner serenity there, I confess. Of course, there's a calla lily on the cover of my book, in which I strip myself almost nude. I haven't a secret left to my name. The reviews and mail have been most gratifying—all except a letter from a lady in Providence, who wrote to say how much she'd enjoyed the book, that she was planning to lecture on it, and would I please tell her a little about myself?"

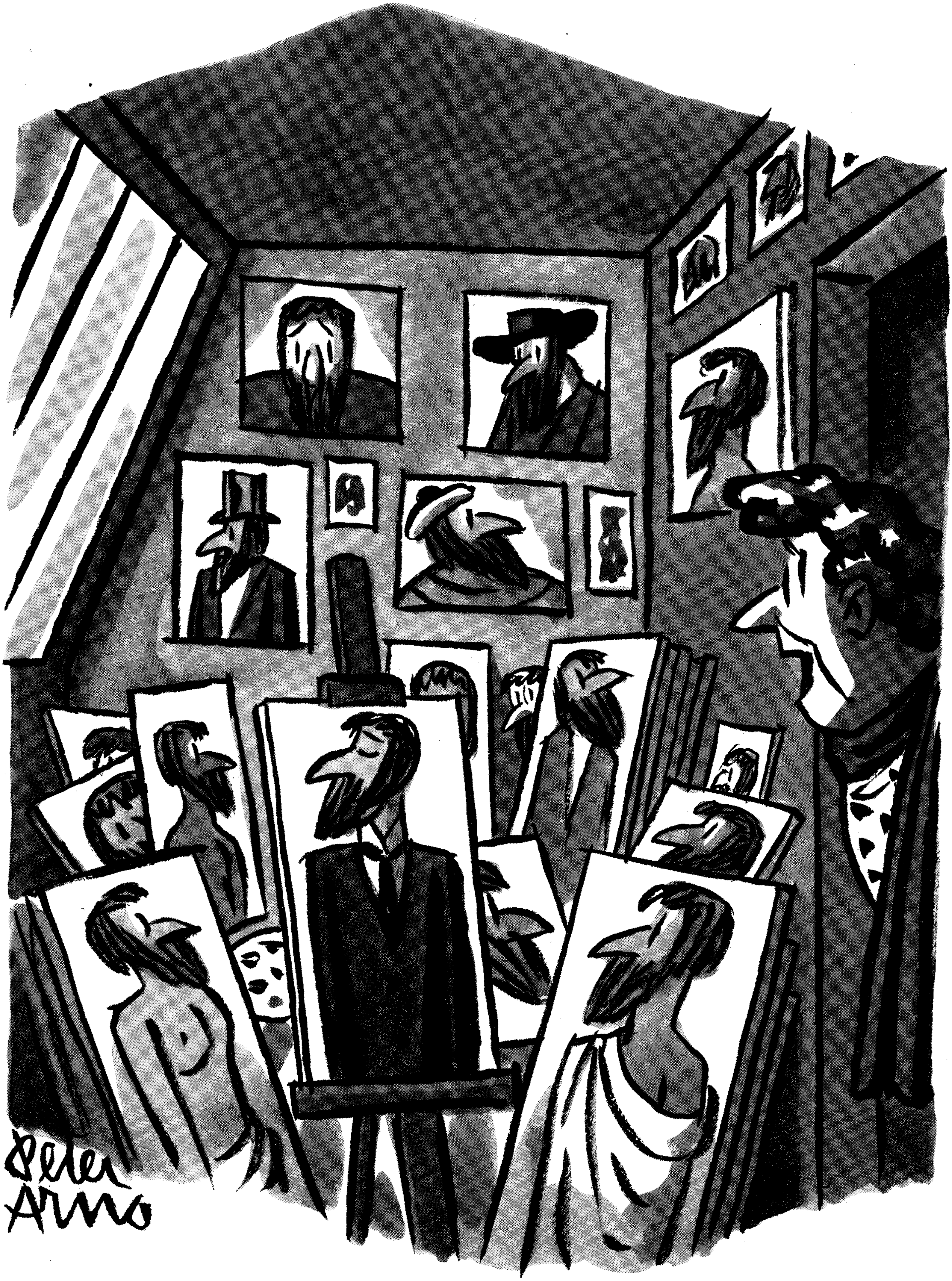
We remarked that at least one reviewer had been astonished at Miss Hurst's having managed to write a three-hundred-and-sixty-seven-page autobiography without mentioning a single date. "I just don't believe in the tyranny of numbers," Miss Hurst said firmly. "I know people who never recount the smallest incident without first figuring out that it took place exactly four and a half years ago last December. Give an inch to numbers and the next minute you'll be saying, openly or to yourself, 'Let's see, now, my life expectancy must be about seventeen and three-quarters years.' I try not to live by timetables. I started my autobiography without a scrap of paper to remind me of anything. I don't remember the names of all my books. I've published twenty-six, so why should I? Let somebody else carry all that luggage around, if he wants to! Neither am I given to a prescribed way of life. Who said we have to have eight hours of sleep a day? I allow myself five and a half, and get along fine. I admit I have exceptional vitality. Sometimes I think vitality is one of the secrets of a successful and happy life."

With an involuntary shudder, we asked Miss Hurst if she continued to take a walk every morning at five-thirty. "I do indeed," she said, eyes flashing. "Not in the Park any more; it's too dangerous at that hour. We're trying to police all Europe, but it seems we can't police our own beautiful park. Ah, well! Weekdays, I usually walk up one side of Central Park West to a Hundred and Tenth Street, then back down the other side. Weekends, I often walk over to Fifth Avenue, and down Fifth to Washington Square and back. The city is marvellous in the early morning—a *femme fatale* of eternal enchantment. It wouldn't surprise me if I knew this city better than anyone else alive. The only section I've been slighting is the East Bronx. I'm anxious to get to know that part better. Usually, I get home about seven-thirty, have black coffee—I'm a calorie counter—and am at my desk an hour later. I write till noon—I've just finished a new novel—then have lunch, and go off to the studio for my TV program. It's called 'Fannie Hurst's Showcase,' and it goes on five days a week over Channel Thirteen. The program is an unrehearsed conversation piece. Frequently, at night, I go down to Night Court, to see a little-known aspect of life in this great city. I've been attending it regularly ever since I came to New York, nearly—" Miss Hurst hesitated, and for a moment we thought we might be about to hear a date, but she censored herself and wound up adroitly, "—came to New York as a young girl. I don't pine for the good old days. I don't know whether things are any better than they used to be, but I know they're no worse."



Sleeves

A SHORT-ARMED but invariably spruce-looking gentleman of our acquaintance tells us he bought some shirts at Brooks Brothers last year and had to have the sleeves shortened by his suburban tailor. This year, he bought some more shirts at the same establishment and cautioned the aging clerk about getting the sleeves the right length, informing him, in a good-natured way, that he had gone to some trouble and expense the last time he'd bought shirts there. The clerk tut-tutted sympathetically and said he very much regretted that the customer hadn't had the alterations done at the store. "We make a trifling charge for such alterations," the clerk went on, "but it would have been less than you paid the tailor. As a matter of fact, in hardship cases we make no charge at all." Our man says he has been going around ever since, in his new, perfectly fitting shirts, wondering how a Brooks Brothers customer gets on the hardship list. Wearing our old shirts, we've been doing exactly the same thing.



"George! Are you in there?"

A FIRM WORD OR TWO

STEWART FLEMING put on his topcoat, tossed his hat onto the hall table, and looked at his watch. "Ten minutes to eight!" he called.

"I'll be right there," his wife, Dorothy, answered, from the back of the apartment. "I'm just finishing my face."

Fleming moved to the bar, in the living room, dropped some ice into a glass, and poured in a splash of whiskey. He knew it should take no more than half an hour to get to the theatre, and the curtain was at eight-thirty, so there still was plenty of time. Nevertheless, he hated being late and he hated to rush, and for that reason, when he and Dorothy went to the theatre, they always had their dinner afterward. Over the years, he had found that he enjoyed a play more if he didn't arrive in a state of torpor brought on by hurrying through a full dinner. He sipped his drink, shuddered slightly, and once more looked at his watch.

There was a thud, followed by a scraping noise, outside the front door, and then the door opened and Donald, the Flemings' eighteen-year-old son, came in, dragging a monstrous suitcase behind him. He was tall and muscular, and his shirt collar was open and his necktie pulled down. His polo coat flapped loosely about him. In spite of his general state of disarray, he looked clean and powerful, like an athlete muffled in towels and blankets.

"Well, *hello!*" Fleming exclaimed, with pleasure. "We didn't expect you until tomorrow!"

They shook hands, and Donald smiled and said, "They changed the exam schedule. My last one was this morning, instead of this afternoon."

"How were they?"

"Not too tough."

Fleming smiled reminiscently. "I can still remember *my* freshman midyears. I was scared senseless."

"These weren't too bad." Donald casually shook a cigarette out of a pack, offered it to his father, and, when Fleming refused, put it in his own mouth.

"Would you like a drink?" Fleming asked, with the faint feeling that he was talking to a guest.

"I'll make it." Donald lit his cigarette, then went to the bar and poured what looked to Fleming like an exceptionally strong highball.

"How are things?" Fleming asked. "Everything all right?"

"Yes, I guess so." Donald glanced around the room. "Where's Mother?"

"She's dressing. She'll be right out."

"I gather you two are going out for a do, or something."

"We're going to the theatre. As I said, we didn't expect you back until tomorrow. By the way, if you'd like to take my ticket, I'd be glad to—"

"Oh, no. Don't be silly." Donald walked around the room, looking at the bookshelves as though he had never seen them before. "Are you going on afterward?" he asked.

"Just to have some dinner. Why?"

"Nothing. I'd like to talk to you sometime, but it can wait."

"What about? What's on your mind?"

"Nothing special," Donald said. "There isn't time for it now."

"What's the matter? Are you in any trouble?"

"No, of course not. It's not any trouble."

"Well, you might as well tell me now as later. What is it?"

"Let's let it pass, should we? I'm sorry I brought it up."

Dorothy's footsteps sounded down the hall, and she came into the room and gave a shriek, and ran to Donald and kissed him. "Look at *you!*" she said. "Where did *you* come from?"

"Down the road a piece," Donald replied, laughing. "People with two heads were allowed to cut all their exams."

"I think this is perfectly *marvellous!* Do you want to come along, and see if we can get an extra seat for you?"

"No, thanks. I think I'll stay here and throw together some chow. I'll see you when you come back."

"He has something he wants to tell us," Fleming said. "But he doesn't think we ought to hear about it until later."

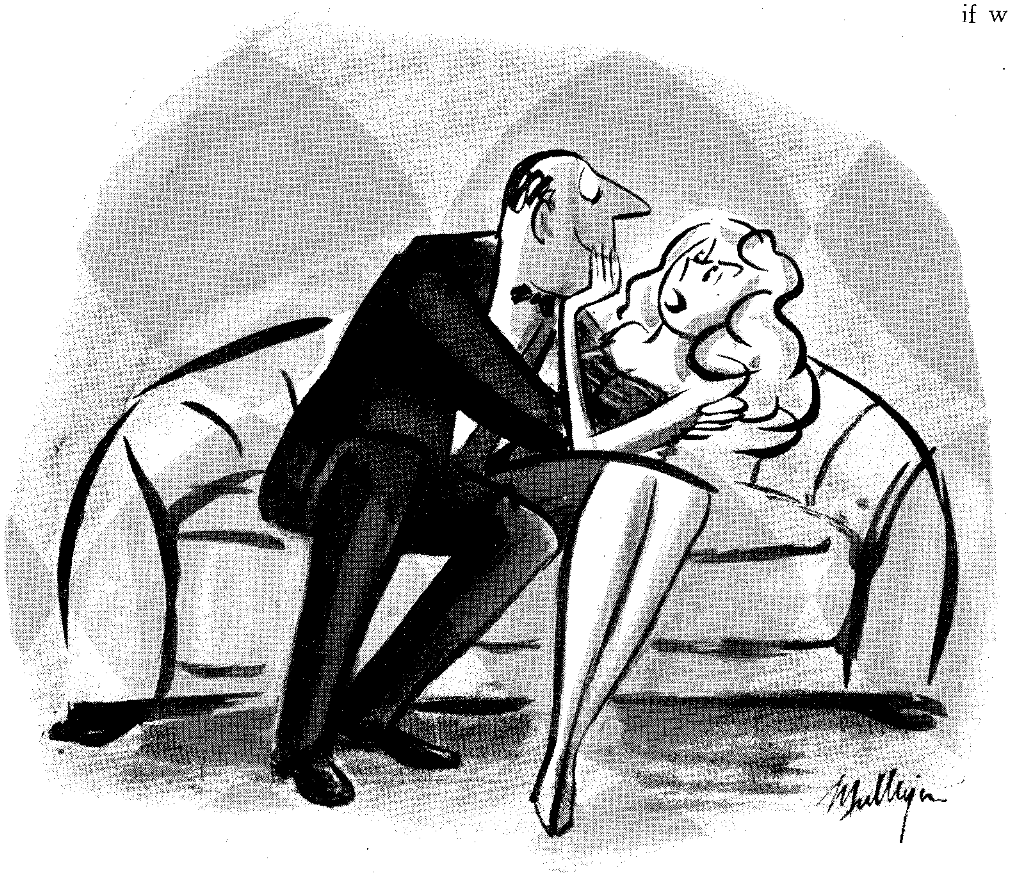
"What is it?" Dorothy asked, suddenly serious. "Are you all right?"

"Sure I'm all right. I'm fine. This is just an idea I had, that's all."

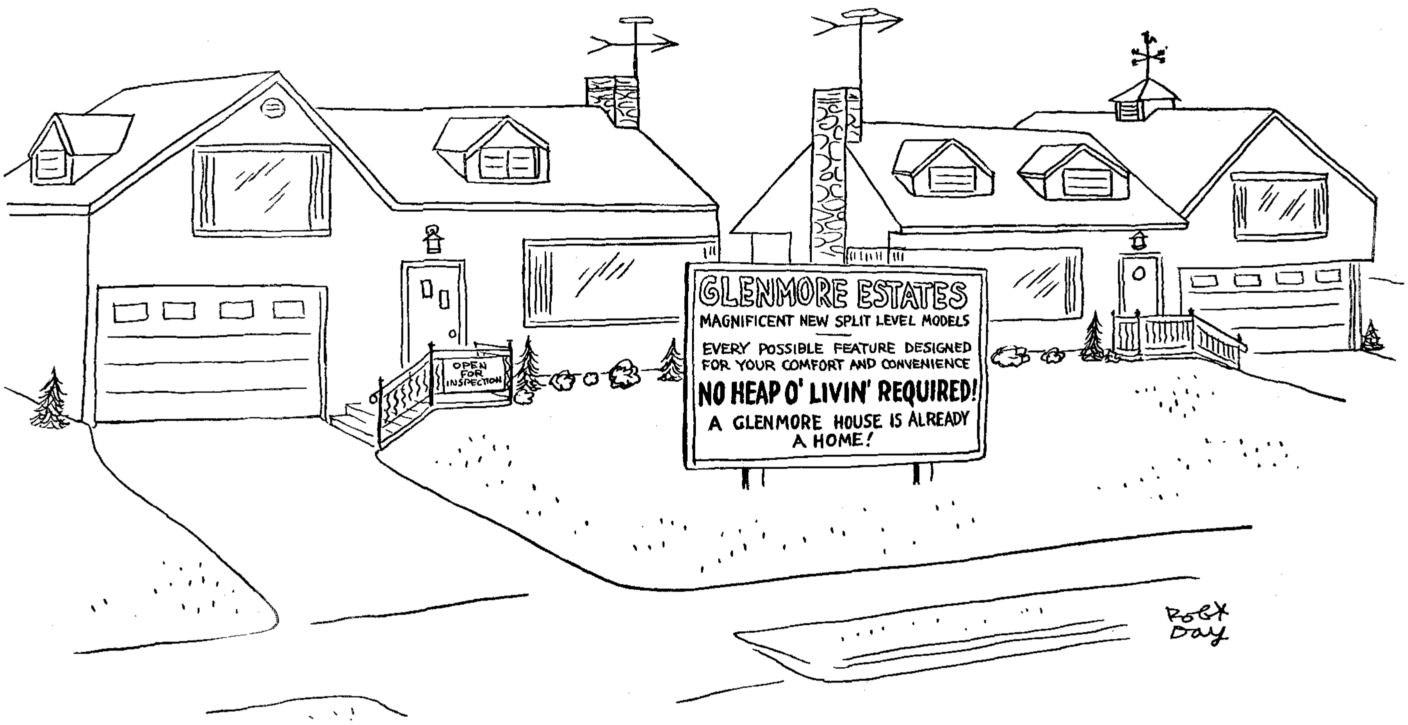
"Well, if it's just an idea, it certainly can't hurt us to know about it now," said Fleming. "Maybe we'll need some time to think about it."

"Yes, please tell us," said Dorothy. "Then we have to go, or we'll be late." She held her coat out to Fleming, and he helped her into it.

"Maybe you're right, at that," said Donald. "Well . . ." He hesitated, and then, in as offhand a manner as he could, he said, "It's just that I thought I might take a year off, that's all."



"There! You see! You're not interested in me as a person!"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GLENMORE ESTATES
MAGNIFICENT NEW SPLIT LEVEL MODELS
EVERY POSSIBLE FEATURE DESIGNED FOR YOUR COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE
NO HEAP O' LIVIN' REQUIRED!
A GLENMORE HOUSE IS ALREADY A HOME!
Robt Day

Fleming stared at him. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that. Not go back next semester."

"Have you been thrown out?"

"No, no." Donald smiled, and started to push them toward the door. "It's just that I thought I might do better to take the money you'd spend on college and go around the world for a year, or something. We can talk about it later."

"What in the world gives you the idea that—" Fleming began, but Dorothy took his arm and pulled him to the door.

"Come on, dear," she said. "We'll be late. We can talk about this later."

"That's right, Mother," said Donald, laughing. "You simmer him down, and I'll wait for you here."

"Simmer *who* down?" said Fleming, holding back.

"Stewart!" said Dorothy. "Come on!"

Fleming reached for his hat, and slammed it on his head. He and Dorothy went out, and Donald said, "Have a good time," and closed the door behind them. Through the door they heard him whistling as he went to the kitchen to make his supper.

"IT'S the God-damnedest thing I ever heard!" Fleming said after he had given the cabdriver the address of the theatre. "What possibly makes him think he can take a year off?"

"I don't know," Dorothy replied. "We'll find out when we talk to him later."

"Well, I'm not going to let him do it," Fleming said. "He's out of his mind."

"I wouldn't just forbid him to do it. I think it would be better if you tried to reason with him."

"Of course I'll try to reason with him. But if reason fails, then I'm damned well going to forbid him."

She was quiet for a moment. "I'm not sure that would be a good idea," she said, at last.

"Why not? Have you a better idea?"

"No, but we haven't very many noes left, as far as he's concerned."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. He's at the age when we can't say 'no' much more, and I don't think it would be good for our last 'no' to be based on money. I mean, we can stop him just by not giving him the money to do it, and I don't think our last 'no' should be on that basis."

"All right—what do you suggest, then?"

"I don't know. But don't forbid him. Let him see for himself that it's not a good idea."

Fleming fidgeted and fumed throughout the play, and although the rest of the audience seemed to enjoy it, he could find nothing amusing or interesting in it. During the second-act intermission, he and Dorothy went to a bar across the street, and as they sipped their short, watery drinks he said, "How about it? Do you want to go back for the last act?"

"Why, of course!" she said. "I'm having a wonderful time—aren't you?"

"I just don't get it, that's all. I cannot understand it."

"There's nothing hard to understand about it. It's more or less taken straight from the novel, and this is—"

"I'm not talking about the play," Fleming cut in impatiently. "I'm talking about Donald. I cannot understand what would make him want to do a thing like that."

"Oh," she said. "Well, there's nothing we can do until we hear his side of it."

"There *is* no 'his side of it,'" Fleming said. "It's sheer lunacy, that's all."

"Listen to me," Dorothy said. "It may be lunacy, but you've got to hear him out. You've got to listen to him, or he'll never again respect a thing you say. You cannot forbid him to do things, the way you could when he was a child."

"He never *has* been forbidden to do things, as I remember it. You've always said we had to reason with him, no matter what it was."

"Stewart, I'm not going to argue with you any more!" she said sharply. "You're going to be reasonable about this, or I'm going to take *his* side and tell him to go ahead."

Fleming tossed down the last of his drink, picked up his change, and started for the door. "That's great," he said. "That's just fine. Here you spend eighteen years saying we've got to stick together on these things—saying we can never have any divided authority—and now, when something important comes up, you offer to go over to his side."

"Just keep on talking," she said as she followed him out of the bar. "Keep on talking to me, and maybe you'll get it out of your system enough so that you can be civil to your son when we get home."

NEITHER Fleming nor Dorothy even considered going to a restaurant when the play was over. They got into a cab, and Fleming gave the driver their home address, dug his hands into his pockets, and settled back in the seat. There was a long silence, and then Dorothy said, "Are you going to listen to his side of it?"

"Yes, I'll listen," Fleming replied.

"And you'll treat him as though he were a full, grown-up adult?"

"I'll treat him as though he were a full, grown-up adult."

"Good. Then that's all I ask."

When they got home, Donald was sitting in the living room, listening to the phonograph. The volume was turned up high, and the room quivered with the beat of the music. Donald smiled and stood up as they came in. "Hi," he said. "How was it?"

Fleming said nothing, and Dorothy said, "I just loved it. I thought it was wonderful."

"Aren't you home a little early?" Donald asked. "I thought you were going on for dinner afterward."

Dorothy hesitated. "We thought we'd rather eat at home," she said. "What with its being your first night back, and everything."

"I didn't mean to louse up your evening," said Donald. "You didn't have to worry about me."

"You didn't louse up a thing," Dorothy replied gaily. "Come on—let's all go in the kitchen while I cook something." She turned to Fleming, who was mixing himself a drink at the bar. "Would you make one for me, too?" she asked. "A long one, if you please." Fleming nodded, and Dorothy went into the kitchen, followed slowly by Donald.

When Fleming joined them, and he and Donald were seated at the kitchen table, Dorothy, who was melting butter in a pan, said, "Well, now—let's hear some more about this idea of yours."

"Well, I'll tell you," Donald said slowly. "It just seemed to me that I wasn't getting much of anyplace in college, and—"

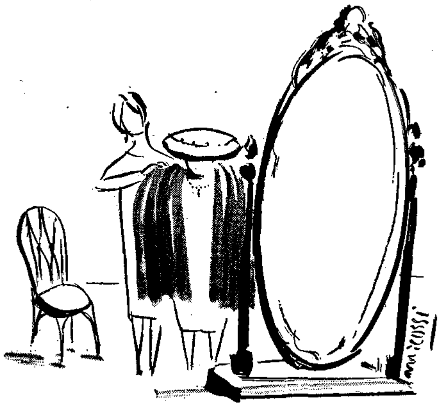
"You haven't had a chance," Fleming cut in. "It's only been four—"

"Stewart!" said Dorothy. "Let him finish."

"I don't know," Donald went on. "It just seemed that maybe if I got around a little, and saw some other things, it might give me some sort of direction—I don't know—a goal, or a point, or something. I just don't feel there's any point in what I'm doing."

"May I ask a question?" Fleming said, gently, to Dorothy. She nodded, and he turned to Donald and asked, "Did you intend to go back to college after this— this year of looking around, or did you just intend to keep on until you found something?"

"Oh, sure, I think I'd go back," Donald replied. "At least, I think now that I would. I guess it would all depend."



"And how did you intend to get back?" Fleming asked. "Just tell the college that you were ready to come in again?"

"Well, sure," Donald said. "A guy I heard of got thrown out last year, and they told him he could come back provided he got a job for a year. I figure it would amount to the same thing."

"I see. And do you know how many people failed to get into college last fall? Do you know how lucky you are to be there at all?"

"Stewart, that's not the point," said Dorothy. "The point is what he wants to accomplish if he takes a year off."

"I figure if they've let you in once, they'll let you in again," Donald said. "Provided you tell them what you're planning to do, and all. Anyway, I've completed one semester, so I'd have those credits behind me, and—"

"Provided you've passed your exams, you'll have those credits behind you," Fleming interrupted.

FLORIDA

In the unsparing South,
Land of the cotton mouth,
The earth grew green, then black;
The sun, like a heart attack,
Drained juniper and pine
Till twilight stapled down
Their char against the moon
And other lights went on:

Jittery neon rains
Sketching the melted names
Of a thousand glass motels,
Saying the sea's spells
Are profitable and old,
That heaven is never cold
But a tacky, patchwork coast,
Comfortable at a cost.

The tourist "Animal Farms"
Feathered their nests with alms
That flew down from the North,
While giant ferns put forth
Unstinting peals of green,
And, aerialists between
Tree trunks, hairnets of moss
Hung themselves across
The drypoint cypresses.
Everywhere excess
Refurbished its mistake
To make that Spanish fake
Eden a kind of sub-
Suburban country club
Set in an everglade
Of manufactured shade,

Where golfers by the score
Loped to tee and shore,
And all the lives that meant
Only retirement
Teetered to their cars,
To bungalows and bars,
And even the natural seemed
Impermanent and dreamed.

A place where the names of towns
Are prettier than the towns,
Where nothing nervous lives
Except quick primitives:
The serpents of the swamp,
Strange wings around the lamp—
Things from before the Fall
That keep their jungle real.

"Oh, yes, it can enchant.
But it is will I want,"
A Northerner might say,
"Daylight that is less day,
Something with more reserve,
Another kind of love,"
And, loathing the sun's gold,
Race to embrace the cold.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •

"I got through, all right," Donald said. "Anyway, what I want to accomplish is just what I said—I want to get a point of view, or a philosophy, or something, that'll give me a reason for being there. I don't want to go to college just to say that I've been to college. I want to go to college to get something out of it—something good, and solid."

"And you don't feel you're getting that now," said Fleming.

"No, sir. I don't."

"Do you mind telling us why? Do you have any specific reasons you can give us?"

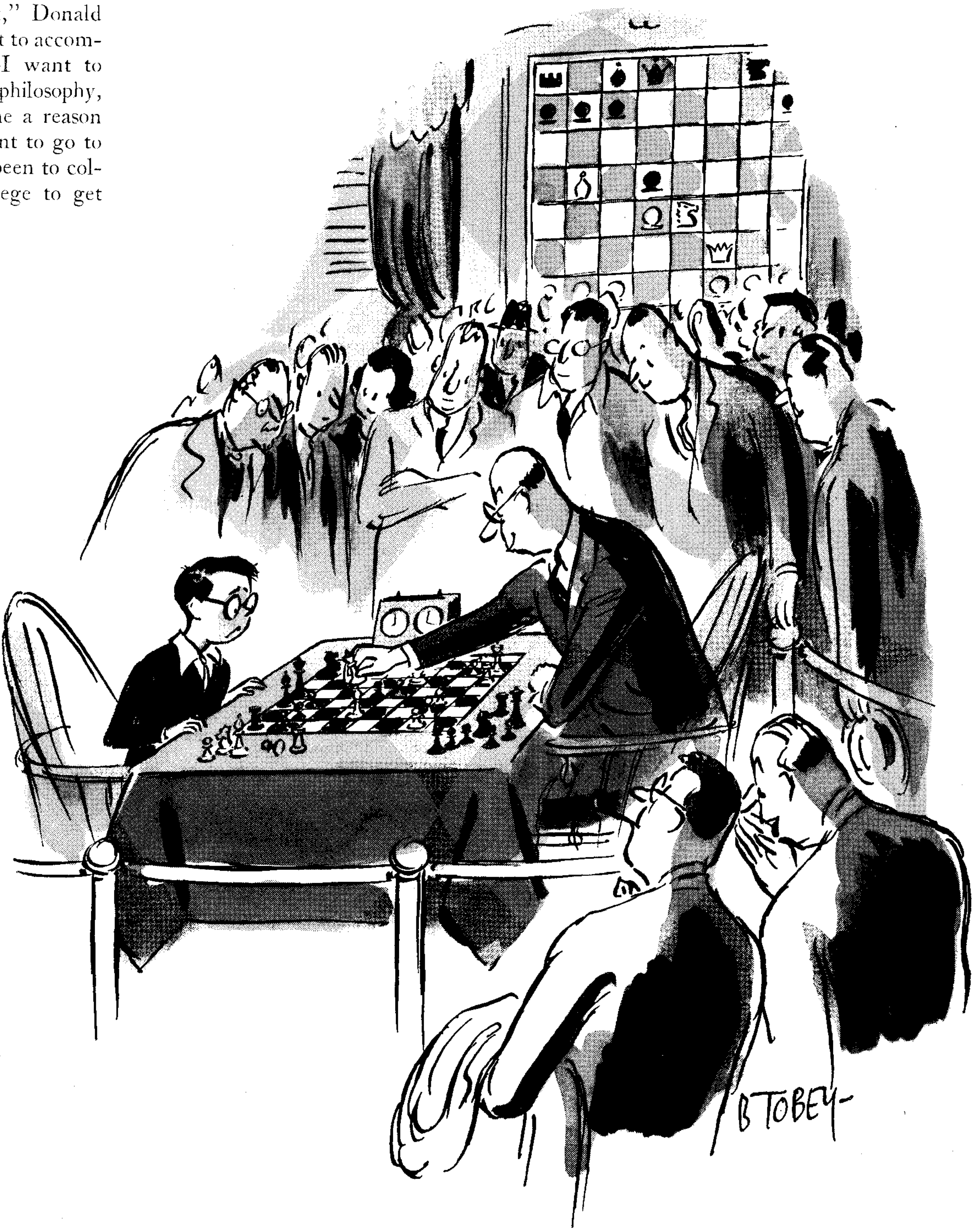
Donald shrugged, and spread his hands. "It's just what I feel," he said. "I can't explain it any more than that."

Fleming looked at Dorothy. "Have you any suggestions?" he asked.

She looked blank, and Donald said, "Maybe this will explain it. The guys who come from California, they have a Californian point of view. The guys from the Middle West, a Midwestern point of view. I don't feel that I've got *any* point of view. If I could get *out* a little, and look around, I think I'd probably get the maturity I need to appreciate what's going on around me. Does that make sense?"

Fleming said to Dorothy, "Your witness."

"Yes, of course it makes sense," she said. "In a way, that is. But just how did you figure you'd go about taking this year off? What is it that you intend to do?"



"The boy is improving. He used to bawl every time he started to lose."

"I don't know," Donald said. "Get a job, or something. Maybe be a cruise director, or even just a sailor. Go around the world. I can get work wherever I go."

"Enough work to support yourself?" Fleming asked. "I hate to point this out, but jobs aren't as easy to get as they once were."

"Well, that brings up the next point," Donald said. "I've been thinking about this for some time now, and it occurred to me—as I said—that if you give me what you'd spend for the year at college, then that would be enough to get started on, and I could make my own way from there. But just to be on the safe side, I wrote to Mr. Blackwood and asked him if there was a job I could get with his line."

"You wrote to *Howard* Blackwood?" Fleming said, shocked. "Did you tell him who you were?"

"Well, sure. I mean—what with the name, and all, I figured he was bound to guess. There's no reason for it to be a secret, is there?"

"Did he answer you? What did he say?"

"He said they had all the cruise directors they needed but that I could come and talk to him after exams, and he'd see what else he could find for me. I mean, if I can get on a ship that's going someplace in the Orient, or to the Mediterranean, then I can leave it wherever I want and pick up another job."

"There's a little matter of working papers, passports, and permits," said Fleming tartly. "And there are a lot of countries that wouldn't give you the time of day, much less a job."

"A guy from college got a job with one of the oil companies," Donald replied, as though that disposed of the whole problem. "They sent him all over the Middle East."

"Then maybe you'd better look for work in an oil company," said Fleming. "I don't think your steamship approach is going to get you anywhere."

"Maybe not," Donald said. "Do you know anybody in an oil company that I might write to?"

"No, I don't!" Fleming said. "And I think that if you're going to do this, it would be better you did it on your own, without using my name."

"I didn't mean to use your *name*," said Donald, with a trace of anger. "I just wanted to know whom to write to."

"Write to the Director of Personnel," said Fleming. "That's where you'll end up anyway, no matter whom you write to."

"Are you sure you've thought this all through?" Dorothy asked Donald. "Do you realize how hard it may be, and how badly you may be disappointed?"

"I don't care how hard it may be," said Donald. "That part of it doesn't worry me at all. I just want to get around."

"Even at the expense of a college education?" Fleming asked, forcing himself to sound mild.

"It won't *be* at the expense of a college education!" Donald said heatedly. "But even suppose I *get* a job with an oil company—suppose I decide to stay with it the rest of my life—what's the difference? A guy I heard of got thrown out sophomore year, and six months later he was making two hundred dollars a week."

"It seems to me you know a remarkably fortunate group of young men," said Fleming.

Dorothy ladled scrambled eggs onto two plates, gave one to Fleming, and took the other herself. "Well, this is nothing we have to decide right here and now," she said. "I think the thing to do is for Donald to see what he can find, and then we'll know better what the prospects are. Don't you agree?" She looked at Fleming, and smiled.

"Yes," said Donald to his father. "It's all right with you if I *talk* to Mr. Blackwood, isn't it? I mean, you don't *mind* if I go and see him?"

Fleming shrugged. "You can do whatever you like," he said. "Whatever you think is best."

THE next day, from his office, Fleming called Blackwood. When Blackwood answered the phone, Fleming still hadn't decided just what he was going to say. They exchanged greetings, and then Fleming said, "Howard, I gather that my son and heir has been in touch with you about a possible job, or something."

"Yes," said Blackwood. "What's all this about, anyway? Is he in trouble in college?"

"Not that I can gather—no. It's just that he wants to—" Fleming paused, wondering how to phrase it without sounding ridiculous. "It appears that what he wants is to see a little bit of the world before going on with his studies. It sounds crazy to me, but that's the way I understand it."

"And you don't want him to do it—is that it?"

"Christ, Howard, I think it's an insane idea. But Dorothy is all against our forbidding him to do anything. She wants him to find out for himself how stupid it is. I don't know what's got into him—all this business about getting a point of view, and a goal, and everything. Hell, *we* weren't worried about that kind of stuff when *we* were freshmen."

"No, but this group is different," Blackwood said. "I've seen a good many of them, and they've got a lot more on their minds than we had at the same age."

"Well, what do *you* think? Does it sound like a good idea to you?"

"Stu, I'm not going to run your son's life for him. If you think he ought to find out the hard way, I'll see what I can do for him. If you want me to turn him down, I can do that just as easily."

"That puts it right back in my lap, then."

"That's where you want it to be, isn't it?"

Fleming hesitated, and took a deep breath. "All right," he said. "Turn him down. But for God's sake don't tell him that I told you to. Or that I even talked to you, for that matter."

"Obviously not."

"O.K., then, Howard," Fleming said. "Thanks—and I'm sorry to have put you to all this trouble."

Fleming hung up, feeling a mixture of relief and guilt. I hope that will take care of it, he thought. I hope that when this doesn't work out, he'll give up and go back to college.

THAT night, when Fleming got home from work, he found Donald in his old room, going through his desk and looking at old letters and papers, and whistling a brisk tune. He glanced up as Fleming came in. "Hi, Sport," he said.

"Hi," said Fleming amiably. "How goes it?"

"Great. Keeneroo."

"Did you see Mr. Blackwood?"

"Uh-huh." Donald skimmed one page of a letter, tore it up, and dropped it in the wastebasket.

"What did he say?"

"He said there wasn't anything." Donald picked up another letter, opened it, and chuckled.

There was a pause, and then Fleming said, "You seem to be kind of happy about it. Was it a relief to get it over with?"

Donald looked at him. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean— Well, I just mean it doesn't look as though you were too depressed about it, that's all."

"Oh, that." Donald tossed the letter onto the desk and picked up another. "No—that didn't make any difference one way or the other. I got a lead onto something really hot."

"Oh? What kind of thing?"

"Well, it's not definite yet," Donald said, "so I'd rather not talk about it."

"I see." Fleming cleared his throat. "But it's the same general idea, I gather?"

Donald nodded, still reading. "More or less, yes," he said.

There was a silence. "Well," Fleming said, and hesitated. "We're always interested in— I mean, any time you feel like telling us . . ." He let the sentence trail off.

Donald laughed. "Don't worry," he said. "You'll be the first to hear."

"Good," said Fleming, and he cleared his throat again. "Good. That's nice to know." He tried to think of something else to say, but couldn't. Standing mute in the middle of the room, he suddenly felt ill at ease and slightly lost. "Well—" he said, and then turned and left, trying to look as though he had just remembered something he had to do.

THE subject of Donald's plans was not mentioned during the next several days. Donald was busy with his friends—so busy, in fact, that it looked as if he had forgotten his scheme. Fleming knew he had not forgotten, but he thought that perhaps it had fallen through, and that Donald was simply ignoring the whole thing to cover his disappointment. Let's hope that's what it is, anyway, Fleming thought. About all that anyone can do at this point is hope.

Then, late one afternoon, Donald came home beaming and rubbing his hands. "Well, it's all set," he announced as he strode into the living room, where Fleming and Dorothy were sitting. "I take off a week from tomorrow." He went to the bar, mixed himself a drink, and sat down.

"Take off?" Fleming said, looking up from his paper. "Is this an airplane trip?"

"Just a figure of speech. No—here's the deal. I've signed on a freighter that's going through the Canal and around to the West Coast."

In the ringing silence that followed, Donald looked first at his mother and then at Fleming. He smiled, and said, "You were right about that working-in-Europe deal. It's no good. So what I did was get in touch with a guy I know, who lined me up with a job in a logging camp in Oregon. The ship goes as far as San Pedro, and I get off there and work my way up the coast." He grinned, and took a sip of his drink.

"What kind of logging camp works in the winter?" Fleming asked quietly.

"Oh, the logging job doesn't start right away," Donald replied. "I'll have a couple of months to look around. I thought I might go to Hollywood and see if there's any action there, and then—who knows? But at that point I'll have enough money so I won't have to worry."

"Oh?" said Fleming. "Where from?"

"Well, I'll have whatever I make on the ship, and then I figure that what's left over from college will come to about fifteen hundred bucks—so that, and whatever else I make, will be more than enough. For one thing, you can make twenty bucks a day as an extra in the movies."

"To narrow this down to just one point," Fleming said, "you will not have any fifteen hundred bucks left over from college. It probably hasn't occurred to you, but I am committed to paying a number of your college bills for the full year, whether you are there or not. The sum you call 'what's left over from college' will most likely be four or five hundred dollars. If you're lucky."

"Oh," said Donald. He thought for a moment. "Well—that's O.K.," he said. "That won't make much difference. I can get along on five hundred, if I make enough on the side."

"As for your remark about extras in the movies," Fleming went on, "that's so idiotic I won't even bother to comment on it."

Donald laughed. "No," he said. "I didn't really mean working as an extra. I wouldn't do anything in the movies unless it was a regular part. You know—something with lines."

"Good God Almighty," Fleming said, and closed his eyes.

"Donald, darling, are you sure you've thought about this?" Dorothy asked, leaning forward. "Are you *sure* it's what you want to do?"

"Yes, Mother. I am—I have—it is." Donald smiled at her, and she sat back slowly.

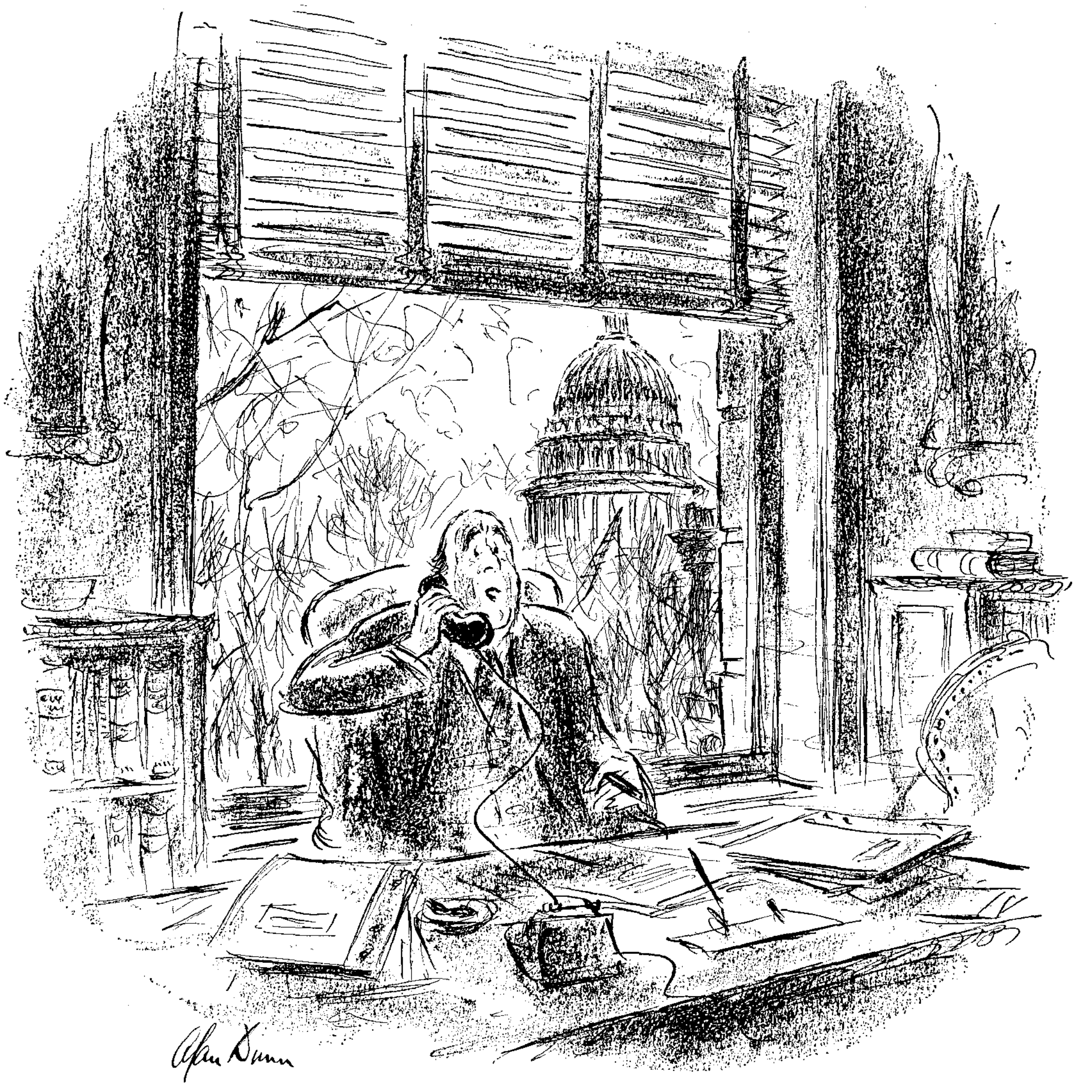
"May I say I think you're crazy?" Fleming said.

"I don't. I think this is going to be the best thing I've ever done," said Donald.

Fleming took a deep breath. "All right, then," he said. "That would seem to settle it. I can't give you all the money right now, but I'll give you what I can, and send the rest later. I just hope to God you know what you're doing."

Donald laughed. "Don't worry about that," he said. "I do."

IT was cold the day the ship sailed, and a light rain was falling. Dorothy said goodbye to Donald in the living room,



“Spending—uh—I mean speaking!”

• •

and then ran into the back of the apartment while Donald and Fleming went out and waited for the elevator. Donald was quiet, and Fleming could see that he was nervous, and even downcast, but that seemed natural in the circumstances, and Fleming didn’t think much about it. He offered to help with the suitcase, but Donald wouldn’t let him, so he just stood there and pretended not to be aware that anything was amiss.

Donald’s depression became more and more evident on the taxi ride to Brooklyn, where his ship was docked. Finally, as the cab threaded its way along the wet and cluttered waterfront, he spoke. Without looking at Fleming, he said, “That logging job fell through.”

“Oh?” said Fleming. “When did you find this out?”

“I got a letter yesterday. They seem to be cutting down, or something. Anyway, they said they had all the men they could use.”

“What are you going to do?”

Donald shrugged. “This guy I know said there was a chance of something else.”

“But there’s nothing definite?”

Donald shook his head.

“Well,” said Fleming, “if you need anything—” He stopped, and thought for a few moments, and then, trying to sound as casual as he could, he said, “You really don’t have to go through with this, you know.”

Donald said nothing, and the rest of the trip went by in silence.

The pier was cold and dark, and as they walked to the end where the freighter was berthed their footsteps had a hollow ring. The decks of the ship glistened with rain and oil, and there were long, tapering smears of rust beneath each porthole. The air was filled with clanking, grinding noises, punctuated by shouts and whistles and crashes, as the cargo was loaded. Donald stopped when they came to the narrow gangplank, and put his suitcase down. He and Fleming stared at the ship for a minute or two, and then Donald took out a cigarette and lighted it. He inhaled, and let the smoke come out slowly. “You really didn’t want me to do this, did you?” he said.

Fleming looked at him in surprise. “Hell, no,” he said. “Of course we didn’t.”

“Why didn’t you say so?”

“Why didn’t I *say* so? I thought it was obvious!”

There was a pause, and then Donald said, “Sometimes it’s hard to tell, with all the talk that goes on.”

“We were just trying to get you to make up your own mind.”

“Well, a firm word or two might have helped. Something definite, one way or the other.”

“I’m sorry.”

“That’s all right.”

“I suppose it’s too late now?” Fleming said.

“It would look that way.”

“Whatever you say. It’s your decision.”

“As usual,” said Donald.

“What do you want me to do? Do you want me to forbid you to go? Right here and now, do you want me to take you by the arm and lead you back home?”

There was a long silence, and then Donald said, “I guess that would look kind of silly, wouldn’t it?”

“If you want me to, I’ll do it.”

Donald flipped his cigarette into the water, held out his hand, and smiled. “Thanks, anyway,” he said. “If I change my mind, I’ll let you know.”

They shook hands, and then Donald picked up his suitcase and went down the wet, glistening gangplank and onto the ship. He didn’t look back, and Fleming turned and walked, with his hands in his pockets, into the cold darkness of the pier. —Nathaniel Benchley

•

George Bissell, who stages jazz festivals in New England for charity, between chores as a top executive of a brewery, confided that the offspring he and his chic wife are expecting will be the forty-second grandchild for his mother-in-law, Mrs. James McDonnell. Some of the better known McDonnell grandchildren call Henry Ford 2d “father.”—*Charles Ventura in the Herald Tribune.*

It shows they’re civil, anyway.

THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

ALL day, in between serving customers, we had been crouching over the table in the office of my filling station, preparing the raisins. They were plump and soft from being soaked in water, and when you nicked them with a razor blade the skin sprang open and the jelly stuff inside squeezed out as easily as you could wish. But we had a hundred and ninety-six of them to do altogether, and the evening was nearly upon us before we had finished.

"Don't they look marvellous!" Claud cried, rubbing his hands together hard. "What time is it, Gordon?"

"Just after five."

Through the window, we could see a station wagon pulling up at the petrol pumps, with a woman at the wheel and about eight children in the back eating ice creams.

"We ought to be moving soon," Claud said. "The whole thing'll be a washout if we don't arrive before sunset, you realize that." He was getting twitchy now. His face had the same flushed and popeyed look it got before a dog race.

We both went outside, and Claud gave the woman the number of gallons she wanted. When she had gone, he remained standing in the middle of the driveway, squinting anxiously up at the sun, which was now only the width of a man's hand above the line of trees along the crest of the ridge on the far side of the valley.

"All right," I said. "Lock up."

He went quickly from pump to pump, securing each nozzle in its holder with a small padlock.

"You'd better take off that yellow pullover," he said.

"Why should I?"

"You'll be shining like a bloody beacon out there in the moonlight."

"I'll be all right."

"You will not," he said. "Take it off, Gordon, please. I'll see you in three minutes." He disappeared into his caravan behind the filling station, and I went indoors and changed my yellow pullover for a blue one.

When we met again outside, Claud was dressed in a pair of black trousers and a dark-green turtleneck sweater. On his head he wore a brown cloth cap with the peak pulled down low over his eyes, and he looked like an apache actor out of a night club.

"What's under there?" I asked, seeing the bulge at his waistline.

He pulled up his sweater and showed me two thin but very large white cotton sacks bound neat and tight around his belly. "To carry the stuff," he said.

"I see."

"Let's go," he said.

"I still think we ought to take the car."

"It's too risky. They'll see it parked."

"But it's over three miles up to that wood."

"Yes," he said. "And I suppose you realize we can get six months in the clink if they catch us."

"You never told me that."

"Didn't I?"

"I'm not coming," I said. "It's not worth it."

"The walk will do you good, Gordon. Come on."

It was a calm, sunny evening, with little wisps of brilliant white cloud hanging motionless in the sky, and the valley was cool and very quiet as the two of us began walking along the grass on the side of the road that ran between the hills toward Oxford.

"You got the raisins?" Claud asked.

"They're in my pocket."

"Good," he said. "Marvellous."

Ten minutes later, we turned left off the main road into a narrow lane with high hedges on either side, and from then on it was all uphill.

"How many keepers are there?" I asked.

"Three."

Claud threw away a half-finished cigarette. A minute later, he lit another. "It'll be a milestone in the history of poaching," he said. "But don't you go telling a single soul how we've done it, you understand? Because if this ever leaked out, we'd have every bloody fool in the district doing the same thing, and there wouldn't be a pheasant left."

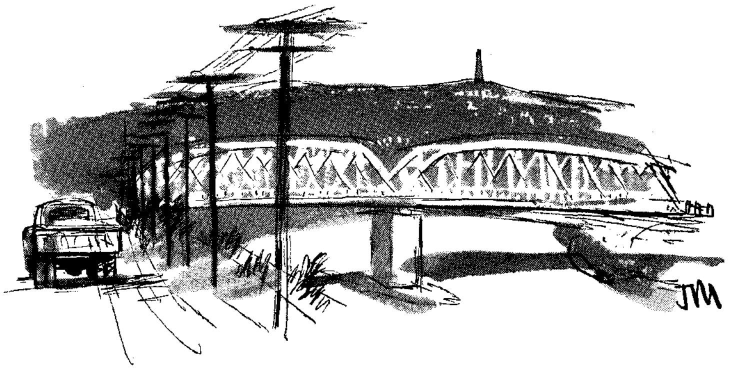
"I won't say a word."

"You ought to be very proud of yourself," he went on. "There's been men with brains studying this problem for hundreds of years, and not one of them's ever come up with anything even a quarter as artful as you have. Why didn't you tell me about it before?"

"You never invited my opinion," I said.

And that was the truth. In fact, up until the day before, Claud had never even offered to discuss with me the sacred subject of poaching. Often enough, on a summer's evening when work was finished, I had seen him, with cap on head, sliding quietly out of his caravan and disappearing up the road toward the woods; and sometimes, watching him through the window of the filling station, I would find myself wondering exactly what he was going to do, what tricks he was going to practice all alone up there under the trees in the night. He seldom came back until very late, and never, absolutely never, did he bring any of the spoils with him on his return. But the following afternoon—I couldn't imagine how he did it—there would always be a pheasant or a hare or a brace of partridges hanging up in the shed behind the filling station.

This summer, he had been particularly active, and during the past couple of months he had stepped up the tempo to a point where he was going out four and sometimes five nights a week. But that was not all. It seemed to me that recently his whole attitude toward poaching had undergone a subtle and mysterious change. He was more purposeful about it now, more tight-lipped and intense than before, and I had formed the impression that this was not so much a game any longer as a sort of private war that he was waging against the famous Mr. Victor Hazel himself. Mr. Hazel was a pie and sausage manufacturer, with an unbelievably arrogant manner. He was rich beyond words, and his property stretched for miles along either side of the valley. He was a self-made man, with no charm at all and precious few virtues. He loathed all persons of humble station, having once been one of them himself, and he strove desperately to mingle with what he believed were the right kind of folk. He hunted with the hounds and gave shooting parties and wore fancy waistcoats, and every weekday he drove an enormous black Rolls-Royce past the filling station on his way to and from his factory. As he flashed by, we would sometimes catch a glimpse of his great, glistening butcher's face above the



LAR
P Barlow

"Do Larks wave at each other?"

• •

wheel, pink as a ham, all soft and inflamed from eating too much meat.

Anyway, the day before, which was Wednesday, Claud had suddenly said to me, right out of the blue, "I'll be going on up to Hazel's woods again tonight. Why don't you come along?"

"Who, me?"

"It's about the last chance this year for pheasants," he had said. "The shooting season opens Saturday, and the birds'll be scattered all over the place after that—if there's any left."

"Why the sudden invitation?" I had asked.

"No special reason, Gordon. No reason at all."

"I suppose you keep a gun or something hidden away up there?"

"A gun!" he cried, disgusted. "Nobody ever *shoots* pheasants, didn't you know that? You've only got to fire a *cap pistol* in Hazel's woods and the keepers'll be on you."

"Then how do you do it?"

"Ah," he said. There was a long pause. Then he said, "Do you think you could keep your mouth shut if I was to tell you a thing or two?"

"Definitely."

"I've never told this to anyone else in my whole life, Gordon."

"I am greatly honored," I said. "You can trust me completely."

He turned his head, fixing me with pale eyes. "I am now about to let you in on the three best ways in the world of poaching a pheasant," he said. "And, seeing that you're the guest on this little trip, I am going to give you the choice of which one you'd like us to use tonight. How's that?"

"There's a catch in this."

"There's no catch, Gordon. I swear it."

"All right, go on."

"Now, here's the thing," he said. "Here's the first big secret." He paused and took a long suck at his cigarette. "Pheasants," he whispered softly, "is *crazy* about raisins."

"Raisins?"

"Just ordinary raisins. It's like a *mania* with them. My dad discovered that more than forty years ago, just like he discovered all three of these methods."

"I thought you said your dad was a drunk."

"Maybe he was. But he was also a great poacher, Gordon. Possibly the greatest there's ever been in the history of England. My dad studied poaching like a scientist."

"Is that so?"

"I mean it. I really mean it."

"I believe you."

"Do you know," he said, "my dad used to keep a whole flock of prime cockerels in the back yard, purely for experimental purposes."

"Cockerels?"

"That's right. And whenever he thought up some new stunt for catching a pheasant, he'd try it out on a cockerel first, to see how it worked. That's how he discovered about raisins. It's also how he invented the horsehair method."

Claud paused and glanced over his shoulder, as though to make sure there was nobody listening. "Here's how it's done," he said. "First you take a few raisins and you soak them overnight in water to make them nice and plump and juicy. Then you get a bit of good stiff horsehair and you cut it up into half-inch lengths. Then you push one of these lengths of horsehair through the middle of each raisin, so that there's about an eighth of an inch of it sticking out on either side. You follow?"

"Yes."

"Now. The old pheasant comes along and eats one of these raisins. Right? And you're watching him from behind a tree. So, what then?"

"I imagine it sticks in his throat."

"That's obvious, Gordon. But here's the amazing thing. Here's what my dad discovered. The moment this happens, the bird *never moves his feet again!* He becomes absolutely rooted to the spot, and there he stands pumping his silly neck up and down, and all you've got to do is walk calmly out from the place where you're hiding and pick him up in your hands."

"I don't believe that."

"I swear it," he said. "Once a pheasant's had the horsehair, you can fire a rifle in his ear and he won't even jump. It's just one of these unexplainable little things. But it takes a genius to discover it."

He paused, and there was a gleam of

pride in his eye as he dwelt for a moment upon the memory of his father, the great inventor.

"So that's Method Number One," he said. "Method Number Two is even more simple still. All you do is you have a fishing line. Then you bait the hook with a raisin, and you fish for the pheasant just like you fish for a fish. You pay out the line about fifty yards, and you lie there on your stomach in the bushes, waiting till you get a bite. Then you haul him in."

"I don't think your father was the first to invent that one."

"It's very popular with fishermen," he said, choosing not to hear me. "Keen fishermen who can't get down to the seaside as often as they want. It gives them a bit of the old thrill."

"What is Method Number Three?" I asked.

"Ah," he said. "Number Three's a real beauty. It was the last one my dad ever invented before he passed away."

"His final great work?"

"Exactly, Gordon. And I can even remember the very day it happened—a Sunday morning it was—and suddenly my dad comes into the kitchen holding a huge white cockerel in his hands, and he says, 'I think I've got it.' There's a little smile on his face and a shine of glory in his eyes, and he comes in very soft and quiet, and he puts the bird down right in the middle of the kitchen table, and he says, 'By God, I think I've got a good one this time.' 'A good what?' Mum says, looking up from the sink. 'Horace, take that filthy bird off my table.' The cockerel has a funny little paper hat over its head, like an ice-cream cone upside down, and my dad is pointing to it proudly. 'Stroke him,' he says. 'He won't move an inch.' The cockerel starts scratching away at the paper hat with one of its feet, but the hat seems to be stuck on with glue, and it won't come off. 'No bird in the world is going to run away once you cover up his eyes,' my dad says, and he starts poking the cockerel with his finger and pushing it around on the table, but it doesn't take the slightest bit of notice. And then straightaway he takes me by the arm and marches me quickly out the door, and off we go over the fields and up into the big forest the other side of Haddenham, which used to belong to the Duke of Buckingham, and in less than two hours we get five lovely fat pheasants with no more trouble than it takes to go out and buy them in a shop."

Claud paused for breath. His eyes were huge and moist and dreamy as they gazed back into the wonderful world of his youth.

"I don't quite follow this," I said. "How did he get the paper hats over the pheasants' heads up in the woods?"

"You'd never guess it."

"I'm sure I wouldn't."

"Then here it is. First of all you dig a little hole in the ground. Then you twist a piece of paper into the shape of a cone and you fit this into the hole, hollow end upward, like a cup. Then you smear the paper cup all around the inside with birdlime, and drop in a few raisins. At the same time, you lay a trail of raisins along the ground leading up to it. Now, the old pheasant comes pecking along the trail, and when he gets to the hole, he pops his head inside to gobble the raisins, and the next thing he knows he's got a paper hat stuck over his eyes and he can't see a thing. Isn't it marvellous what some people think of, Gordon? Don't you agree?"

"Your dad was a genius," I said.

"Then take your pick. Choose whichever one of the three methods you fancy, and we'll use it tonight."

"You don't think they're all just a trifle on the crude side, do you?"

"Crude!" he cried, aghast. "Oh, my God! And who's been having roasted pheasant in the house nearly every single day for the last six months and not a penny to pay?"

He walked away toward the door of the workshop. I could see that he was deeply pained by my remark.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Don't go."

"You want to come or don't you?"

"Yes, but let me ask you something first. I've just had a bit of an idea."

"Keep it," he said. "You are talking about a subject you don't know the first thing about."

"Do you remember that bottle of sleeping pills the doc gave me last month when I had a bad back?"

"What about them?"

"Is there any reason why those wouldn't work on a pheasant?"

Claud closed his eyes and shook his head pityingly.

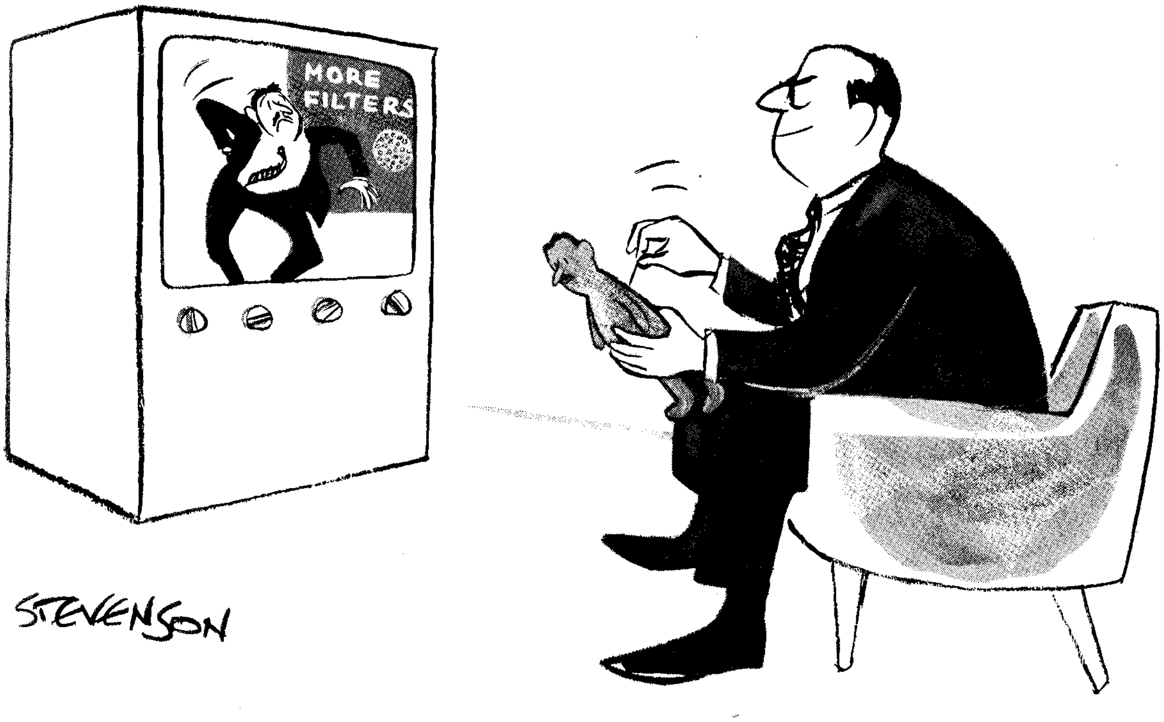
"Wait," I said.

"It's not worth discussing," he said. "No pheasant in the world is going to swallow those lousy red capsules. Don't you know any better than that?"

"You are forgetting the raisins," I said. "Now listen to this. We take a raisin. Then we soak it till it swells. Then we make a tiny slit in one side of it with a razor blade. Then we hollow it out a little. Then we open up one of my red capsules and pour all the powder into the raisin. Then we get a needle and cotton, and very carefully we sew up the slit. Now . . ."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Claud's mouth slowly beginning to open.

"Now," I said. "We have a nice, clean-looking raisin with two and a half grains of seconal inside it, and let me tell *you* something now. That's enough dope to knock the average *man* un-



conscious, never mind about *birds!*"

I paused for ten seconds to allow the full impact of this to strike home.

"What's more, with this method we could operate on a really grand scale. We could prepare *twenty* raisins if we felt like it, and all we'd have to do is scatter them around the feeding grounds at sunset and then walk away. Half an hour later, we'd come back, and the pills would be beginning to work, and the pheasants would be up in the branches by then, roosting, and they'd be starting to feel groggy, and soon every pheasant that had eaten *one single raisin* would keel over unconscious and fall to the ground. My dear boy, they'd be dropping out of the trees like apples, and all we'd have to do is walk around picking them up!"

Claud was staring at me, rapt. "Oh, Christ," he said softly.

"And they'd never catch us, either. We'd simply stroll through the woods, dropping a few raisins here and there as we went, and even if the keepers were *watching* us, they wouldn't notice anything."

"Gordon," he said, laying a hand on my knee, "if this thing works, it will revolutionize poaching."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"How many pills have you got left?" he asked.

"Forty-nine. There were fifty in the bottle, and I've only used one."

"Forty-nine's not enough. We want at least two hundred."

"Are you mad!" I cried.

He walked slowly away and stood by the door with his back to me, gazing at the sky. "Two hundred's the bare minimum," he said quietly. "There's really not much point in doing it unless we have two hundred."

What is it now, I wondered. What the hell's he trying to do?

"This is almost the last chance we'll have before the season opens," he said.

"I couldn't possibly get any more."

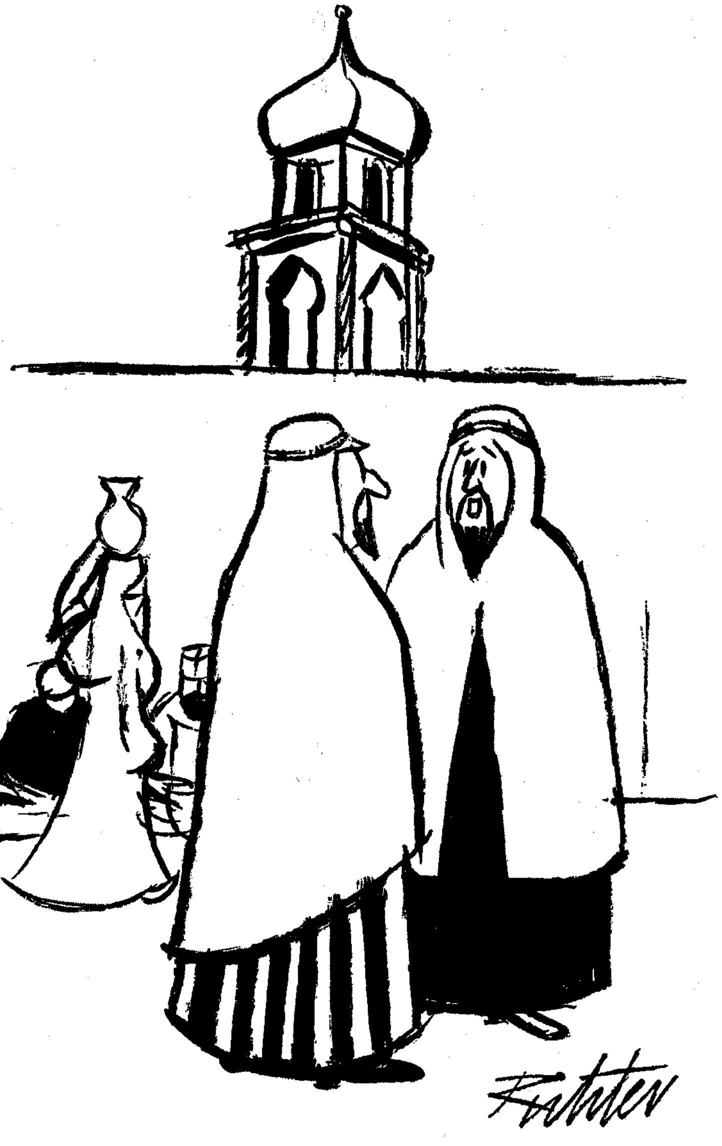
"You wouldn't want us to come back empty-handed, would you?"

"But why so *many*?"

Claud looked at me with large, innocent eyes. "Why not?" he said gently. "Do you have any objection?"

My God, I thought suddenly. The crazy bastard is out to wreck Mr. Victor Hazel's opening-day shooting party.

Mr. Hazel's party took place on the first of October every year, and it was a very famous event. Debilitated gentlemen in tweed suits, some with titles and some who were merely rich, motored in from miles around, with their gunbearers and dogs and wives, and all day long the noise of shooting rolled across the valley. There were always enough pheasants to go around, for each summer the woods were methodically restocked with dozens and dozens of young birds, at incredible expense. I had heard it said that the cost of rearing and keeping each pheasant up to the time when it was ready to be shot was well over five pounds. But to Mr. Hazel it was worth every penny of it. He became, if only for a few hours, a big cheese in a little world, and even the Lord Lieutenant of the county slapped him on the back and tried to remember his first name when he said goodbye.



"Let's try to be civilized about this. I love your wives and they love me."

"You get us two hundred of those pills," Claud said, "and then it'll be worth doing."

"I can't."

"How would it be if we just reduced the dose?" he asked. "Why couldn't we divide the contents of one capsule among four raisins?"

"I suppose you could, if you wanted to."

"But would a quarter of a capsule be strong enough for each bird?"

One simply had to admire the man's nerve. It was dangerous enough to poach a single pheasant up in those woods at this time of year, and here he was planning to knock off the bloody lot.

"A quarter would be plenty," I said.

"You're sure of that?"

"Work it out for yourself. It's all done by body weight. You'd still be giving about twenty times more than is necessary."

"Then we'll quarter the dose," he said, rubbing his hands. He paused, and calculated for a moment. "We'll have one hundred and ninety-six raisins!"

"Do you realize what that involves?" I said. "They'll take hours to prepare."

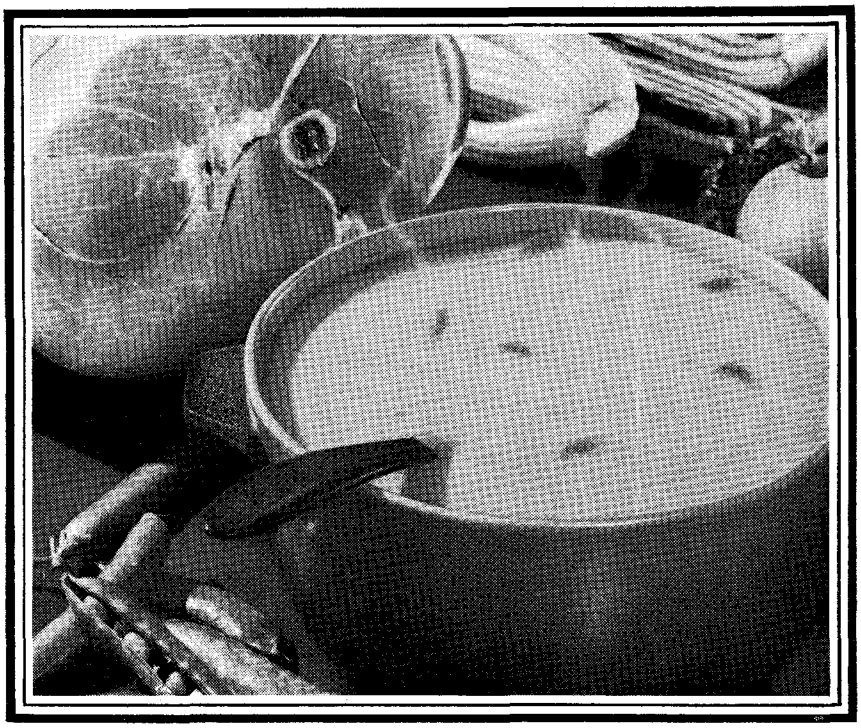
"What of it!" he cried. "We'll go tomorrow instead. We'll soak the raisins overnight and then we'll have all morning and afternoon to get them ready."

And that was precisely what we did.

WE had been walking steadily for about forty minutes, and we were nearing the point where the lane curved around to the right and ran along the crest of the hill toward the big wood where the pheasants lived. There was about a mile to go.

"I don't suppose by

A smokehouse, a pea patch and patience



A great country-style soup, now frozen by Campbell's to bring you the authentic, old-fashioned flavor of green peas and ham

You needed them all (or a pretty penny) for soup like this before Campbell's started freezing it

When you recall the original recipe for country-style green pea with ham soup, you wonder how this great favorite ever got off the farm.

It began with a basket of peas, picked from the patch with the morning dew still on them. While the peas were simmering, bits of savory ham were added—right from the family smokehouse. Then came hours of fussing over the kettle, coaxing the good flavors from the ham and peas until the very fragrance tempted every human within sniffin' distance.

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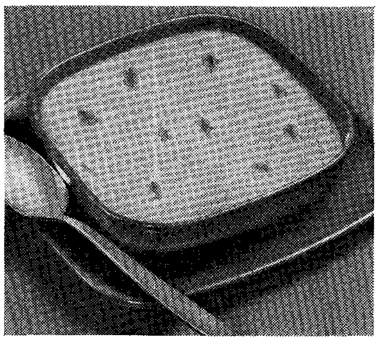

Pea 'n Mushroom Princesse. Drain one 2-oz. can sliced mushrooms; brown in 1 tbsp. butter. Add 1 can Campbell's Frozen Green Pea with Ham Soup and 1 soup can water; heat slowly; stir often. Serves 2 to 3.

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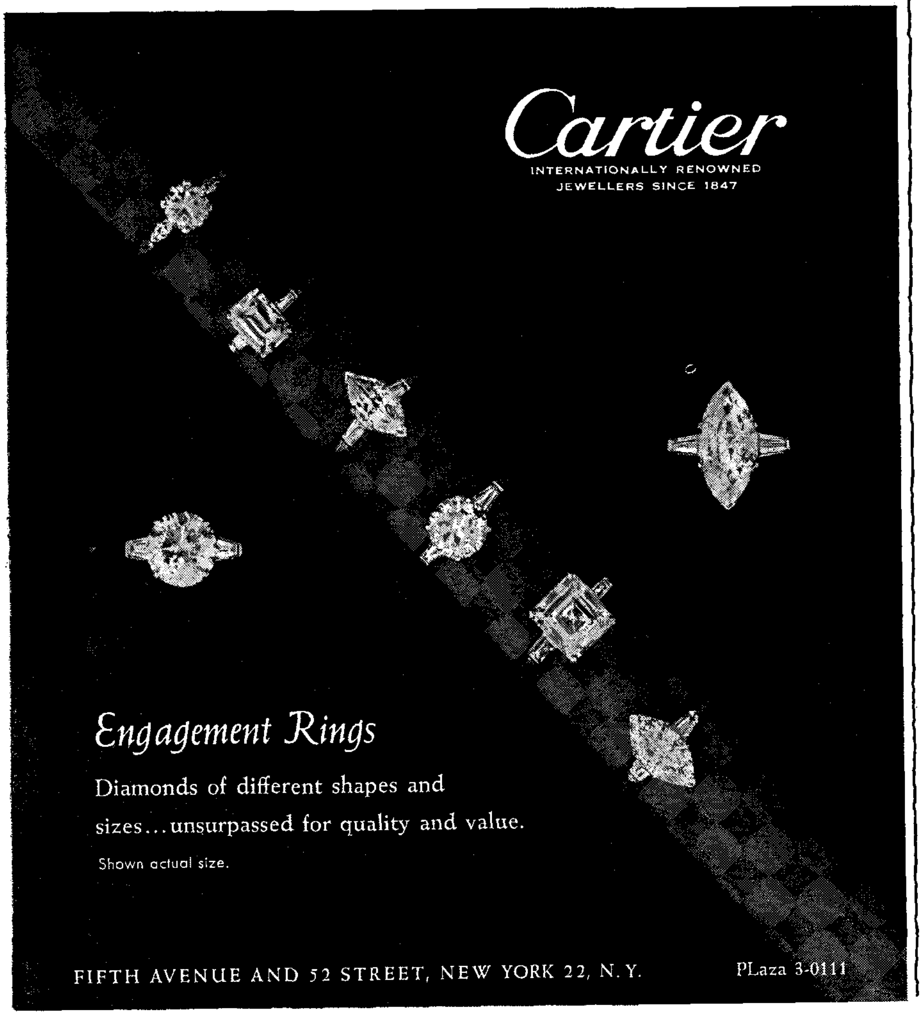

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any chance these keepers might be carrying guns?" I asked.

"All keepers carry guns," Claud said.

I had been afraid of that.

"It's for the vermin mostly," he added.

"Ah."

"Of course, there's no guarantee they won't take a pot at a poacher now and again."

"You're joking."

"Not at all. But they only do it from behind—only when you're running away. They like to pepper you in the legs at about fifty yards."

"They can't do that!" I cried. "It's a criminal offense!"

"So is poaching," Claud said.

We walked on awhile in silence. The sun was below the high hedge on our right now, and the lane was in shadow.

"You can consider yourself lucky this isn't thirty years ago," he went on. "They used to shoot you on sight in those days."

"Do you believe that?"

"I know it," he said. "There wasn't a man in the whole village who didn't have a bit of shot in him. But my dad was the champion."

"Good luck to him," I said.

"I wish to hell he was here now," Claud said, wistful. "He'd have given anything in the world to be coming with us on this job tonight."

"He could take my place," I said. "Gladly."

We had reached the crest of the hill and now we could see the wood ahead of us, huge and dark, with the sun going down behind the trees and little sparks of gold shining through.

"You'd better let me have those raisins," Claud said.

I gave him the bag, and he slid it gently into a trouser pocket.

"No talking once we're inside," he said. "Just follow me, and try not to go snapping any branches."

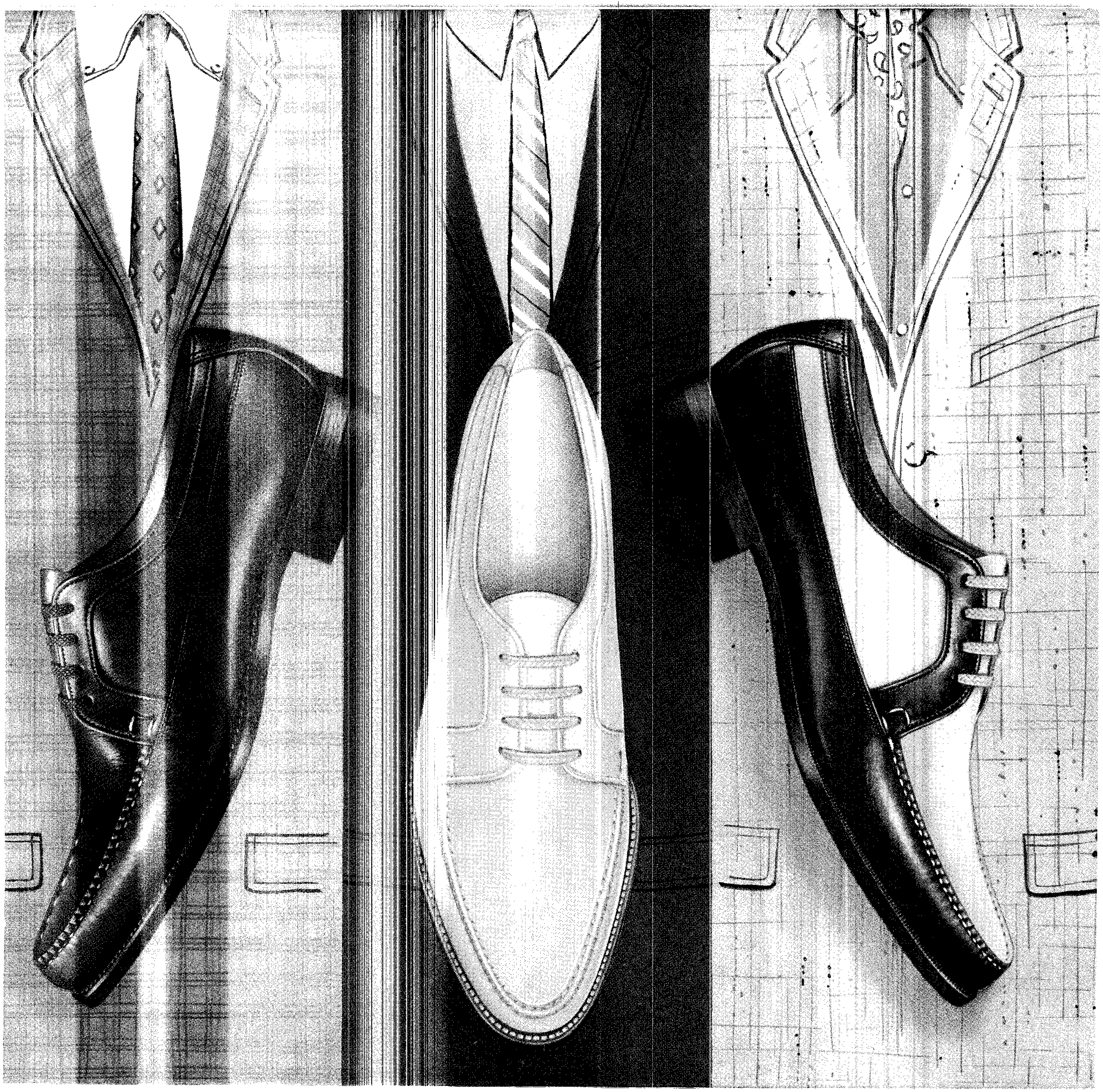
Five minutes later, we were there. The lane ran right up to the wood itself and then skirted the edge of it for about three hundred yards, with only a little hedge between. Claud slipped through the hedge on all fours, and I followed.

It was cool and dark inside the wood. No sunlight came in at all.

"This is spooky," I said.

"Sh-h-h!"

Claud was very tense. He was walking just ahead of me, picking his feet up high and putting them down gently on the moist ground. He kept his head moving all the time, the eyes sweeping



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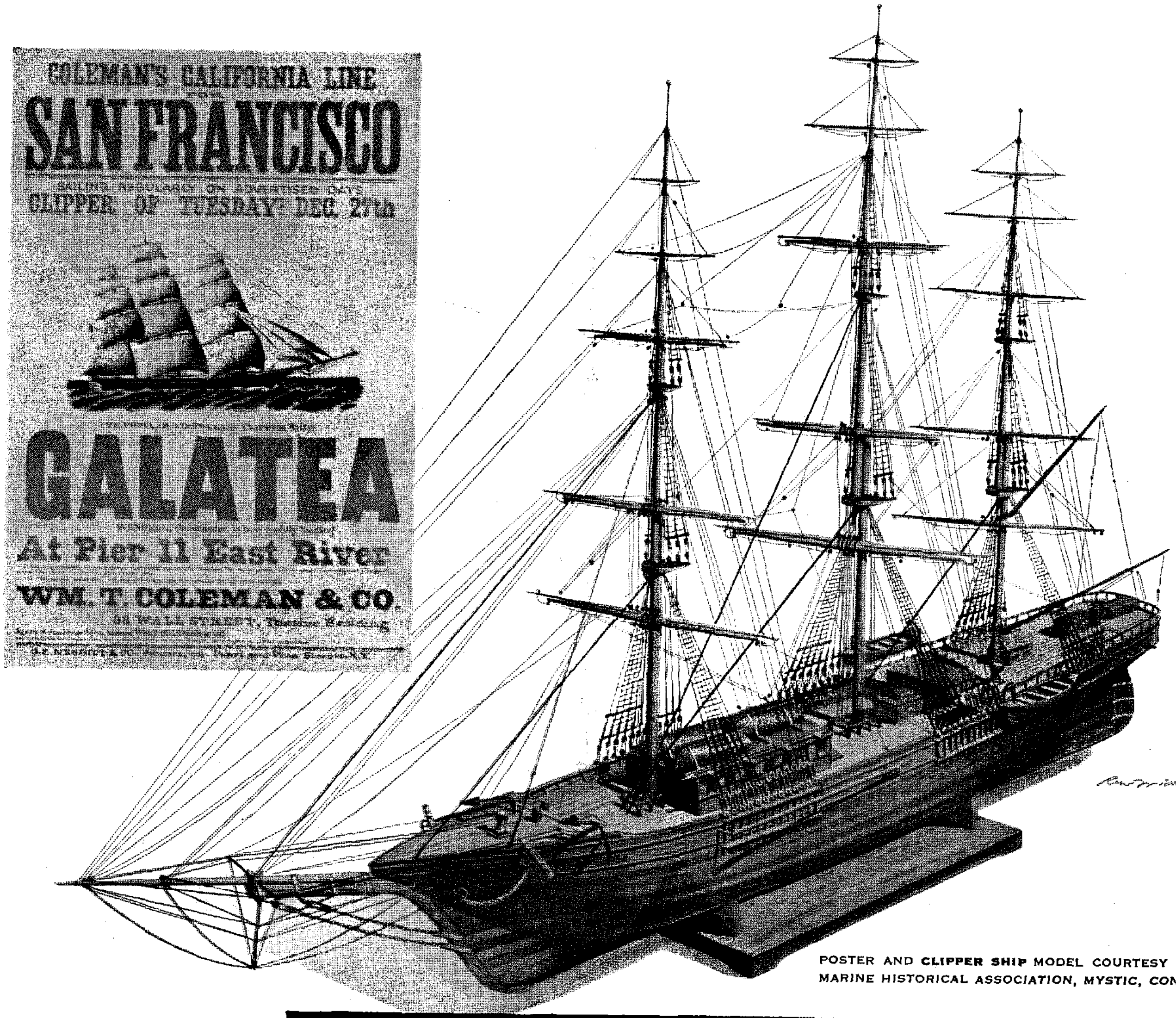

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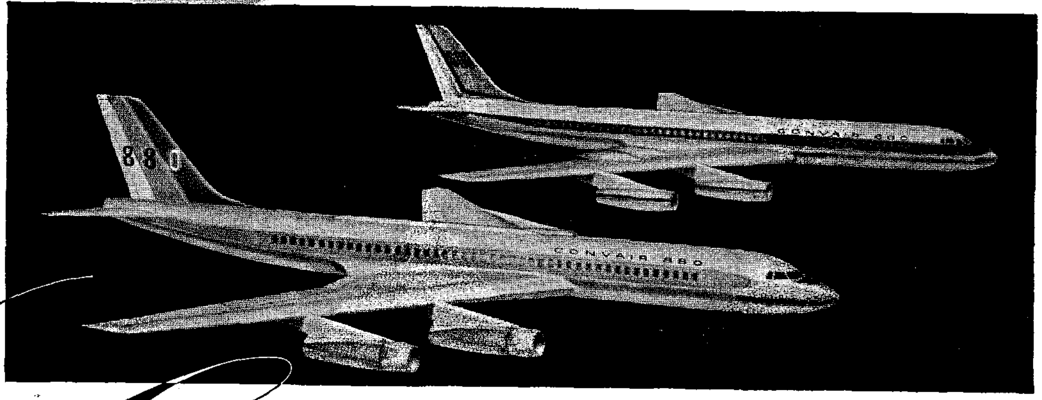

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Then a large patch of sky appeared ahead of us in the roof of the forest, and I knew that this must be the clearing. Claud had told me that the clearing was the place where the young birds were introduced into the woods in early July, where they were fed and watered and guarded by the keepers, and where many of them stayed, from force of habit, until the shooting began. "There's always plenty of pheasants in the clearing," he had said.

We were now advancing in a series of quick, crouching spurts, running from tree to tree and stopping and waiting and listening and running on again, and then at last we knelt safely behind a big clump of alder, right on the edge of the clearing, and Claud grinned and nudged me in the ribs and pointed through the branches at the pheasants.

The place was absolutely stiff with birds. There must have been two hundred of them, at least, strutting around among the tree stumps.

"You see what I mean?" Claud whispered.

It was an astonishing sight—a poacher's dream come true. And how close they were! Some of them were not more than ten paces from where we were kneeling. The hens were plump and creamy brown, and so fat that their breast feathers almost brushed the ground as they walked. The cocks were slim and beautiful, with long tails and brilliant red patches around the eyes, like scarlet spectacles. I glanced at Claud. His big oxlike face was transfigured with ecstasy. The mouth was slightly open, and the eyes had a kind of glazy look about them as they stared at the pheasants.

There was a long pause. The birds made a queer rustling noise as they moved about among the dead leaves in the clearing. "Ah-ha," Claud said softly a minute later. "You see the keeper?"

"Where?"

"Over the other side, standing by that big tree. Look carefully."

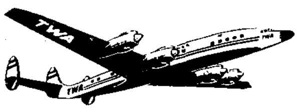
"My God!"

"It's all right. He can't see *us*."

We crouched close to the ground, watching the keeper. He was a smallish man with a cap on his head and a gun under one arm. He never moved. He was like a little post standing there.

"Let's go," I whispered.

The keeper's face was shadowed by the peak of his cap, but it seemed to



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me that he was looking directly at us.

"I'm not staying here," I said.

"Hush!" Claud said.

Slowly, never taking his eyes from the keeper, he reached into his pocket and brought out a single raisin. He placed it in the palm of his right hand, and then quickly, with a little flick of the wrist, he threw the raisin high into the air. I watched it as it went sailing over the bushes, and I saw it land within a yard or so of two hen birds standing together beside an old tree stump. Both birds turned their heads sharply at the drop of the raisin. Then one of them hopped over and made a quick peck at the ground.

I glanced up at the keeper. He hadn't moved.

Claud threw a second raisin into the clearing; then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. At this point, I saw the keeper turn his head away to survey the woods behind him. Quick as a flash, Claud pulled the paper bag out of his pocket and tipped a huge pile of raisins into the cup of his right hand.

"Stop," I said.

But with a great sweep of the arm he flung the whole handful high over the bushes into the clearing. They fell with a soft little patter, like raindrops on dry leaves, and every single pheasant in the place must have heard them fall. There was a flurry of wings and a rush to find the treasure.

The keeper's head flicked round as though there were a spring inside his neck. The birds were all pecking away madly at the raisins. The keeper took two quick paces forward, and for a moment I thought he was going to investigate. But then he stopped, and his face came up, and his eyes began travelling slowly around the perimeter of the clearing.

"Follow me," Claud whispered. "And *keep down.*" He started crawling away swiftly on all fours, under cover of the bushes.

I went after him, and we went along like this for about a hundred yards.

"Now run," Claud said.

We got to our feet and ran, and a few minutes later we emerged through the hedge into the lovely open safety of the lane.

"It went marvellous," Claud said, breathing heavily. "Didn't it go absolutely marvellous?" The big face was scarlet and glowing with triumph. "In another five minutes, it'll be pitch-dark inside the wood, and that keeper will be sloping off home to his supper."

"I think I'll join him," I said.

"You're a great poacher," Claud

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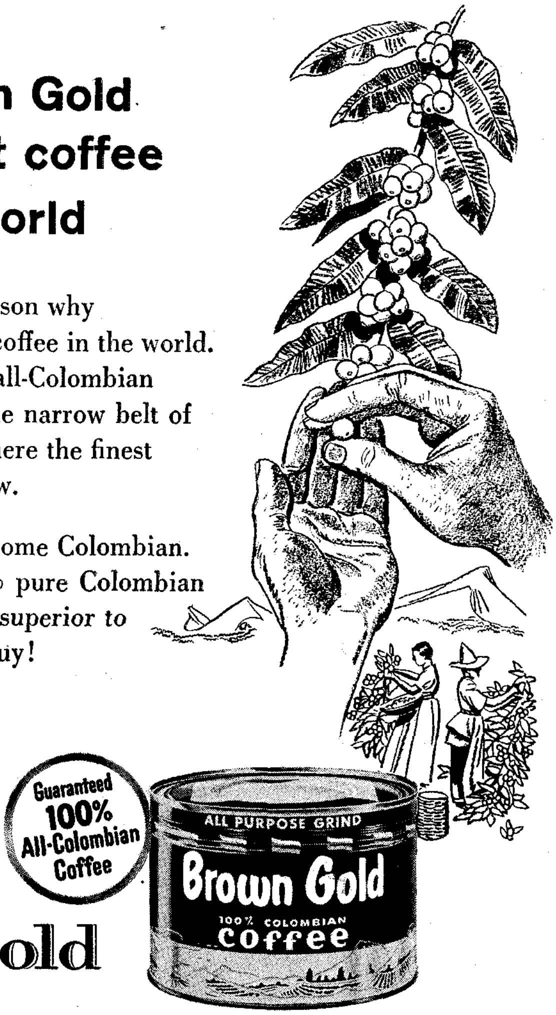

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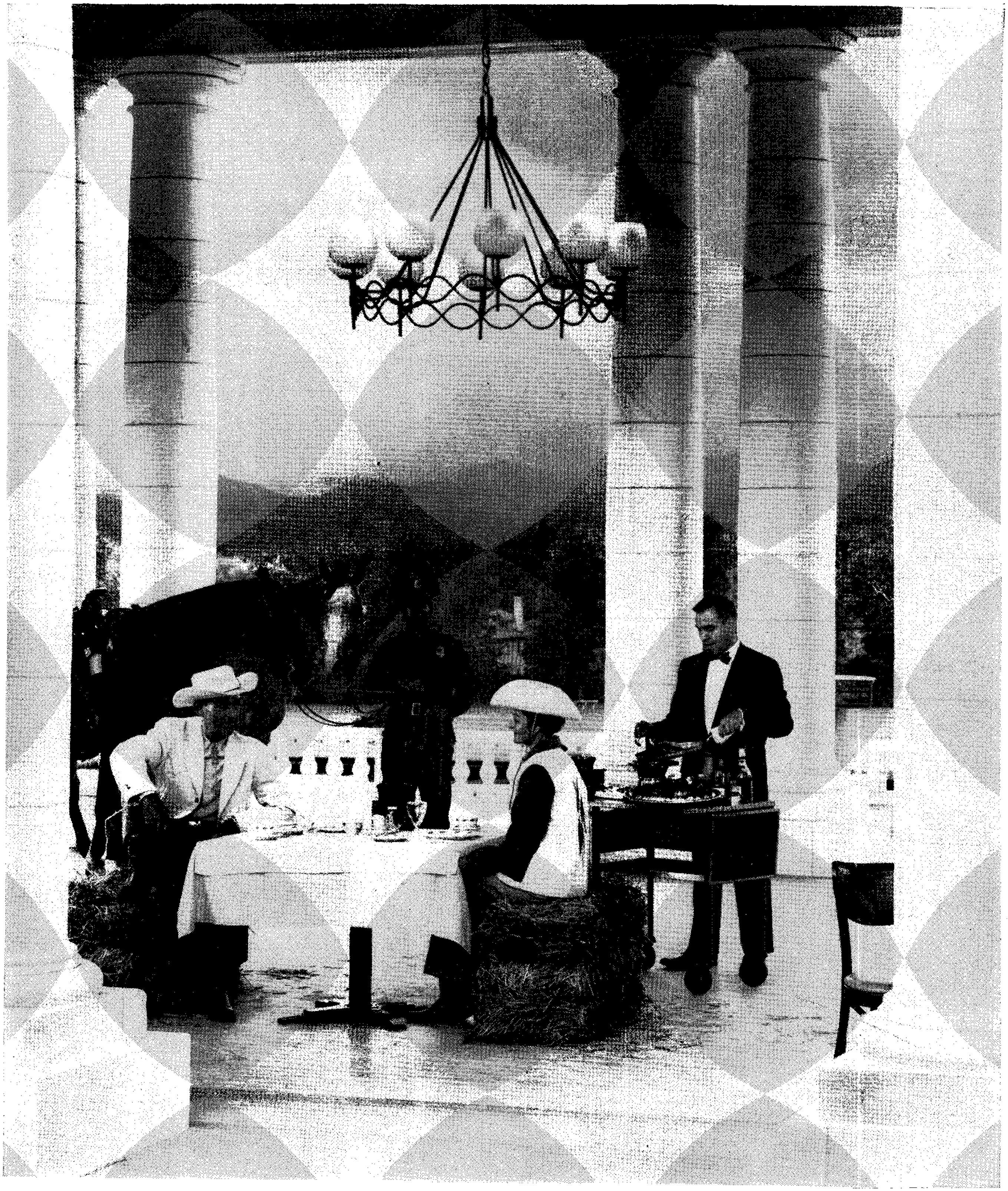

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said. He sat down on the grassy bank under the hedge and lit a cigarette.

The sun had set now and the sky was a pale smoke-blue, faintly glazed with yellow. In the wood behind us, the shadows and the spaces in between the trees were turning from gray to black.

"How long does a sleeping pill take to work?" Claud asked.

"Look out!" I said. "There's someone coming."

The man had appeared suddenly and silently out of the dusk, and he was only thirty yards away when I saw him.

"Another bloody keeper," Claud said.

We both looked at the keeper as he came down the lane toward us. He had a shotgun under his arm, and there was a black Labrador walking at his heels. He stopped when he was a few paces away, and the dog stopped with him and stayed behind him, watching us through the keeper's legs.

"Good evening," Claud said, nice and friendly.

This one was a tall bony man of about forty, with a swift eye and a hard cheek and hard dangerous hands.

"I know you," he said softly, coming closer. "I know the both of you."

Claud didn't answer this.

"You're from the *fillin'* station. Right?" His lips were thin and dry. "You're Cubbage and Hawes, and you're from the fillin' station on the main road. Right?"

"What are we playing?" Claud said. "Twenty Questions?"

The keeper took a step forward. "Beat it," he said. "Go on. Get out."

Claud sat on the bank, smoking his cigarette and looking at the keeper's feet.

"Go on," the man said. "Get out." When he spoke, the upper lip lifted above the gum, and I could see a row of small discolored teeth, one of them black, the others quince and ochre.

"This happens to be a public highway," Claud said. "Kindly do not molest us."

The keeper shifted the gun from his left arm to his right. "You're loiterin'," he said, "with intent to commit a felony. I could run you in for that."

"No, you couldn't," Claud said.

All this made me rather nervous.

"I've had my eye on you for some time," the keeper said, looking at Claud.

"It's getting late," I said. "Shall we stroll on?"

Claud flipped away his cigarette and

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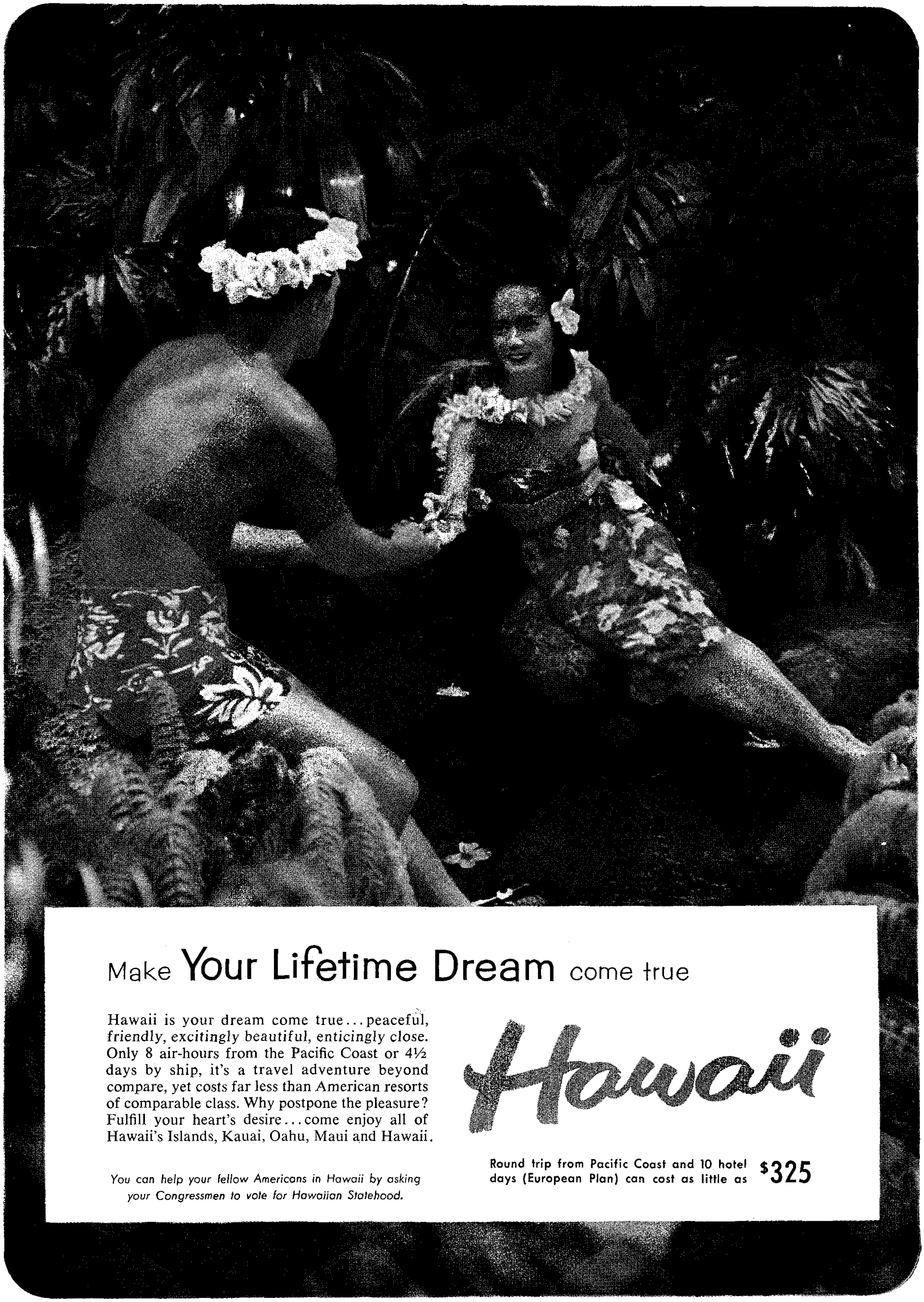

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got slowly to his feet. "All right," he said. "Let's go."

We wandered off down the lane the way we had come, leaving him standing there, and soon the man was out of sight in the half darkness behind us.

"That's the head keeper," Claud said. "His name is Rabbetts."

"Let's get the hell out," I said.

"Come in here," Claud said.

There was a gate on our left leading into a field, and we climbed over it and sat down behind the hedge.

"Mr. Rabbetts is also due for his supper," Claud said. "You mustn't worry about him."

We sat quietly behind the hedge, waiting for the keeper to walk past us on his way home. A few stars were showing, and a bright three-quarter moon was coming up over the hills behind us in the east.

"Here he is," Claud whispered. "Don't move."

The keeper came loping softly up the lane with the dog padding quick and soft-footed at his heels, and we watched them through the hedge as they went by.

"He won't be coming back tonight," Claud said.

"How do you know that?"

"A keeper never waits for you in the wood if he knows where you live. He goes to your house and hides outside and watches for you to come back."

"That's worse."

"No, it isn't. Not if you dump the loot somewhere else before you go home. He can't touch you then."

"What about the other one—the one in the clearing?"

"He's gone, too."

"You can't be sure of that."

"I've been studying these bastards for months, Gordon. Honest I have. I know all their habits. There's no danger."

A FEW minutes later, I reluctantly followed Claud back into the wood. It was pitch-dark in there now, and very silent, and as we moved cautiously forward, the noise of our footsteps seemed to go echoing around the walls of the forest as though we were walking in a cathedral.

"Here's where we threw the raisins," Claud said.

I peered through the bushes. The clearing lay dim and milky in the moonlight.

"You're quite sure the keeper's gone?"

"I *know* he's gone."

I could just see Claud's face under the peak of his cap—the pale lips, the

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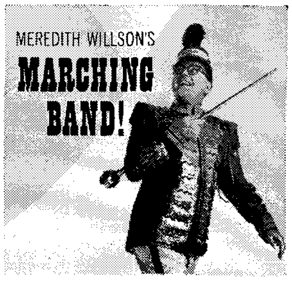
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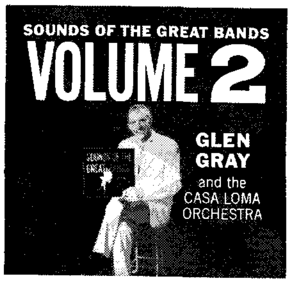
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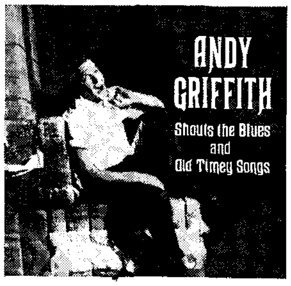
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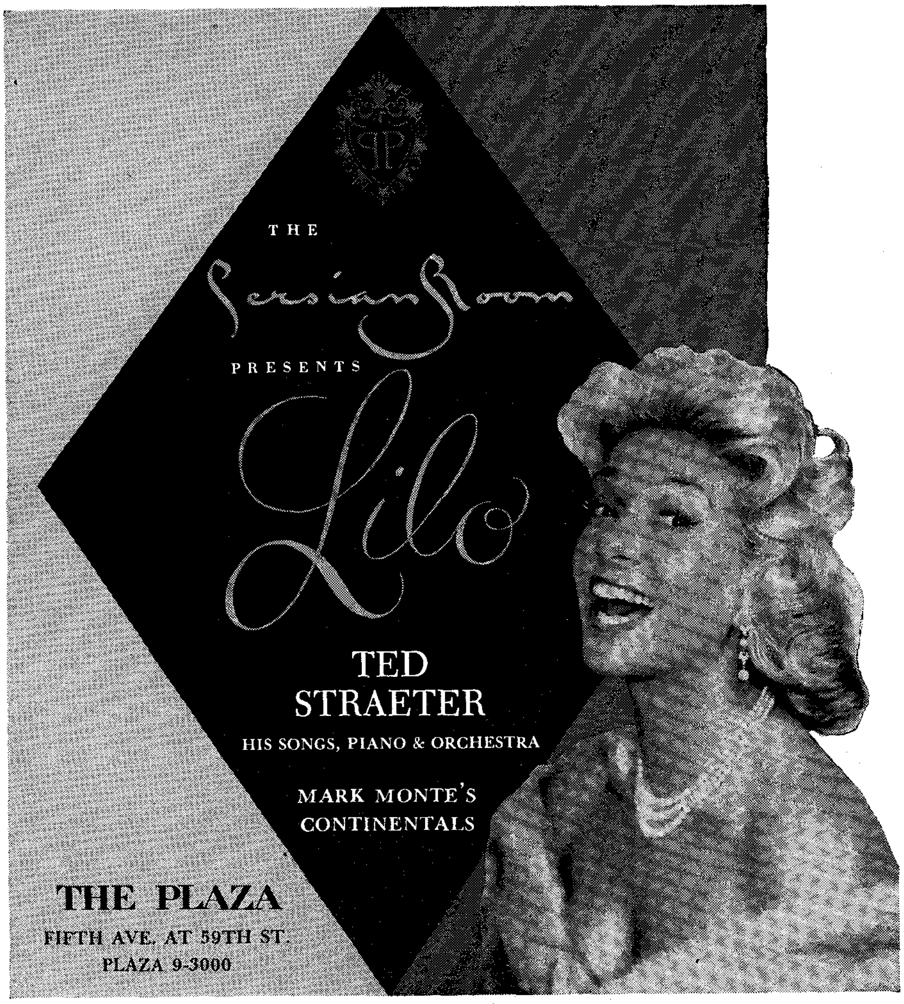

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soft, pale cheeks, and the large eyes with a little spark of excitement dancing in each.

"Are they roosting?" I asked.

"Yes. In the branches."

"Whereabouts?"

"All around. They don't go far."

"What do we do next?"

"We stay here and wait. I brought you a light," he added, and he handed me one of those small pocket flashlights shaped like a fountain pen. "You may need it."

I was beginning to feel better. "Shall we see if we can spot some of them sitting in the trees?" I said.

"No."

"I should like to see how they look when they're roosting."

"This isn't a nature study," Claud said. "Please be quiet."

We stood there for a long time, waiting for something to happen.

"I've just had a nasty thought," I said. "If a bird can keep its balance on a branch when it's asleep, then surely there isn't any reason why the pills should make it fall down."

Claud looked at me quick.

"After all," I said, "it's not dead. It's still only sleeping."

"It's doped," Claud said.

"But that's just a *deeper* sort of sleep. Why should we expect it to fall down just because it's in a deeper sleep?"

There was a gloomy silence.

"We should've tried it with chickens," Claud said. "My dad would've done that."

"Your dad was a genius," I said.

At that moment, there came a soft thump from the wood behind us.

"Hey!" I said.

"Sh-h-h!"

We stood listening.

Thump!

"There's another!"

It was a deep, muffled sound, as though a small bag of sand had been dropped from about shoulder height.

Thump!

"They're pheasants!" I cried.

"Wait!"

"I'm sure they're pheasants!"

Thump! Thump!

"You're right!"

We ran back into the wood.

"Where were they?" I asked.

"Over here! Two of them were over here!"

"I thought they were this way."

"Keep looking!" Claud shouted. "They can't be far."

We searched for about a minute.

"Here's one!" he called.

When I got to him, he was holding a magnificent cockbird in both

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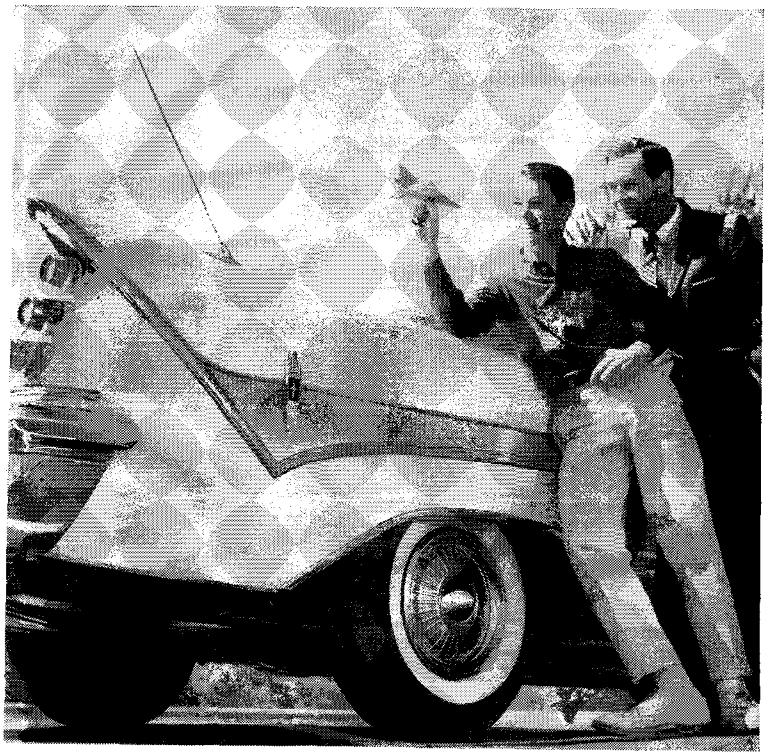
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hands. We examined it closely with our flashlights.

"It's doped to the gills," Claud said. "It's still alive, I can feel its heart, but it's doped to the bloody gills."

Thump!

"There's another!" he cried.

Thump! Thump!

"Two more!"

Thump!

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Jesus Christ!"

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!
Thump! Thump!

All around us, the pheasants were starting to rain down out of the trees. We began rushing around madly in the dark, sweeping the ground with our flashlights.

Thump! Thump! Thump! This lot fell almost on top of me. I was right under the tree as they came down, and I found all three of them immediately—two cocks and a hen. They were limp and warm, the feathers wonderfully soft in the hand.

"Where shall I put them?" I called out. I was holding them by the legs.

"Lay them here, Gordon! Just pile them up here where it's light!"

Claud was standing on the edge of the clearing with the moonlight streaming down all over him and a great bunch of pheasants in each hand. His face was bright, his eyes big and bright and wonderful, and he was staring around him like a child who has just discovered that the whole world is made of chocolate.

Thump!

Thump! Thump!

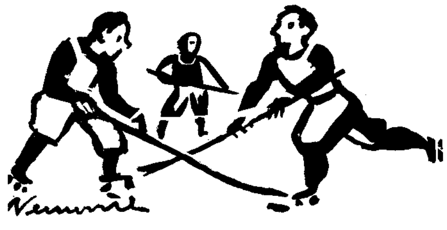
"I don't like it," I said. "It's too many."

"It's beautiful!" he cried, and he dumped the birds he was carrying and ran off to look for more.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!
Thump!

It was easy to find them now. There were one or two lying under every tree. I quickly collected six more, three in each hand, and ran back and dumped them with the others. Then six more. Then six more after that. And still they kept falling.

Claud was in a whirl of ecstasy now, dashing about like a mad ghost under the trees. I could see the beam of his flashlight waving around in the dark,



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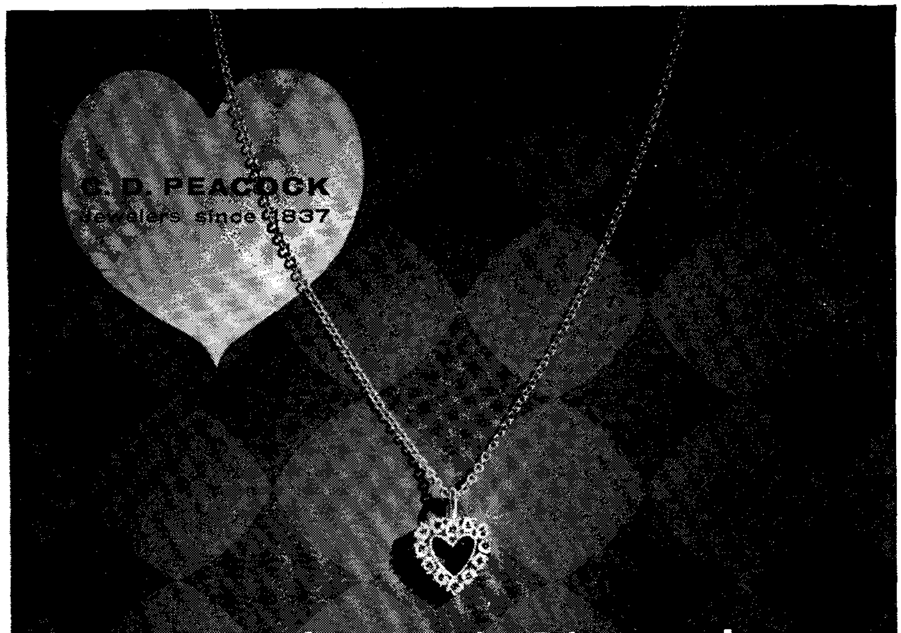

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and each time he found a bird he gave a little yelp of triumph.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Mr. Victor Hazel ought to hear this!" he called out.

"Don't shout," I said. "It frightens me."

"What?"

"Don't *shout.* There might be keepers."

"To hell with the keepers!" he cried. "They're all eating!"

For three or four minutes, the pheasants kept on falling. Then suddenly they stopped.

"Keep searching!" Claud shouted. "There's plenty more on the ground!"

"Don't you think we ought to get out while the going's good?"

"No," he said.

We went on searching. Between us, we looked under every tree within a hundred yards of the clearing—north, south, east, and west—and I think we found most of them in the end. At the collecting point, there was a pile of pheasants as big as a bonfire.

"It's a miracle," Claud said. "It's a bloody miracle." He was staring at them in a kind of trance.

"We'd better just take half a dozen each and get out quick," I said.

"I would like to count them, Gordon."

"There's no time for that."

"I must count them."

"No," I said. "Come on."

"One. Two. Three. Four . . ." He began counting them very carefully, picking up each bird in turn and laying it gently to one side. The moon was directly overhead now, and the whole clearing was brilliantly illuminated.

"I'm not standing around here like this," I said. I walked back a few paces and hid myself in the shadows, waiting for him to finish.

"A hundred and seventeen, a hundred and eighteen, a hundred and nineteen, *a hundred and twenty!*" he cried. "*One hundred and twenty birds!* It's an all-time record!"

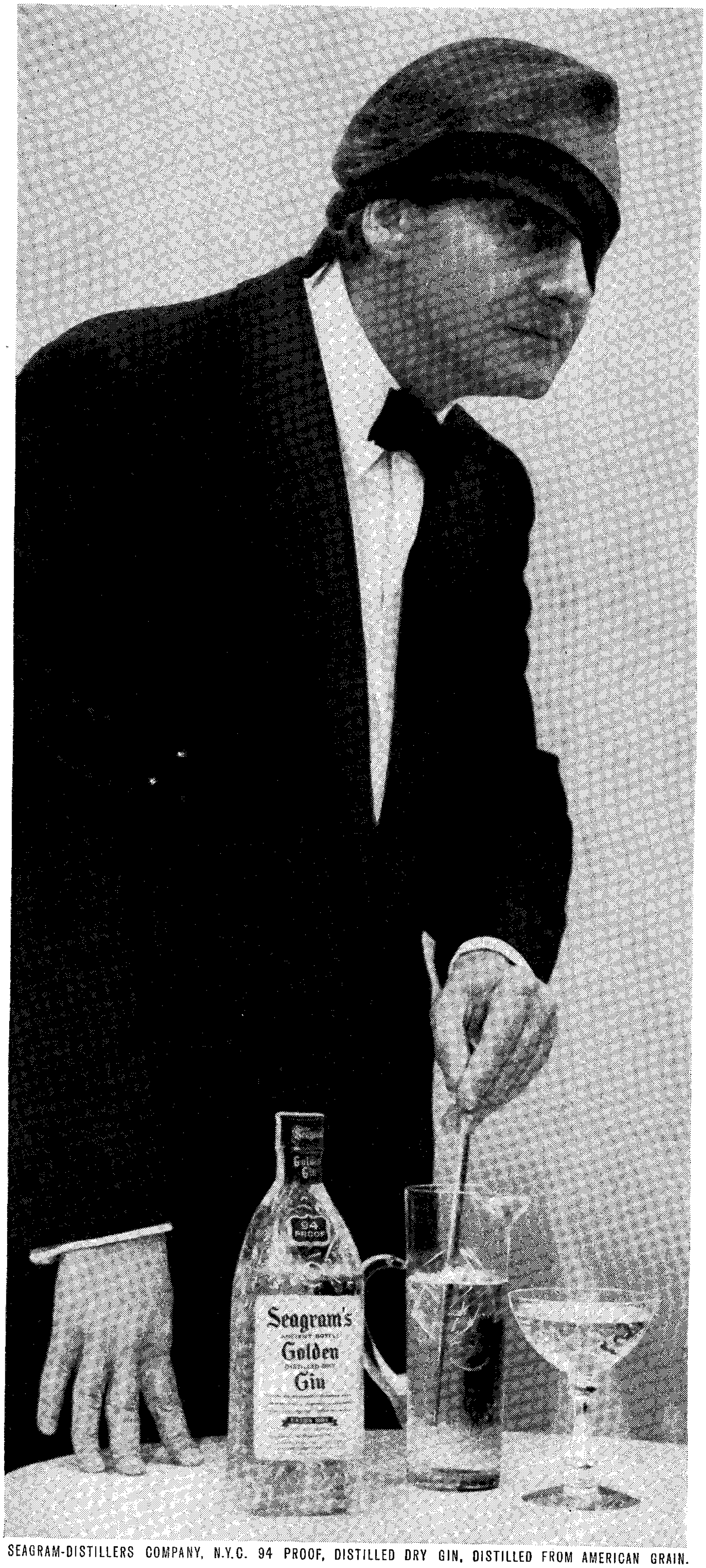
I didn't doubt it for a moment.

"The most my dad ever got in one night was fifteen, and he was drunk for a week afterward!"

"You're the champion of the world," I said. "Are you ready now?"

"One minute," he answered, and he pulled up his sweater and began to unwind the two big white cotton sacks from around his belly. "Here's yours," he said, handing one of them to me. "Fill it up quick."

The light of the moon was so strong that I could read the small print along



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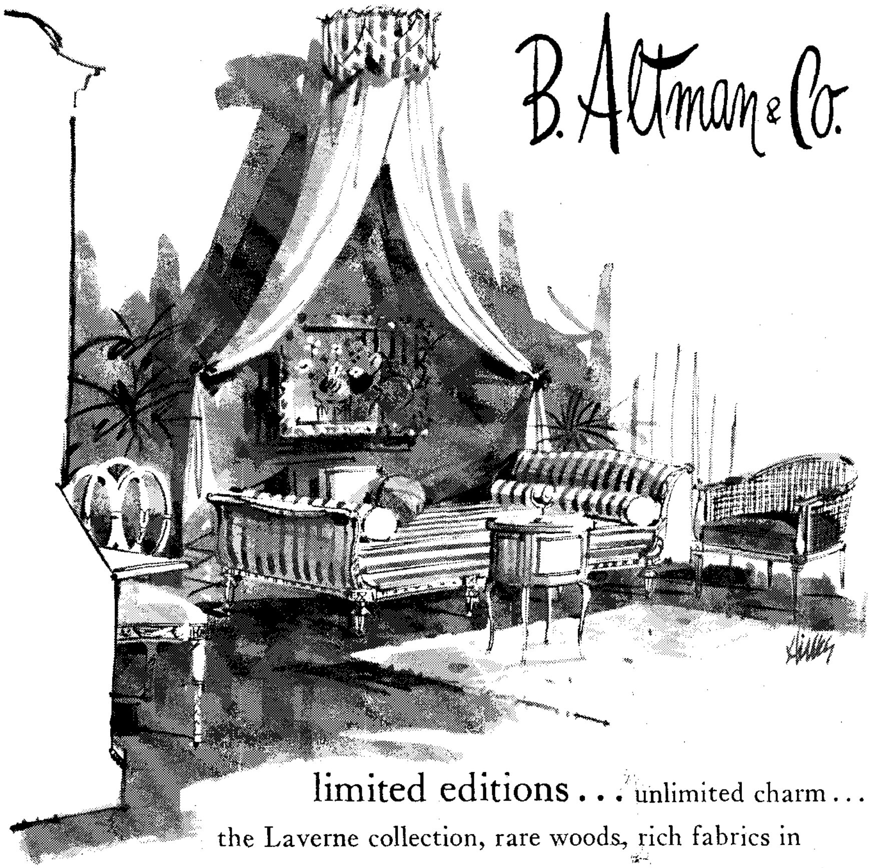

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the base of the sack. "J. W. Crump," it said. "Keston Flour Mills, London S.W. 17."

"You don't think that bastard with the brown teeth is watching us this very moment, from behind a tree?"

"There's no chance of that," Claud said. "He's down at the filling station, like I told you, waiting for us to come home."

We started loading the pheasants into the sacks. They were soft and floppy-necked, and the skin underneath the feathers was warm.

"There'll be a taxi waiting for us in the lane," Claud said.

"What?"

"I always go back in a taxi, Gordon. Didn't you know that? A taxi is anonymous. Nobody knows who's inside a taxi except the driver. My dad taught me that."

"Which driver?"

"Charlie Kinch. He's only too glad to oblige."

We finished loading the pheasants, and I tried to hump my bulging sack onto my shoulder. My sack had about sixty birds inside it, and it must have weighed a hundredweight and a half, at least. "I can't carry this," I said. "We'll have to leave some of them behind."

"Drag it," Claud said. "Just pull it behind you."

We started off through the pitch-black woods, pulling the pheasants behind us. "We'll never make it all the way back to the village like this," I said.

"Charlie's never let me down yet," Claud said.

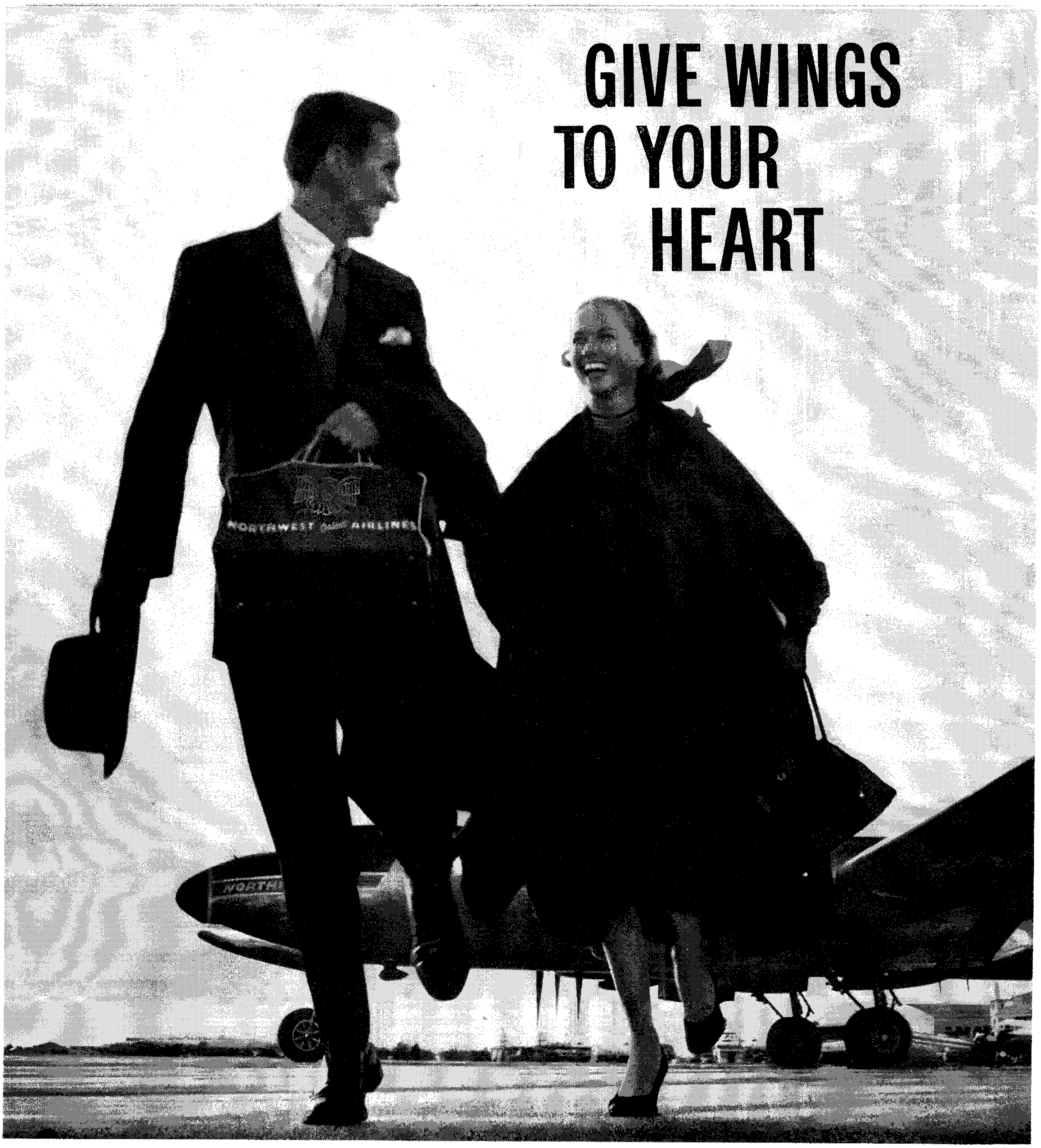
We came to the margin of the wood and peered through the hedge into the lane. The taxi was there, not five yards away. Claud said, "Charlie boy," very softly, and the old man behind the wheel poked his head out into the moonlight and gave us a sly, toothless grin. We slid through the hedge, dragging the sacks after us.

"Hullo!" Charlie said. "What's this?"

"It's cabbages," Claud told him. "Open the door."

Two minutes later, we were safely inside the taxi, cruising slowly down the hill toward the village.

It was all over now bar the shouting. Claud was triumphant, bursting with pride and excitement, and he kept leaning forward and tapping Charlie Kinch on the shoulder and saying, "How about it, Charlie? How about this for a haul?," and Charlie kept glancing back popeyed at the huge, bulging sacks lying on the floor between



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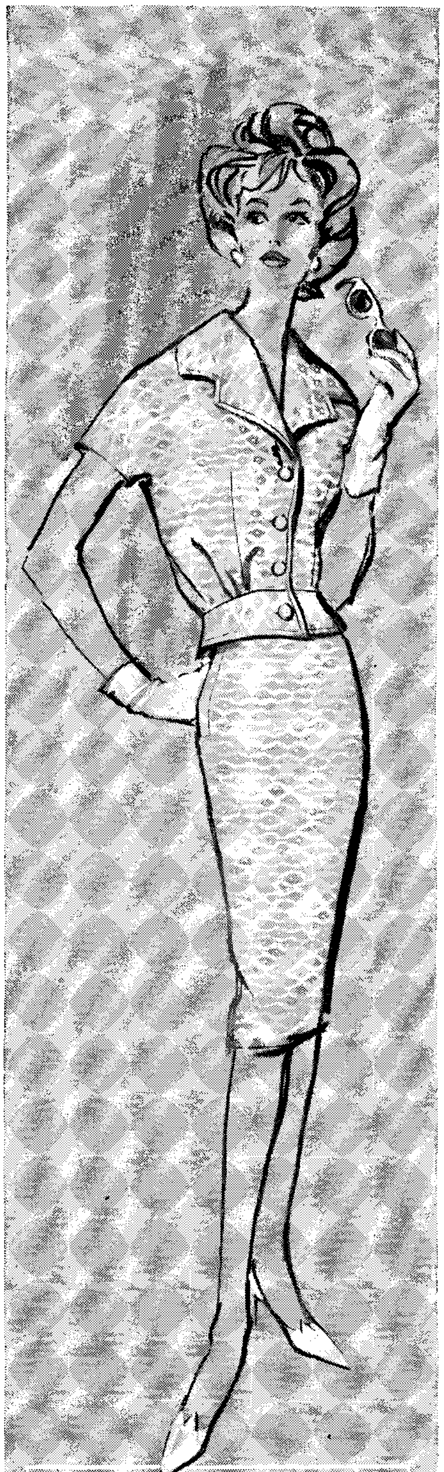

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us and saying, "Jesus Christ, man! How did you do it?"

"There's six brace of them for you, Charlie," Claud said.

Charlie said, "I reckon pheasants is going to be a bit scarce up at Mr. Victor Hazel's opening-day shoot this year," and Claud said, "I imagine they are, Charlie, I imagine they are."

"What in God's name are you going to do with a hundred and twenty pheasants?" I asked.

"Put them in cold storage for the winter," Claud said. "Put them in with the dog meat in the deep freeze at the filling station."

"Not tonight, I trust?"

"No, Gordon, not tonight. We leave them at Bessie's house tonight."

"Bessie who?"

"Bessie Organ."

"Bessie *Organ!*" I was completely stunned. Mrs. Organ was the wife of the Reverend Jack Organ, the local vicar.

"Bessie always delivers my game, didn't you know that?"

"I don't know anything," I said.

"Always choose a respectable woman to deliver your game," Claud announced. "That's correct, Charlie, isn't it?"

"Bessie's a right smart girl," Charlie said.

We were driving through the village now and the street lamps were still on and the men were wandering home from the pubs. I saw Will Prattley letting himself in quietly by the side door of his fishmonger's shop, and Mrs. Prattley's head was sticking out the window just above him, but he didn't know it.

"The vicar is very partial to roasted pheasant," Claud said.

"He hangs it eighteen days," Charlie said. "Then he gives it a couple of good shakes and all the feathers drop off."

The taxi turned left and swung in through the gates of the vicarage. There were no lights on in the house, and nobody met us. Claud and I dumped the pheasants in the coal shed at the rear, and then we said goodbye to Charlie Kinch and walked back in the moonlight to the filling station, empty-handed. Whether or not Mr. Rabbetts was watching us as we went in, I do not know. We saw no sign of him.

"HERE she comes," Claud said to me the next morning. He was looking through the window of the filling station.

"Who?"

"Bessie—Bessie Organ." He spoke

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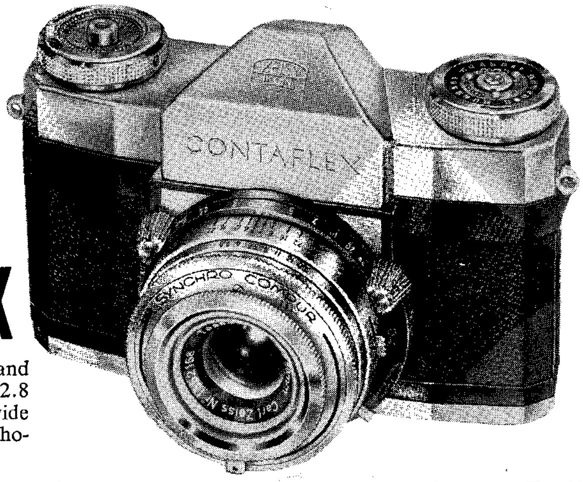

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the name proudly and with a slight proprietary air, as though he were a general referring to his bravest officer.

I followed him outside.

"Down there," he said, pointing.

Far away down the road, I could see a small female figure advancing toward us. "What's she pushing?" I asked.

Claud gave me a sly look. "There's only one safe way of delivering game," he announced, "and that's under a baby."

"Yes," I murmured. "Yes, of course."

"That'll be young Christopher Organ in the pram, aged one and a half. He's a lovely child, Gordon."

I could just make out the small dot of a baby sitting high up in the pram, which had its hood folded down.

"There's sixty or seventy pheasants at least under that little nipper," Claud said happily. "Just imagine that."

"You can't fit sixty or seventy pheasants into a pram," I said.

"You can if it's got a good deep well underneath it, and if you take out the mattress and pack them in tight, right up to the top. All you need then is a sheet. You'll be surprised how little room a pheasant takes up when it's limp."

We stood beside the pumps, waiting for Bessie Organ to arrive. It was one of those warm, windless September mornings, with a darkening sky and a smell of thunder in the air.

"Right through the village, bold as brass," Claud said. "Good old Bessie."

"She seems in rather a hurry to me."

Claud lit a new cigarette from the stub of the old one. "Bessie is never in a hurry," he said.

"She certainly isn't walking normal," I told him. "You look."

He squinted at her through the smoke of his cigarette. Then he took the cigarette out of his mouth and looked again.

"Well?" I said.

"She does seem to be going a tiny bit quick, doesn't she?" he said carefully.

"She's going damn quick."

There was a pause. Claud was beginning to stare hard at the approaching woman. "Perhaps she doesn't want to be caught in the rain, Gordon. I'll bet that's exactly what it is—she thinks it's going to rain, and she don't want the baby to get wet."

"She's *running!*" I cried. "Look!" Bessie had suddenly broken into a full sprint.

Claud stood very still, watching the

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woman; and in the silence that followed I fancied I could hear a baby screaming.

"There's something wrong with that baby," I said. "Listen."

At this point, Bessie was about two hundred yards away from us, but closing fast.

"Can you hear him now?" I said.

"Yes."

"He's yelling his head off."

The small shrill voice in the distance was growing louder every second—frantic, piercing, almost hysterical.

"He's having a fit," Claud announced.

"I think he must be."

"That's why she's running, Gordon. She wants to get him in here quick and put him under a cold tap."

"I'm sure you're right," I said.

Claud shifted his feet uneasily on the gravel of the driveway. "There's a thousand and one different things keep happening every day to little babies like that," he said.

"Of course."

"Whatever it is," Claud said, "I wish to Christ she'd stop running."

A long lorry loaded with bricks came up alongside of Bessie, and the driver slowed down and poked his head out the window to stare. Bessie flew on, and she was so close now that I could see her big red face, with the mouth wide open, panting for breath. I noticed she was wearing white gloves on her hands, very prim and dainty, and there was a funny little white hat to match perched right on the top of her head, like a mushroom.

Suddenly, out of the pram, straight up into the air, flew an enormous pheasant.

Claud let out a cry of horror.

The fool in the truck going along beside Bessie roared with laughter. The pheasant flapped around drunkenly for a few seconds, then it lost height and landed in the grass by the side of the road. Bessie kept on running.

Then—*whoosh!*—a second pheasant flew up out of the pram.

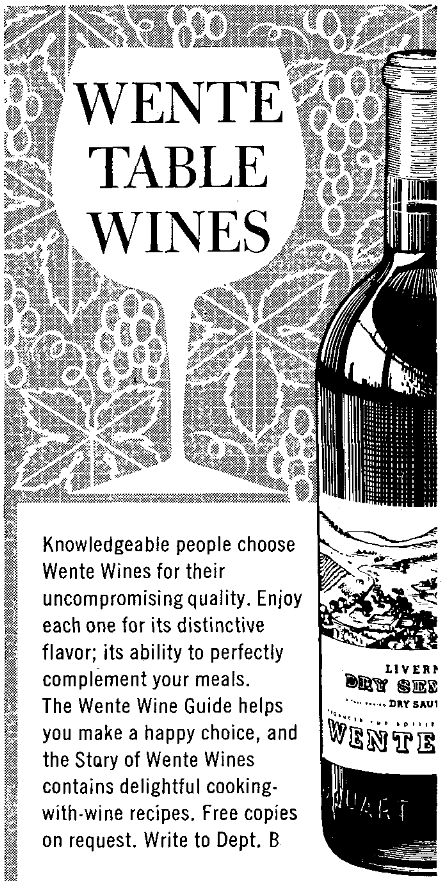
Then a third and a fourth. Then a fifth.

"My God!" I said. "It's the pills! They're wearing off!"

Bessie covered the last fifty yards at a tremendous pace, and she came swinging into the driveway of the filling station with birds flying up out of the pram in all directions.

"What the hell's going on?" she cried.

"Go round the back!" I shouted. "Go round the back!" But she pulled up sharp beside the first pump in the



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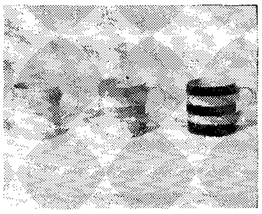

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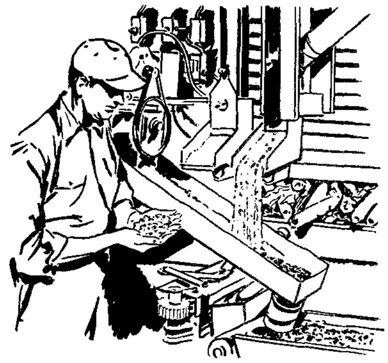

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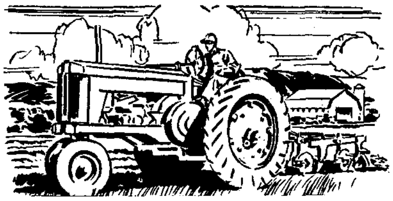

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To be sure, the problem is not entirely subjective. Sometimes portions of a program *are* louder than others. This happens when program transmission standards are not carefully observed, or to put it coarsely, when the sound engineer is asleep at the switch at the audio console. Some ten years ago the CBS Television Network established specific program transmission standards designed to make the audio portion of the program as pleasing as possible to the viewer. Generally speaking, these standards have been faithfully adhered to—given the human factor.

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CBS

line, and before we could reach her, she had seized the screaming infant in her arms and dragged him clear.

"No! No!" Claud cried, racing toward her. "Don't lift the baby! Put him back! Hold down the sheet!" But she wasn't even listening, and with the weight of the child suddenly lifted away, a great cloud of pheasants rose up out of the pram—forty or fifty of them, at least—and the whole sky above us was filled with huge brown birds clapping their wings furiously to gain height.

Claud and I started running up and down the driveway, waving our arms to frighten them off the premises. "Go away!" we shouted. "Shoo! Go away!" But they were too dopey still to take any notice of us, and within half a minute down they came again and settled themselves like a swarm of locusts all over the front of my filling station. The place was covered with them. They sat wing to wing along the edges of the roof and on the concrete canopy that came out over the pumps, and a dozen, at least, were clinging to the sill of the office window. Some had flown down onto the rack that held the bottles of lubricating oil, and others were sliding about on the bonnets of my second-hand cars. One cockbird with a fine tail was perched superbly on top of a petrol pump, and quite a number simply squatted in the driveway at our feet, fluffing their feathers and blinking their small eyes.

Across the road, a line of cars had already started forming behind the brick lorry, and people were opening their doors and getting out and beginning to cross over to have a closer look. I glanced at my watch. It was twenty to nine. Any moment now, I thought, a large black car is going to come streaking along the road from the direction of the village, and the car will be a Rolls, and the face behind the wheel will be the great butcher's face of Mr. Victor Hazel, maker of sausages and pies.

"They near pecked him to pieces!" Bessie was shouting, clasping the screaming baby to her bosom.

"You go on home, Bessie," Claud said, white in the face.

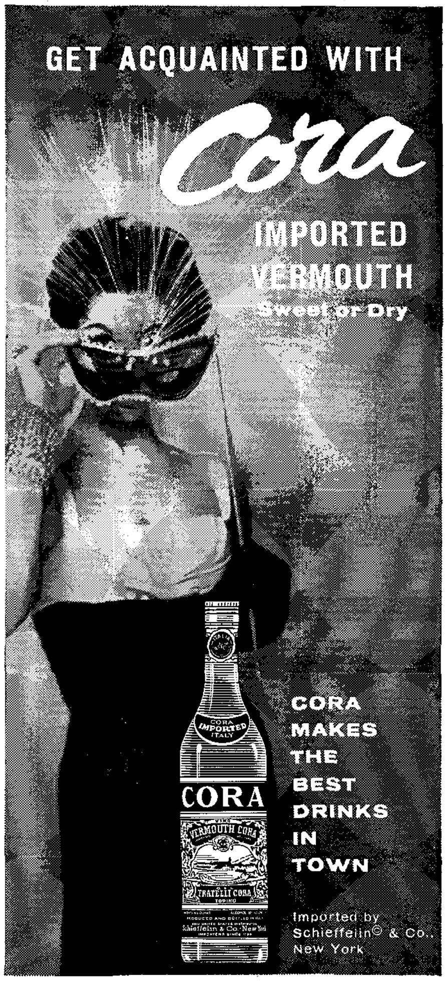
"Lock up," I said. "Put out the sign. We've gone for the day."

—Roald Dahl

•

My table was a fun group headed by G. A. Groesbeck; the head of the Hearst insurance subsidiary is a man of many faucets.—*Sarasota News.*

Just right for a fun group.



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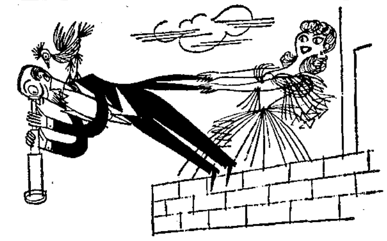
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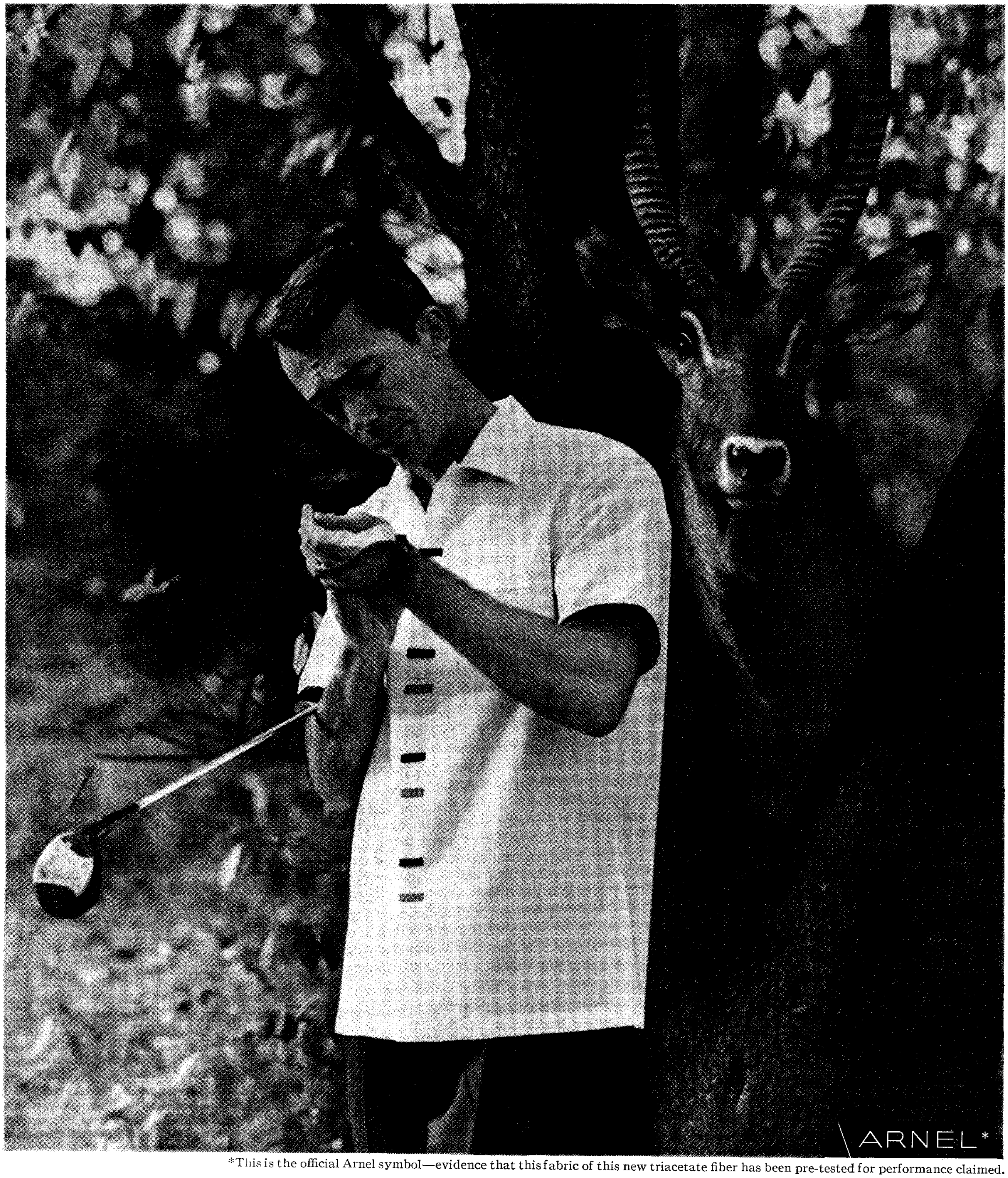

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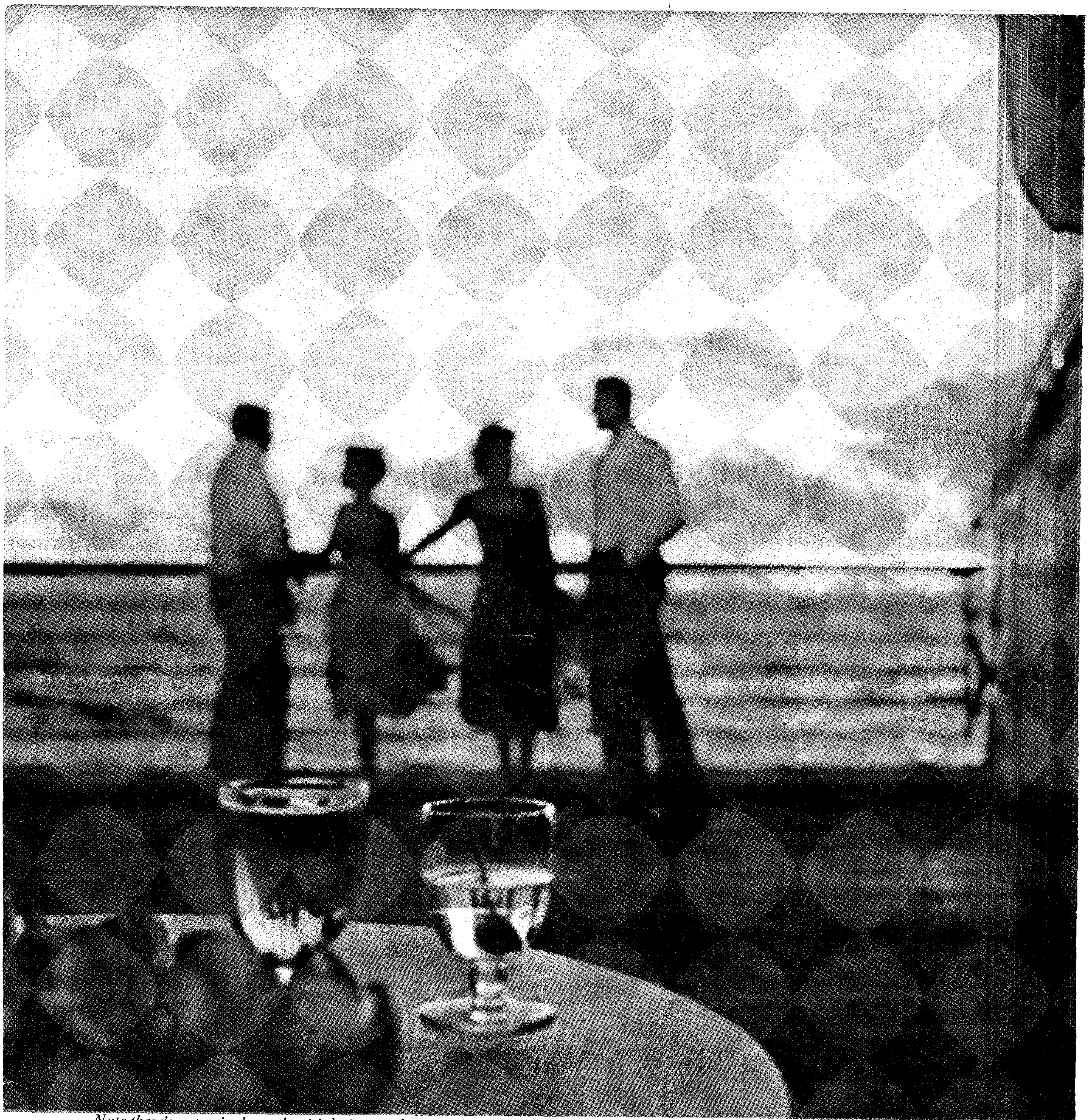

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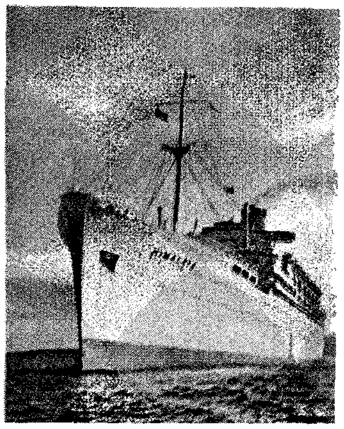


THE THEATRE

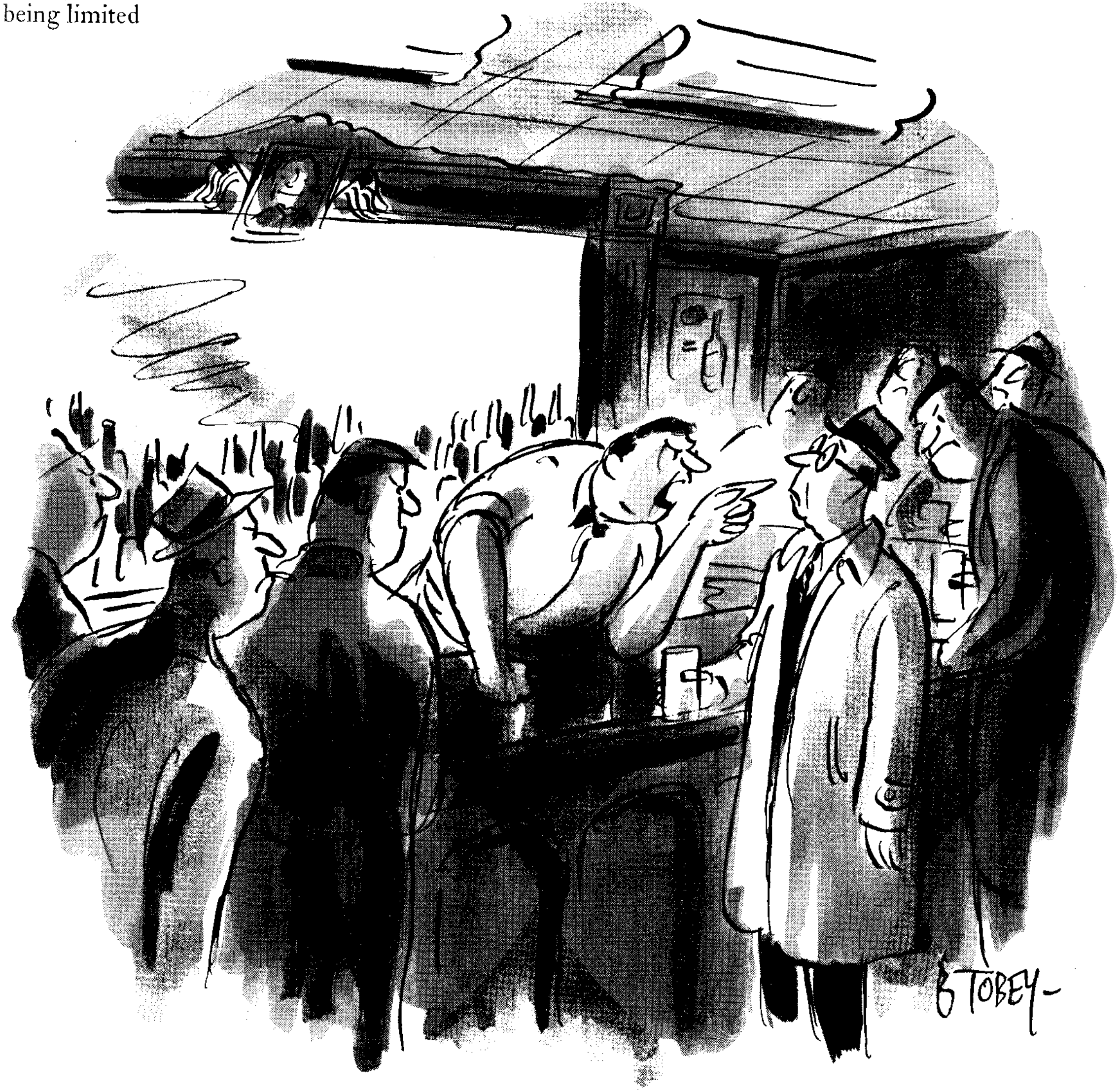
OFF BROADWAY

THE hazards of translation are manifold and dire. Consider the recent literary catastrophe in Prague when the title of Lucy Poate Stebbins' and Richard Poate Stebbins' book "The Trollopes, the Chronicle of a Writing Family" was rendered into Czech, with unforgettable brevity, as "The Streetwalkers." This Bohemian contretemps was quivering on the fringes of my consciousness last week during the exhibition of Jean Giraudoux's "Song of Songs," the first half of a double feature at the Orpheum. For the symptoms of unfortunate translation hung thick in the air. I have no way of confirming this guess, my practical knowledge of French being limited to phrases like "*ménage à trois*," but the inner logic of the play seemed to call at every turn for a species of verbal wit that simply was not present in the dialogue. What remained was a stolid exercise in illogic.

An elderly gentleman enters a café where he has arranged to meet his mistress. Instead, he encounters a young man who has been sent by the mistress to break the news of their impending marriage. The youth leaves when the mistress arrives, and she proceeds to tell the old fellow, who is vaguely identified as the President of France, how much she dislikes her husband-to-be. "With you," she tells the President, "everything was gold. With him, it is celluloid." She also declares her suspicion that "he is waiting for me to admit something." "Admit what?" asks the President. "How happy I was before I met him," replies the young lady. There is a great deal more in this vein, but the upshot is that she gives her jewels back to the old statesman, accepts a small zircon from the returning young man, and departs with him. Since the elderly gentleman seems to stand, generally speaking, for traditional values and the young man is a perfect emblem of the vacuity and inhumanity of the industrial age, the spectator may amuse himself during arid stretches of the production by picking the play over for other symbols. Alternatively, he may devote himself wholly to an admiring scrutiny of Delphine Seyrig, who plays the mistress. She is a charming actress and a very pretty girl.

The second item on the Orpheum bill is a play by Meade Roberts called "Maidens and Mistresses at Home in the Zoo." It concerns an implausible *ménage à trois* conducted by an aging beauty named Lucy, whose husband, a former career debauchee, has suffered a paralytic stroke of such severity that it limits his revelry to staring vacantly into space from his wheelchair. The third, and more active, member of this triangular domestic arrangement is a handsome young Arab named Tonio ben Yacubi, who plays the guitar. He is Lucy's slave. Literally. She bought him in Morocco. At present, they are in California, but no one, apparently, has thought to tell him of the Thirteenth Amendment.

An old friend of Lucy, Isabella by name, drops in for a visit. She is a plump, proper, and sex-starved widow who affects to be appalled by Lucy's revelation of her husband's former profligacy, their current penury, and the servitude of ben Yacubi. For all her propriety, Isa-



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bella is greatly taken with the muscular youth, and when Lucy tactfully wheels her husband into another room, ben Yacubi has no difficulty arranging an assignation with Isabella, carefully extracting a hundred dollars in advance. And this, we are given to believe, is how the ménage has contrived to support itself. Well, perhaps. They *are* in California.

It is a fault, I think, that many crucial aspects of the story—Lucy's helpless love for her philandering husband, their wanderings about the world, the acquisition of ben Yacubi—are not enacted on the stage but are merely related, at great length, by the unfortunate slaveholder. It must be said, however, that Mr. Roberts has ordered these disclosures with vast craft and subtlety, and the spectator is content to defer his speculations on Constitutional matters until the final curtain. A further inducement to the suspension of incredulity is provided by the performance of Leueen MacGrath in the part of Lucy, which is sheer electricity. Tomas Milian brings the right touch of Islamic broodiness to his portrayal of the breadwinning slave, and Joanna Roos achieves a judicious blend of fuss and frustration as Isabella. Russ Baker plays the invalid husband, a part that requires him to spend the evening with his back to the audience, in a state of catatonic immobility. His interpretation of the role is a masterpiece of restraint.

BROADLY speaking, one can justify the revival of an old play by either of the following arguments: (1) it has stood the test of time, or (2) it has not. And the second of these persuasions, evidently, is the one that applies to "Fashion, or Life in New York," a comedy that first appeared in 1845. A prolonged immersion in oblivion—broken only by a brief emergence in 1924—has strangely transfigured the play. In this it resembles certain antique statues that have been fished up from the ocean by archeologists. I mean those statues on which the corrosive action of the sea has produced an expression more peculiar than the artist ever intended. For if "Fashion" succeeds in its present resurrection at the Royal Playhouse, it succeeds in a manner that would have astonished its author, a lady named Anna Cora Mowatt.

What Mrs. Mowatt had in mind, one gathers, was a satire on snobbery and pretension. Her unreliable barbs are directed chiefly at a prominent merchant family named Tiffany, whose lust for fashion has destroyed their natural

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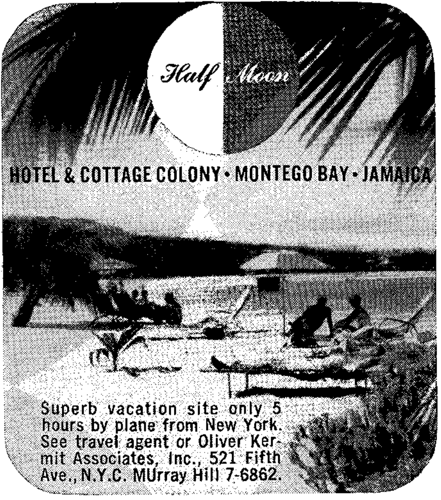

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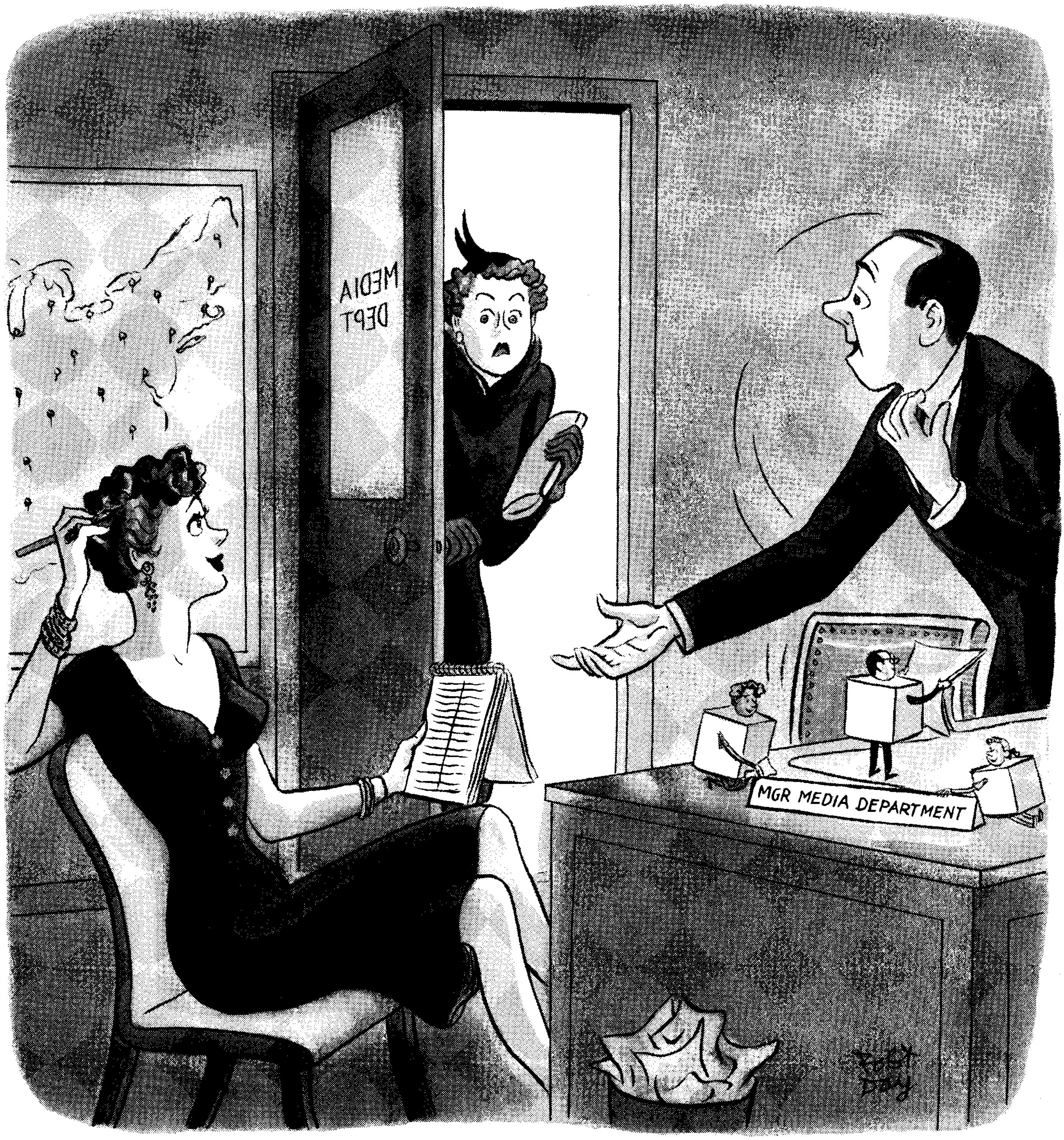

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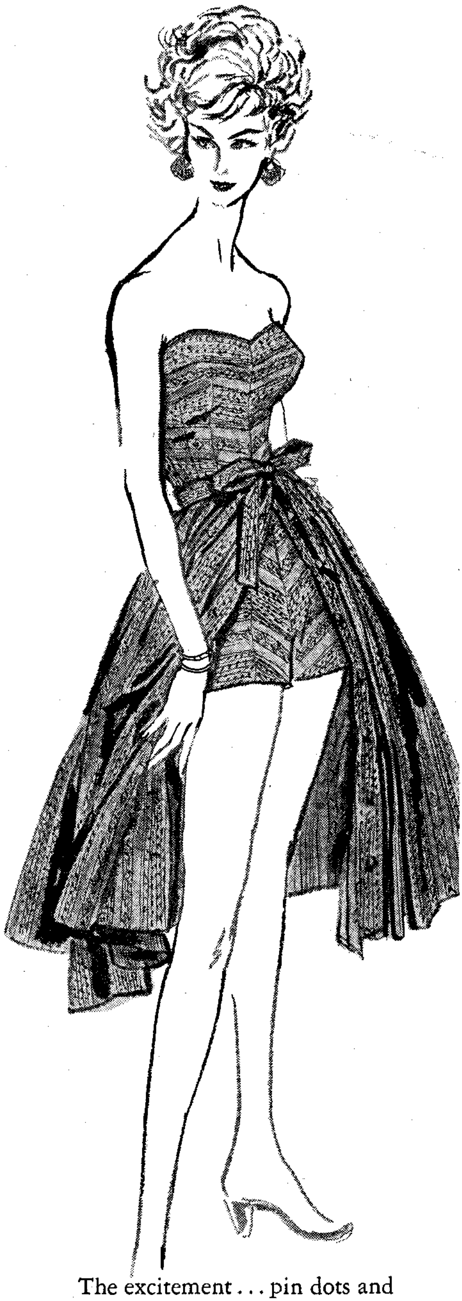

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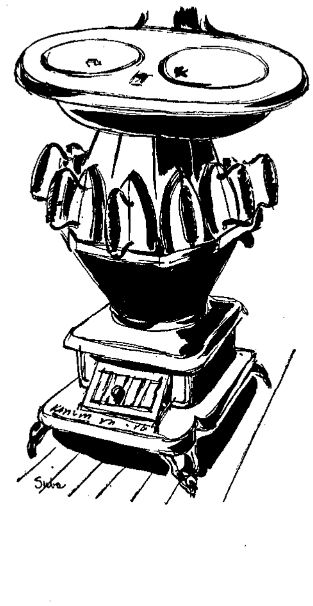
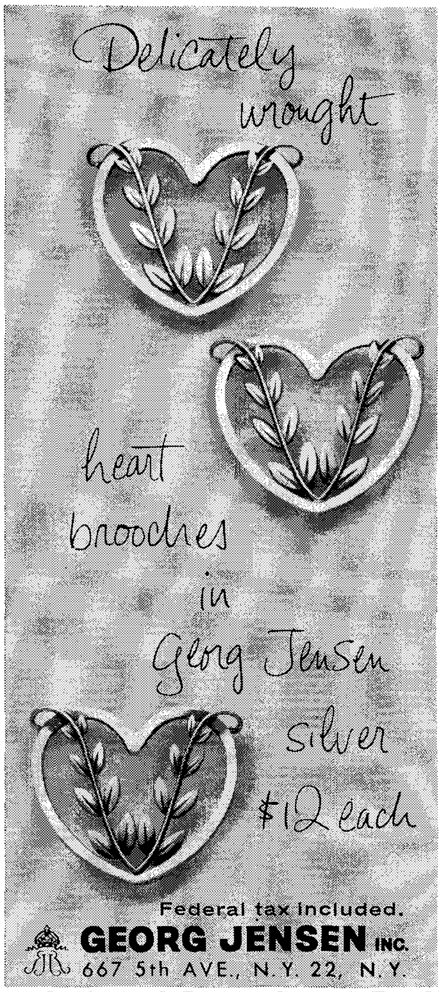
feelings. The mother of the clan connives at marrying her daughter, who simpers, to a visiting French count. The father has found it necessary to commit forgery in order to maintain his extravagant wife, and this deed has put him in the power of his scheming clerk. The family is rescued from the consequences of its folly, however, by Mrs. Mowatt's spokesman for the good life, an elderly farmer named Adam Trueman, whose hearty scorn for fashion is such that he does not hesitate to shout "Hurrah for republican virtue!" in the drawing room. In addition to the principal story, there are, at a modest computation, eighteen subplots, all of which are carried forward largely by means of asides to the audience. The French count, for example, is revealed to be a scoundrelly cook turned adventurer. The Tiffanys' governess, a pure and lovely girl named Gertrude, proves to be the granddaughter of the rich Trueman, to her own intense satisfaction and that of her suitor, a wholesome lad named Colonel Howard. But before this happy discovery is made, poor Gertrude is much pursued by the bogus count, who has base designs on her, a circumstance that obliges her to roll her eyes heavenward with such vehemence as to show a truly alarming extent of white below the iris.

As broadly played by the cast, "Fashion" offers moments of real fun, which occur mostly when Mrs. Mowatt's sense of the sublime coincides with the modern sense of the ridiculous. But since the lady was writing for her contemporaries and not for us, there are moments when the play is merely bad. The parts of the count, the comic servant, and the fashionable poet, another suitor of Miss Tiffany, might profitably be abridged. Reverence for the text, in this instance, is less laudable than misguided. After all, it is a common prac-





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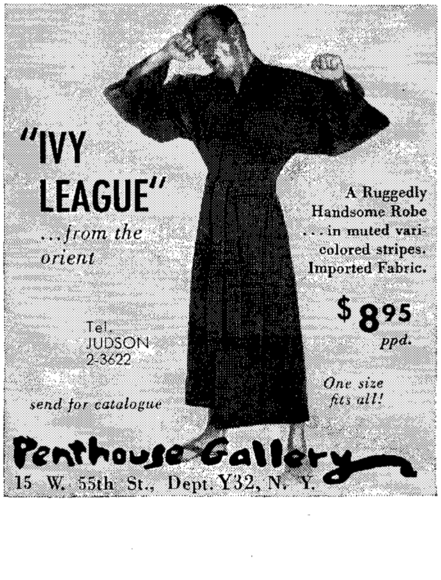

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	R. N. Stearns Co.
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Bridgeport, Conn.	D. M. Read Co.
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Chicago, Illinois	Charles A. Stevens & Co.
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tice among producers to delete whole passages of Shakespeare, even at the expense of ruining his plays, and what is good enough for the Bard is surely good enough for Anna Cora Mowatt. The cast is distinguished chiefly by Will Geer as Adam Trueman, Enid Markey as Mrs. Tiffany, and Rosina Fernhoff as Gertrude, the governess. Between scenes, they and their co-workers step before the curtain and sing songs of the period, some of which are agreeable.

—Donald Malcolm

•

SILVER LINING IN THE MUSHROOM CLOUD DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post & Times Herald*]

Dear Mary Haworth: My husband died two months ago and his best friend has asked me to marry him. I am very fond of him and would like to do so.

I find that I get very lonely staying in my present apartment and Dan (I'll call him) would like to get married right away. On mentioning this to a friend or two, I found them shocked to hear that I would consider remarriage before a year had elapsed.

How long do you think I should wait before remarriage? Do you think four or six months would be all right? Sincerely yours, L. A.

Dear L. A.: If you and Dan are persons of stable character, with a genuine congeniality that would warrant marriage, you can well afford to wait at least six months, and preferably a year, before marrying.

All right minds accept an obligation of courtesy toward loved ones who've died. Courtesy consists in remembering them appropriately; and rudimentary courtesy restrains us from impetuous or thoughtless actions that might imply they meant little to us, and were quickly forgotten.

So, don't make a scandal amongst your friends by prematurely airing your plans to marry Dan.

If these were times of acute emergency, if atomic warfare had broken out, involving our people, and nobody knew what the morrow would bring, then you might "reasonably" marry Dan at your earliest convenience. M. H.

•

Douglas Frazer, the fourth member of the group, had left his native habitat of the Stork Club to look for something, perhaps himself. From the moment Mackinsen took him to see the Gazella dance in a nightclub, Frazer was to learn much of Africa.

To evoke the spell of the Dark Continent—its forests, its beasts, its black men torn between witchcraft and the twentieth century—is Stuart Cloete's special and consummate skill. *Gazella* is a new triumph for the man who is said to know Africa best.—*Folder announcing a new book.*

And the Stork Club second best?

INVISIBLE VEIL

ALL YOU SEE IS BEAUTY

Invisible Veil is the only powder that adds nothing but beauty to your skin. You can't see it; you can't feel it. It shows itself only in your greater loveliness—blocking out every pore and shadow. Never flies or mists. In French flower-topped boxes, $2.75 and $5.00. Pressed into new refillable compacts: $2.00, $5.00. Prices plus tax.

Elizabeth Arden

Wake up, Darling!

here's your coffee

Look at sleepy-head! In two minutes he will be bright as a button, thanks to Fromme's Finest.

This isn't "just coffee," you know. It tastes wonderful (always); it is rich, savory, invigorating. Why is Fromme's Finest so much better?

We go to Arabia for its flavorsome Mocha; to Indonesia for its rich Java; to Latin America for Colombian, genuine Bourbon and rare Antigua Guatemala. We blend these five most costly coffees so each contributes its distinctive characteristic. This is the only coffee in the world which combines all these rare coffees.

Yes, it costs perhaps half a cent more a cup. But how important good coffee is to your happiness and comfort!

A SUPERLATIVE BLEND OF FIVE GREAT COFFEES
Fromme's Finest Coffee
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Coffee
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If your dealer cannot supply you at present, send me $3.00 for two pounds postpaid. Specify regular, drip or extra fine.

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The Coffee Man
66 Front St., New York 4, N. Y.

Another member of the Fromme Family of Fine Coffees is Caffé Vivo, the richest and most savory Espresso made.

THE RACE TRACK

Table Stakes

NO doubt about it, Round Table is cock of the walk at Santa Anita, and his race in the San Marcos Handicap out there last Saturday was the sprightliest performance of the week. Carrying 132 pounds, he led from start to finish of the mile and a quarter over the Camino Real grass course, and won, eased up, by six lengths from Eddie Schmidt, to whom he gave sixteen pounds. It is true that part of the Camino Real is downhill, but, even so, Round Table's time of 1:58⅖ is remarkable. Indeed, it's a new American record. Only one horse, Noor, has ever covered the distance faster (1:58⅕), and that was over the dirt track at Golden Gate Fields when it was as speedy as a bobsled run. Incidentally, Round Table's weight was the highest that has ever been carried to victory in a race at Santa Anita. We haven't heard the last of that, because California is full of kindly souls (and horsemen looking for more than a shade the best of it in the handicaps) who insist that anything over 116 pounds breaks the better runners down, and that an impost of 130 should be reported to the A.S.P.C.A. If anyone cares, it is my considered opinion that while high weight may—and frequently does—beat a good horse (after all, the chances of the competing animals are supposed to be equalized by the allotment of different weights), it doesn't break him down. But racing over hard tracks will. I agree with Alfred Vanderbilt, who once remarked that horses carry high weight better than their owners do.

To my mild surprise, and everyone else's, Tomy Lee was beaten by Ole Fols in the San Vincente Stakes at Santa Anita the other afternoon. I suppose he wasn't quite wound up, since it was his first start in months, while Ole Fols had recently done six furlongs in an amazing 1:08⅘ and was at concert pitch. Then again, it may be that Ole Fols had something extra. We'll know more about that after next month's San Felipe Handicap and the Santa Anita Derby in March. I can wait.

THE most interesting item at Hialeah last weekend was Petare's good showing in the Royal Palm Hand-

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Oh, a Little Bit of Coffee Fell from Out the Sky One Day

THE GREAT COFFEE SMUGGLING SCHEME

[NUMBER X]

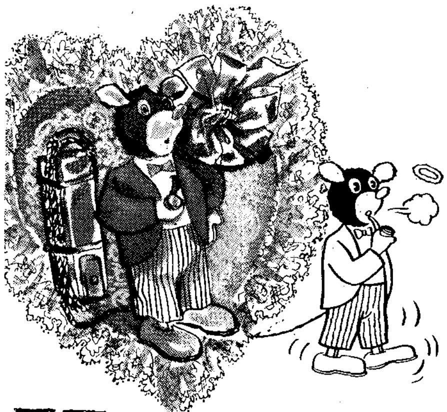
Certain Irish Coffee enthusiasts among you have accused us [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] of having no real affection for them; that our true sympathies are all toward they who relish the unadorned flavor of Irish Whiskey and drink it in more whiskeylike ways. Otherwise, [they say] why haven't we had the decency to print the recipe for Irish Coffee for all to see? ❧ Why, bless your dear jealous hearts! To think that you could doubt our genuine affection for you staggers belief. In our eyes you can do no wrong and if you wish to venture even farther afield and concoct Irish Tea, Irish Cocoa, or even Irish Root Beer it is simply O. K. with us. While some of the subtleties are admittedly subdued, have no fear that the emphatic, burnished flavor of the Irish Whiskey will ever come out any place but on top. ❧ As to the other, it is entirely possible that we have been remiss in not giving you the recipe for Irish Coffee. We thought everyone knew already. Here it is then; follow it carefully and you will have many and many a happy and rewarding time:

IRISH COFFEE.

1. *Pre-heat a glass with very hot water. Fill and let stand a few seconds, then empty.*
2. *Fill glass three-fourths full of hot, black coffee before glass has cooled.*
3. *Drop three cocktail cubes of sugar into coffee. Stir until dissolved completely.*
4. *Add full jigger of Irish Whiskey for correct taste and body.*
5. *By pouring over a spoon, top with a head of light whipping cream. Drink it in good health!*

So we'll know that you are sincere about making Irish Coffee [that is to say actually have the coffee—we must assume you have the whiskey] why don't you sprinkle a little coffee into an envelope and mail it to us here in Dublin? Not too much, mind. More than a spoonful will make the letter too lumpy and the Customs people will become suspicious and there'll be no end of trouble about import duties and filling-out of declaration forms and all. Address your coffee to: COFFEE, P. O. Box 186, Dublin, Ireland. Air mail is fifteen cents, surface mail eight cents. Unless you wish to be an anonymous donor enclose your name and address and any little message you feel is appropriate so we shall be able to thank you. Until 21st February, then (Altruism Day).

© 1959, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND (There is no such thing as a *large* whiskey — *Oliver St. John Gogarty*)



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Give special Valentines, from Schwarz. Give Schwarz lace-trimmed, big, red hearts clustered with toys, dolls, and beautifully boxed. Choose from a full line of Valentine surprises for every body you know, like, love, or are fond of.

The 8½" tall smoking, walking bear above blows smoke rings, and his pipe glows. Battery operated. $6.00.

Send for Catalogue A-1

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"Marseillaise"—Silky broadcloth and fine oxford in true French Tri-colors. Toddler sizes 2, 3, 3x (with separate panty) or 3 to 6x $9., 7 to 12 $11. At fashion-aware stores or write.
Her Fashion Future Begins with
Celeste
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icap. This eight-year-old racer, who was flown up from Venezuela early in the week, was prominent almost from the start, and won, with something to spare, from Sharpsburg, not to mention Nadir, the odds-on favorite, who was a well-beaten third. It seems that Petare has been the best horse in Venezuela for several seasons, winning at all distances (from six furlongs to a mile and a half) and on both turf and dirt tracks. After he had ticked off another *classico* a few weeks ago, his owner, A. A. Dorato, who is a history professor at the Institute School in Caracas, decided to have a go at Hialeah. It clicked, and he not only collected a purse of $21,095 but, if he bet, got a bit more than 15–1 for his money. That's one way for a teacher to make ends meet. Come to think of it, a couple of stables that popped up here from Venezuela did all right in the 1955 Washington, D.C., International, finishing one, two with El Chama and Prendase.

THERE will be nine races a day at the Long Island tracks and at Saratoga this season. That will give racegoers another spin of the wheel of fortune and the stables a chance to pick up feed money for second-class horses, and it is also expected to add at least four million dollars to the state's revenue and a couple of million to the treasury of the New York Racing Association. Which is all very well, but if you ask me, the horseplayers are simply going to run out of money that much sooner, and dat ole davil kitty, the fifteen-per-cent mutuel take (ten per cent for the state, five for the Association), will get it all in the end. It'll have two hundred and fifteen days to do it in, too—five more than last year.

Happier rustlings of spring were the announcements that $125,000 would be added to the Belmont Stakes this year and $150,000 to the Preakness, and that Queen Elizabeth II would see the hundredth running of the Queen's Plate at The Woodbine on June 30th.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

In motion pictures, more and more
Events are shadowed forth before
The introductory element
That used to have no precedent.
We watch a hundred yards of plot
Unravel ere we know what's what,

TITLE

And when we do, we find the trend
Is also to postpone The End.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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Fun, gaiety, and relaxation! Every kind of vacation enjoyment is here at this luxurious resort hotel with a congenial Club atmosphere. Swimming in the warm, blue waters of Lido Beach on the Gulf, lazing on white sands of a palm-fringed private beach, fishing, yachting, golf, tennis and shuffleboard. Superb cuisine. Smart social life. American and European Plan.

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New Blessing for Hard of Hearing

Now at last the final important achievement for the new type of eye glass hearing aids has been perfected. Sonotone, the pioneer in the field of better hearing have announced their all important AVC—Automatic Volume Control.

No longer will a hard of hearing person find sudden, loud noises uncomfortable and even painful—no longer will both gentle and jarring sounds be amplified alike.

Now, thanks to the Sonotone Research Engineers, disturbing sounds will be screened out with their new Automatic Volume Control hearing aid glasses. The smallest parts ever used in a hearing aid were developed by the Sonotone laboratories for use in this exclusive AVC.

Full information on Sonotone's famous hearing aid glasses with the new Automatic Volume Control is available free at Sonotone, 570 Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. That's the Sonotone Building between 46th and 47th Streets.

(*Advertisement*)

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

WARRINGTON CRESCENT,
LONDON, W.9,
JANUARY 12, 1959

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

NOT long ago, you published a poem in which Phyllis McGinley, commenting on those full-page Rolls-Royce advertisements that have been appearing in your magazine, expressed a sense of loss at the disappearance of the chauffeur from behind the imperishable radiator. ("The new Rolls-Royce is designed to be *owner driven*. No chauffeur required.") It is a sense of loss that I share; the one and only Rolls I ever possessed was already a quarter of a century old when I acquired it, and with it came a yellowing handbook that adjured the owner to consider the advisability, in certain chilly circumstances, of having his man "throw a rug over the bonnet." But what I am writing you about is something that Miss McGinley did *not* comment on—something that leads me to suspect that she has never, alas, owned a Rolls-Royce herself. That is the bit in the advertisement about buying a Bentley if you feel too "diffident" to drive a Rolls. No one who has ever owned a Rolls could let that kind of thinking slide by unchallenged. It is eight years since, misty-eyed, I watched some unfeeling oaf drive *my* Rolls away—I needed the money—but I remember that of all the emotions I used to feel as I sat bolt upright behind that unchanged bonnet, diffidence was not one of them. My overriding emotion was one of confidence—an absolute belief that the Rolls would rescue me from any trouble. One night, in an ill-lit suburb of London, I knocked a man down as he crossed the road. I stopped the Rolls, and the man, who had only grazed his hand, swore profusely—until he saw what had assaulted him. Then he was silent. I got out just as a policeman who had seen the whole thing strolled across the road. "Are you all right, sir?" he asked me, with solicitude. I assured him that I was, and apologized for the incident, both to him and to the man. By this time, the policeman was gazing distantly at the man, and finally he said, "You're all right, aren't you? Very well, then, cut along."

The matter was closed. The Rolls aura had done its job. Had the car been an Austin or a Ford, or even a *brand-new* Rolls, the policeman would have

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"GOOSE GIRL" in lead—piped—42" high—$1,000.00, F.O.B. N.Y.C.
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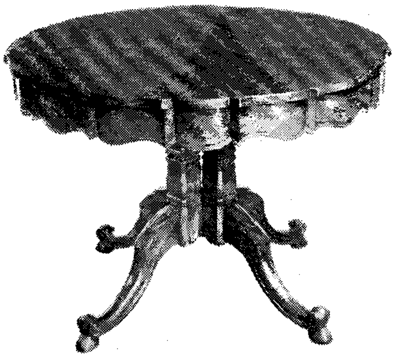
Bon Appétit



From our wide selection of interesting English and French dining tables. The circular one above is made from aged fruitwood, really substantially constructed, and finished in the antique manner. It's 42" in diameter and has 4 extra 13" leaves—two with aprons. Use one leaf and you have a beautiful oval dining table. Crating $15 beyond truck delivery area. F.O.B. N.Y.C. $295

Lloyds is jam-packed with antique and reproduction furniture and decorations. There's something for every room in the house. You'll also see many antique and one-of-a-kind pieces from old estates. Our buyers try to choose those items that will attract discriminating buyers without being prohibitive in price. Come in, see our stock, and let's chat a while.

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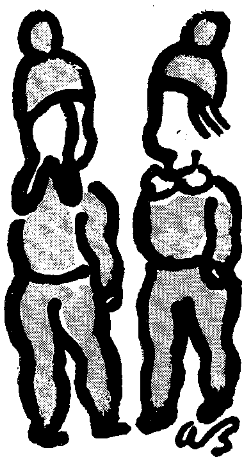
had his breast pocket undone and his notebook out before the fourteen coats of paint had recovered from their bruising by an alien body. In an *old* Rolls, you are completely unclassifiable, and therein, I would point out to Miss McGinley, is one of the advantages of being an owner-driver. The law is not going to run the risk of your turning out to be a Distinguished Visitor to Britain, gratifying some eccentric whim to drive around incognito in a vehicle that is about as self-effacing as Greta Garbo's sunglasses.

The Bentley captures some, but not quite all, of the aura of its sister car. I nearly became the owner of a 1936 Bentley recently after I came upon a friend of mine, a television director, walking slowly and smugly around a 1935 3½-litre model that he had just made his very own. Under his spell, I allowed myself to be taken to the man who had sold it to him. This splendid gentleman turned out to be a former Rolls-Royce senior mechanic who had set up his own repair business in an Aladdin's cave of an underground garage by Regent's Park. We drove down the ramp to join about two dozen coelacanthine monsters half hidden in the shadows—all Rolls-Royces and Bentleys. The head man came forward, and we found that he had on hand a 4¼-litre Bentley, with Thrupp & Maberly coachwork, that was in "quite nice nick." While it would no longer "go a ton"—reach a hundred miles an hour—it was still a fast and reliable motor. The aura was beginning to reach out and enfold me; I felt myself sinking gently, while my devilish friend looked on. The outcome was that I arranged to borrow the car for the weekend. Exulting, I drove the car out of the cave to the nearest service station, where I noted, with quiet satisfaction, that, as of yore, the attendant sprang forward with an eager smile, pausing only to pick up a chamois to wipe the windshield. The



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Exit 40 from Merritt P'kway, 15 Miles North on Rt. 7
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A WIFE often calls and asks if the Health Roof Club could help her husband relax. The answer is "Send him around. Let him be our house guest and see how the Club operates. Then he can decide for himself. No obligation." Entrances 247 Park and 480 Lexington (46 Street). YUkon 6-4747.

Bentley was giving me some of that old, unsought Rolls bonus.

On Saturday afternoon, my wife and I went to Charing Cross Station to pick up my mother and an old friend of ours, for we were going to take them to "My Fair Lady," at the Drury Lane. While my wife shared my new-found joy, my mother was less impressed, observing tartly that it was all a little foolish. I contented myself with waiting for the aura to reach her. We glided down to the theatre smoothly enough, and as we drove up to the entrance, I looked confidently for a commissionaire to come and open the rear door. One did come out, and then walked straight past us to a Rolls-Royce drawn up behind; as he did so, a great disillusionment fell upon me.

On Monday, I returned the Bentley. I felt too diffident driving it.

Yours sincerely,
NEVILLE BARKER

•

A cheery word—remarkable under the circumstances—comes from Charles R. Stephens of Menemsha and Fort Myers Beach, Fla., which, incidentally, is also an island. Charlie was to go to St. Petersburg last week to have the full cast sawed from his leg, after which he expected to be in a walker for another month.

During the war when he was serving in the Navy, he was blown up at Taranto, Italy, and when he came down he was badly smashed up. The aftermath then was a full body cast for four weeks. The same leg was broken in the same spot in his fishing accident of a few weeks ago, and since it happened at 4 A.M., he couldn't get help for two hours.

But his Florida accident won him a $15 first prize for the best fish story of the week in the Fort Myers News Press, a story on the first page, and radio and TV prominence.

Incidentally, though incapacitated, he is able to propagandize for the incorporation of Fort Myers Beach by acting the part of a blind—and crippled—beggar on the street. The purpose of this particular gag was to point out how Fort Myers Beach needs municipal incorporation and the accompanying police controls.—*Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) Vineyard Gazette.*

Anyway, he keeps out of mischief.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE GEOPHYSICAL SCENE

[*From the Ordnance Research Bulletin*]

Ideal characteristics of a man for space travel are said to be: age: 25; weight: 143 pounds; height: 5′7″; surface area: 1.75 square meters.

To avoid ennui, it is desirable that the space man have some other form of animal life with him as a pet. Such a pet should be intelligent, capable of being trained to do entertaining tricks, should be compact, and provide nourishing food in emergencies. The cockroach is said to meet these specifications perhaps better than any other form of animal life.

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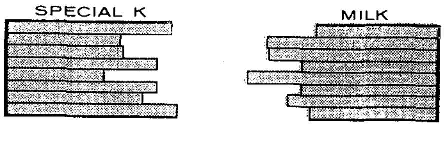
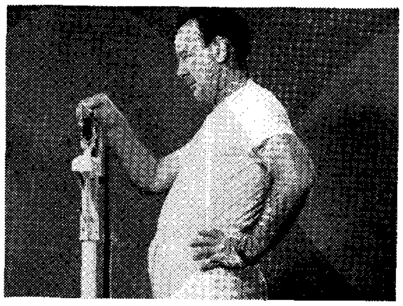


The chart shows how the eight (8) essential protein components of Special K and milk fit together to form a biologically complete protein—the kind that builds, maintains and repairs body tissues!

Kellogg's OF BATTLE CREEK



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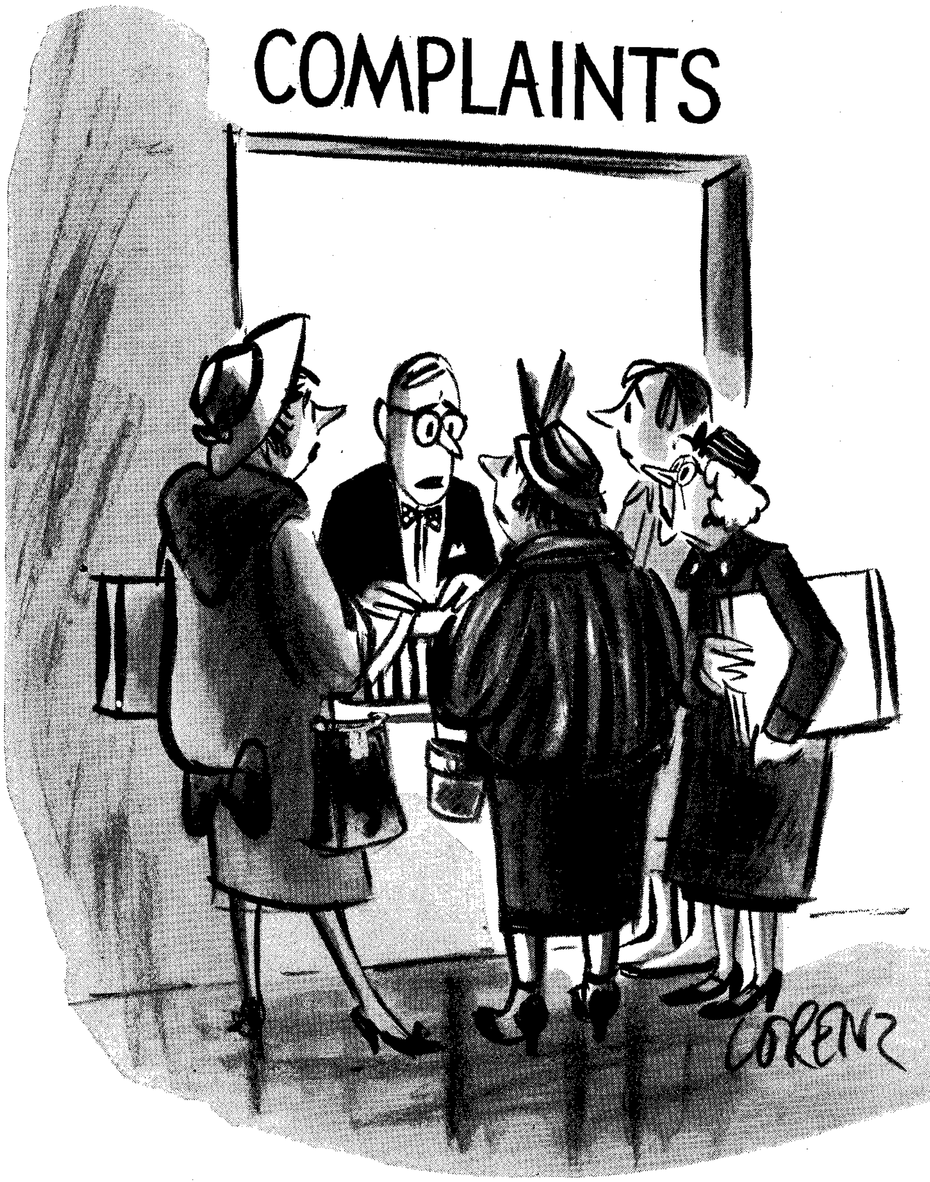
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

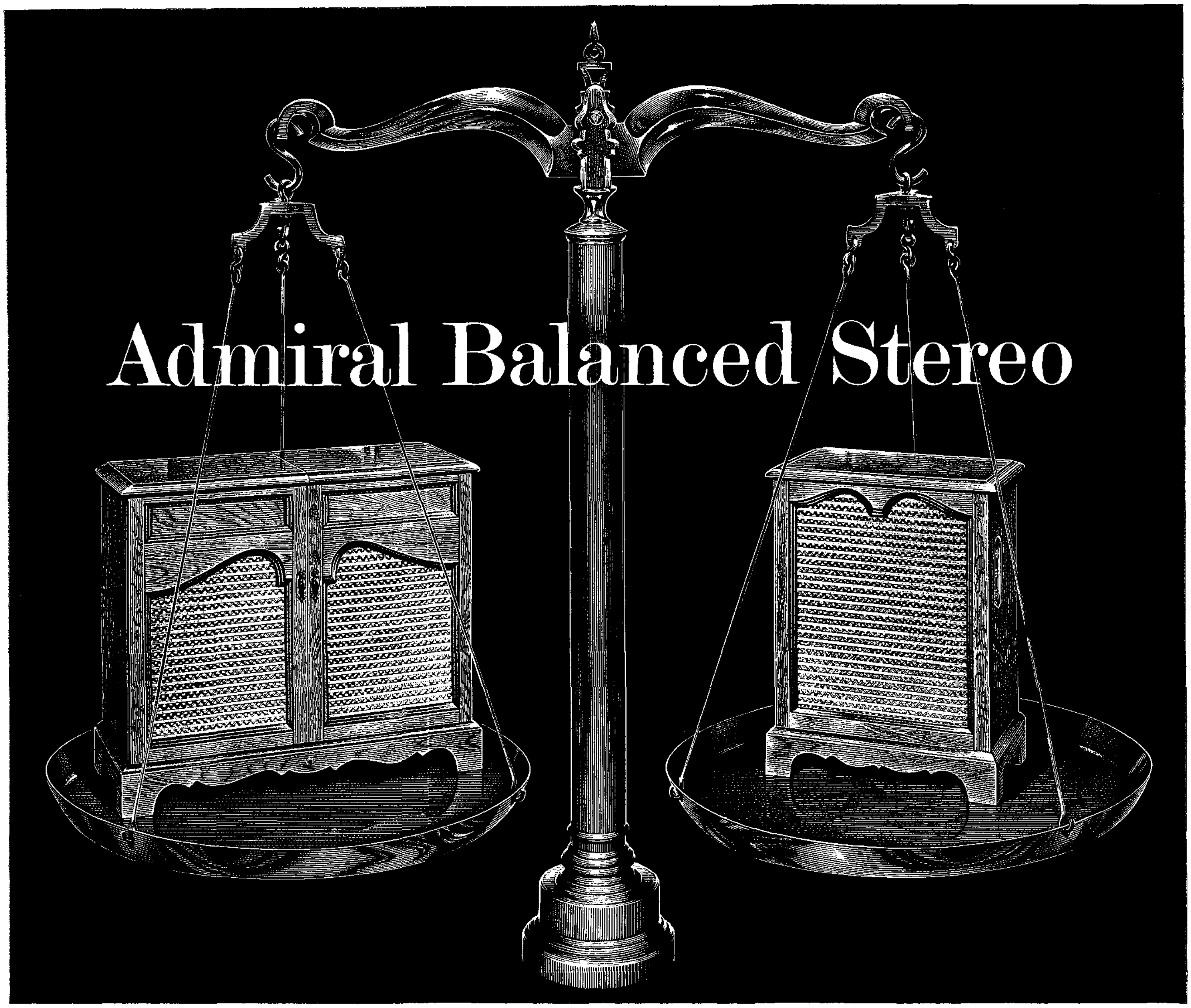
FEMININE FASHIONS

I CAN remember way back to when pink, blue, and yellow, in the innocuous shades favored for the best playpens, dominated even the casual clothes for resorts and country-in-the-summer, but this brand of genteel coloration is more and more giving way to a hoyden mood, and high time, too. What's vacation for, if not for sprawling? If colors *are* pale, they're in offbeat hues, like sage or raspberry, and are likely to suggest Oriental subtlety, but lots of prints have just gone savagely native, and no jungle has been left unexplored. As for cut, the happy news is that the tuck-in shirt, worn with slacks or shorts, is in its declining years; in its stead, tailored shirts, hanging to the hips, or (much newer) short, wide, boxy overjackets, usually with bateau necks and open armholes, are doing what they can to minimize stomachs and buttocks that should never, never have been forced into shorts or slacks in the first place. In the first category, Emilio Pucci, of Italy, has again done his classic silk shirts in bold patterns and incredible color combinations. These have long sleeves and French cuffs. Lord & Taylor and Saks Fifth Avenue own quantities of them in any number of new designs, accompanied by the unique Pucci tapered slacks of heavy raw silk in all sorts of plain colors. Though they're $49.95 apiece, they promise to be a uniform in spots like the Bath & Tennis, in Palm Beach, this winter and the Maidstone Club this summer. And there are Pucci's shorts, so very short that they all but disappear under the shirts. In the second category are the wide, boxy overblouses that appear at Bendel and Saks (among many other shops) as part of a perfect slacks costume—the pants and the upper part of the sleeveless top are of linen, in raspberry, pale green, and other colors, with an eight-inch band of matching linen around the lower part of the top; the tops are around $12, the pants around $20. At Best, and only at Best, is Greta Plattry's button-down-the-back overblouse, either of shiny orange cotton with tiny dots of pale yellow forming a horizontal stripe or of grass-green cotton with chartreuse stripes. The wide, elbow-length sleeves are gathered over the armholes to give extra width at the top. It's $11.95, and Miss Plattry urges everyone to wear her Rice Planter mid-calf trousers of hemp-colored linen with it; $14.95.

Because private swimming pools are multiplying (not just adding), there are many bathing suits of minimum coverage. Among Lord & Taylor's French bikinis ($22.95) is one in an incongruous prim Victorian gray-and-white floral print with bright-pink binding. You're not supposed to wear this on the boardwalk, even if you're Miss America, who is far too ladylike to do it herself. In place of the precarious strapless top for swimming (as opposed to sunning), we are now being given suits with a modest oval neckline in front (kind of a lowered version of the tank top), armholes for anchorage, and a back that actually dips below the sacroiliac. Bendel and Bonwit Teller are crowded with Swiss offerings, mostly maillots, of that Helanca knit (it's nylon, even if it looks like wool jersey with a velvety finish, and it has a two-way stretch). Fairly deep bra cups are sewn into them. The backs are either V or deep oval ones, and the knit is either solid colors or prints, one of them a petit-point sort of rose pattern on a white ground. They're $25 and $35. In the same league is Jantzen's lithe affair of pebbly cotton-and-orlon knit, with princesse seams down the body and a décolletage slashed to the waist in back. Gunther Jaeckel shows this in Shocking, French blue, deep peacock green, or black. Rudi Gernreich's maillots of wool are of the same type. Saks Fifth Avenue has them in orange, red, and olive,



"And then, besides being overworked and understaffed, the pay here is really quite miserable."



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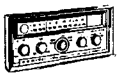
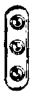

Master Control Panel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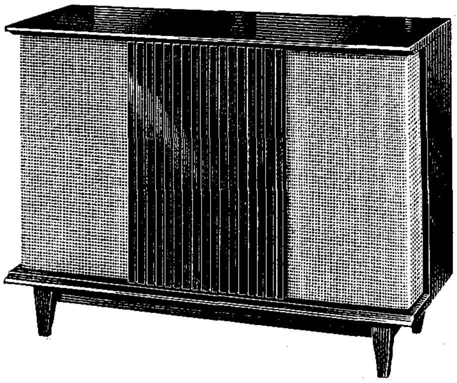

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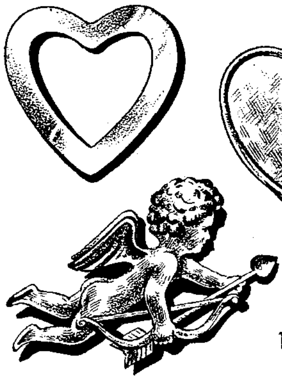

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to name three tints, and the prices range from $22.95 to $35. Gernreich, a long-term champion of wool knits, also offers a mohair maillot in two-inch checks of black, dark gray, and pale gray. It comes, too, in beige-to-orange tones, but the black-to-gray is simply terrific. Decorum and reserve are not wholly absent from bathing suits, though, and Elisabeth Stewart is one reason. (De Pinna is among her admirers.) White sharkskin Lastex (how good it is to see this again!) makes a sleek bathing suit with a fine bosom line, good curves down the torso, and boys' shorts. A long olive-green stem works its way up one side to end in an American Beauty rosebud over the heart; $22.95. Or else this "My Fair Lady" rose scheme is carried out all over the suit in graceful vertical stripes; this time, it has a tiny skirt in lieu of shorts. Either way, the back is low indeed. Stewart is responsible for one more knockout (I seem to have seen this everywhere, but I'm sure I saw it at Saks and Bendel), of elasticized sharkskin in black, white, pale blue, or yellow; $25. It has shoulder straps, a low back, and double-breasted pearl buttons curving down the front.

For years, people have crooned about mix-or-match combinations of separates. But in the first place one item always fades faster than another (particularly when one of them is exposed to salt water), and in the second the ensembles look too contrived for the slaphappy mood of today's vacationers. Still, there are virtues in the separates that the Saks Fifth Avenue Desert Shop specializes in. The odd colors, like rusty orange and sage green, make them distinctive, and they are dyed to match in a wider range of fabrics than usual, all the way from chiffons to a beautiful revival of doeskin flannel, for box-pleated or straight skirts. The separates turned out by Mr. Gee (authentically Oriental, and don't forget that it takes more than a frog fastening to make a Chinese summer) are of Kabuki silk, which has a fine horizontal rib, in an insistent pink or a rich, deep purple. There are pants at $30, a round-necked cardigan with frog fastenings down the front at $25, a sleeveless overblouse with frogs down the side at $23, and straight skirts at $20. The two colors mix perfectly. (At Gunther Jaeckel, among others.)

The twenties are implicit in the revival of the nautical separate jacket (Bendel has especially good imported ones in knits and flannels), and the Gay Nineties are implicit in the vertically striped blazer. Bonwit Teller

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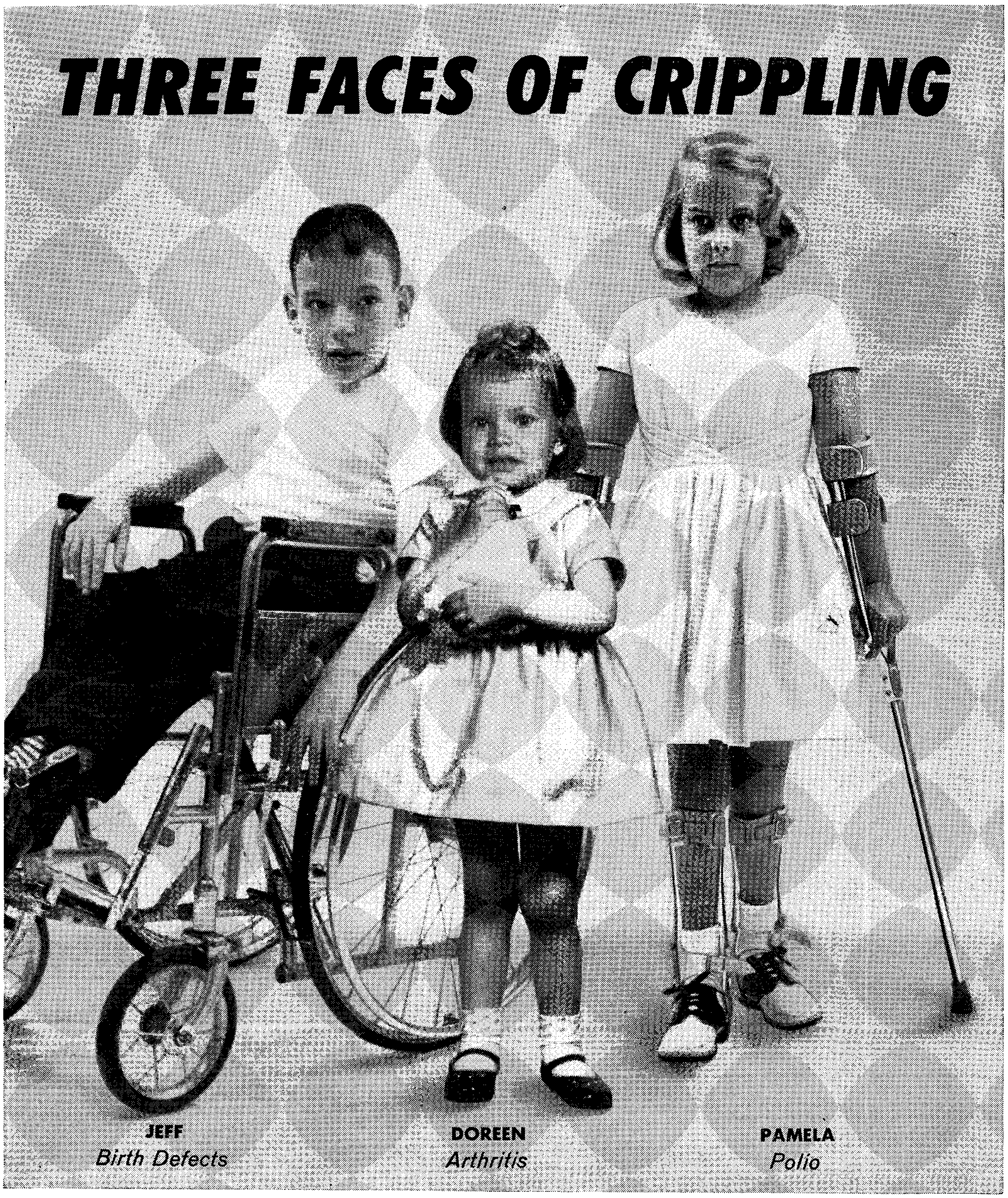
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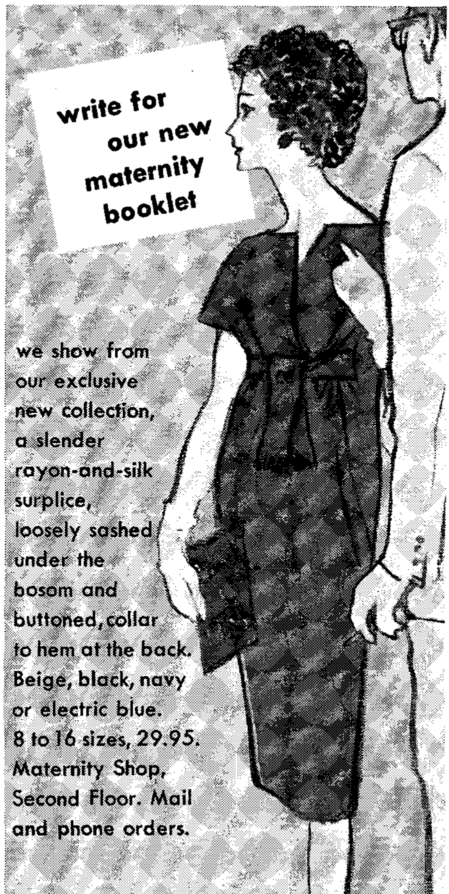
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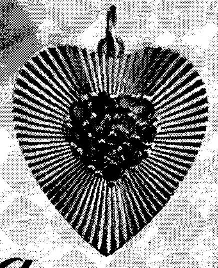

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offers some dandies in a firm lisle knit from Italy; $22.95. They are in plenty of pastel or vivid color combinations, the most obvious beauty being of maroon, navy, and white, and they would go with just about anything. A brand-new touch for the beach is play dresses cut just like the ones your five-year-old daughter wears. Catalina does a really girlish one of pale-blue or pink cotton brocade trimmed with a sort of tatting edge of tiny white star-shaped flowers. It's got a bateau neck, short sleeves, and a full, gathered skirt that ends well above the knees; at Macy. Gunther Jaeckel has one, from Cabana, of a childish red-and-white checked gingham with scalloped eyelet borders. The salient points are a boat neck, short sleeves, and a full skirt with a self sash. (We'll have to learn how to curtsy again and say, "Thanks for the nice time.") It's $19. One of the bathing suits to match ends in boys' shorts; the other is full-skirted and strapless.

Another novelty is tailored cotton raincoats that could double as dusters in automobiles and as town coats over commuters' sleeveless dresses. John Weitz is the inventor of some of the best. Such as a tan or black-and-white wood-block print with a sharp, deep Quaker collar and a buttoned fly front; a high tab and a buckle under the bosom give it an Empire line. Bendel gets $25 for this. Gunther Jaeckel presents some excellent examples, too. One, of cotton in a huge hound's-tooth check (mustard or black with white), has a wide stitched band around the collarless neckline and a vast pearl button at the neck. A high Empire seam makes the yoke, and there is a flare at the sides. Including a sou'wester to match, this is $25. A mixture of fireman's-red flax and cotton is the basis of another ingénue coat—a high-waisted drawstring top, a round collar, and black buttons down the front; $19. Among Altman's casual raincoats is a collarless one in tan poplin, with a high yoke and gathers below, as though it were a child's smock; $50. The pockets are so far down that you can hardly touch bottom with your fingers. Then there's Altman's hooded poplin cape, mid-thigh length, for sailing. A drawstring gathers it in around the neck, and touches of fake fur match the natural color or the black of the poplin; $25.

NOW, hand in hand, let us examine some of the major merriments for sunny-clime lounging on a shop-by-shop basis.

Altman's third floor will show you Mu-Mus designed (this is *designing*?) by Bill Hawes, who got his ideas from

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the long, full, and not especially beautiful shrouds the Pacific Islands missionaries imposed on the natives. The adaptations are considerably more beautiful. White cotton with splashy prints in black, red, or blue makes them. (The cotton is opaque, for who wants to wear a lot of underwear in hot weather?) They have short kimono sleeves, and the ankle-length ones are $12.95, the mid-thigh ones are $8.95. Now that skimpy bathing suits are universal, a beach smock is a necessity. Altman's nicest, with a square neck and gathers at the bosom line, is of terry cloth in blue, yellow, and white horizontal stripes; $13. Rose Marie Reid has turned out a frenzied play suit of cotton burlap ending in bottoms of Jamaica length. It's tucked through the midriff, and there is shirring down the ribs, for elasticity. The burlap is in a blurred pattern involving greens, blues, and chartreuse; $18. For dressier moods, the Altman boutique (it's called Studio 3) offers short, boxy organdie overblouses with elbow sleeves and round necks. The front is littered with yellow-centered daisies or else lilies of the valley, if the blouse is white; blue blouses are strewn with violets, and red ones with rose leaves. Leonard Fisher dreamed these up solely for Altman, and they're $25. A Claire McCardell outfit of cotton in a red-and-blue medallion print consists of a sun dress with a full skirt and a marvellous voluminous coat, full-length and collarless, with huge sleeves and lined with bright-yellow cotton, that could be worn over many things. The dress is $40, the coat is $65. Then, Brigance has presented Altman with a worldly beach outfit. Its long tunic (just below the knees), which has short sleeves and a bateau neck, is buttoned down the back and slashed way up the front to show its pants, of polished lilac-and-white cotton in a dogwood pattern. The tunic is of mauve pima cotton. Brigance also contributes a play suit of white Arnel with a sharkskin weave—a shallow V neck, short kimono sleeves, and slanting pocket detail placed very low—and a beach shirt with a pointed collar.

LORD & TAYLOR's sports department has a passel of interesting imported bathing suits besides those bikinis I was talking about earlier. From Milan come several of knitted *silk* in black, bright red, Mediterranean blue, or mushroom; $39.95. All are sparse maillot types; some are entirely ribbed, some have ribbed waistbands, some are ribbed as far as the waist. A willowy Hermès suit of light-gray elasticized faille is covered

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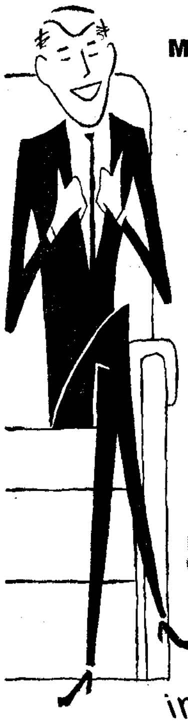

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with black wasps, and one of elasticized white satin is dotted with prim yellowish flowers; $69.95 each. And, among the little-girl play dresses around town, none is more entrancing than a French white cotton one with horizontal bands of red-and-blue Zouaves and drummer girls. The silly thing is given a high red waistband, and there are red short shorts beneath; $49.95.

THE ensemble of pants (almost invariably tapered) and a loose, wide top is everywhere. Bendel likes its own version, of shantung in cooked shrimp or bright turquoise with a literal shirttail jacket; $50. Another Bendel is of warp-printed silk bearing mauve-to-red flowers. A combination of burlap and a bright silk print results in (1) a fat burlap jacket buttoned down the back, with a print band around the neck and down the front, and (2) print Bermuda shorts. In Bendel's assortment of nautical jackets is a blazer by Ellen Brooke, of red or navy wool jersey with a red, white, and blue striped silk lining and six smoked-pearl double-breasted buttons; $65. And here, too, you'll find that the two-piece bathing suit still exists. One sample, by Caltex, is of a patterned piqué, black on black or white on white. The bra top has armholes, like a nautch dancer's working clothes. Below, at a distance, are short shorts with a tiny double belt colored mango orange and white; $20. Another $20 item is a mandarin beach jacket of black piqué with mango trim and lined with mango cotton. A wide band of white cotton goes down one side, and a band of mango goes down the other.

SKIN divers should feel at home in Saks Fifth Avenue, where there are bathing suits of a firm, elasticized cotton knit, with long, skinny sleeves and long leotard legs. There practicality ends, for the tops are likely to be décolleté indeed, and Empire belts occur just below the breast. Polly Hornberg, of Bermuda, thought these up, and they cost from $29.95 to $37. One is all horizontal stripes—turquoise and olive, black and white, pink and white, blue and white—or solid black; another, all black, has a black-and-white striped Empire belt. There's a lot of stuff from Calypso here, some made only for Saks. Such as checks, which Saks seems to love—the giddier the better. Vivid checks an inch and a half wide decorate a cotton overblouse with a bateau neck; $19.95. The same checks, partly outlined by what looks like pulverized sequins, make mid-calf pants. Calypso is also the progenitor of madras pants costumes striped in good

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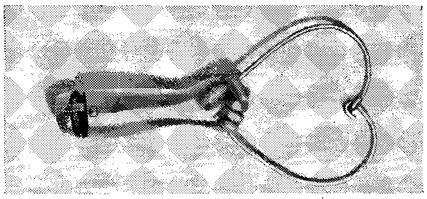

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muted colors, and of coveralls in plaid madras. (Only fourteen yards of any one madras pattern are woven, so you won't see yourself coming and going.) Cole of California is also cashing in on checks—Thailand silks printed in giant squares (turquoise, purple, red, and so on). This goes into bathing suits with a crossed drape on the chest and a sidewise drape down the body. The back is entirely shirred; $35.

BONWIT TELLER'S Wragge Beachcomber dress is a skinny knee-length sheath of white cotton broadcloth with a round neck and open short sleeves; $25. Wide, horizontal paintbrush stripes (in greens and purples and turquoise, or in mustard, black, and gray) start at one side and go around the back. It's ideal to put over bathing suits (or simply one's own naked self) for lunch at a cabaña or for a fast trip to the village. For sailing, there are exceptionally serviceable pants of cotton knit that move with the body. In turquoise, red, green, or black; $17.95 is the price. Some of the separate jackets at Bonwit are of Chinese ancestry. They're of cotton with a shantung weave, and they have band necks, the inevitable frogs, and slits at the sides. In solid colors (turquoise and coral are two), they're $8.95; in natural color with colored frogs and imprinted Chinese characters, they're $12.95. Several of Bonwit's French bathing suits are handsome constructions of elasticized nylon. A number have a tiny skirt across the front, and a very low back. They run from $25 to $35. A suit of nylon taffeta in a blurry print is boned down the ribs to insure a nice nip in at the waist, and there's shirring besides. The taffeta, which is tissue weight, feels like kittens' fur. Then there are lunatic beach hats from Italy, as well as lots of straw handbags. My favorite bag (a suitcase, really) is a spend-the-day-at-the-beach size, of rough straw in bright yellow, brown, blue, or several colors. It's fifteen by seventeen inches and five and a half inches deep, and it costs $12.95.

ONE of De Pinna's bathing suits is in Rose Marie Reid's horizontally striped Safari cotton print. The elephants, bearers, and all the other fauna of the stripes are in bright reds, greens, and purples. This is used for a slim bathing suit with an encircling pleated flounce that starts just below the hips; $19.95. Another Reid gem is a suit of Lurex, cotton, and rubber in a lamé effect (red with gold, white with silver—like that). The bosom is draped and there is a sidewise swirl from the low

Attention All Readers of Page 71

Did you get the message? Are you sold on trying the wares of the Whiskey Distillers of Ireland (we're one of them) so jovially expounded in the above-mentioned page? Then you must be facing a great decision: Which of the eight brands of Irish Whiskey to try? So, attention, please!

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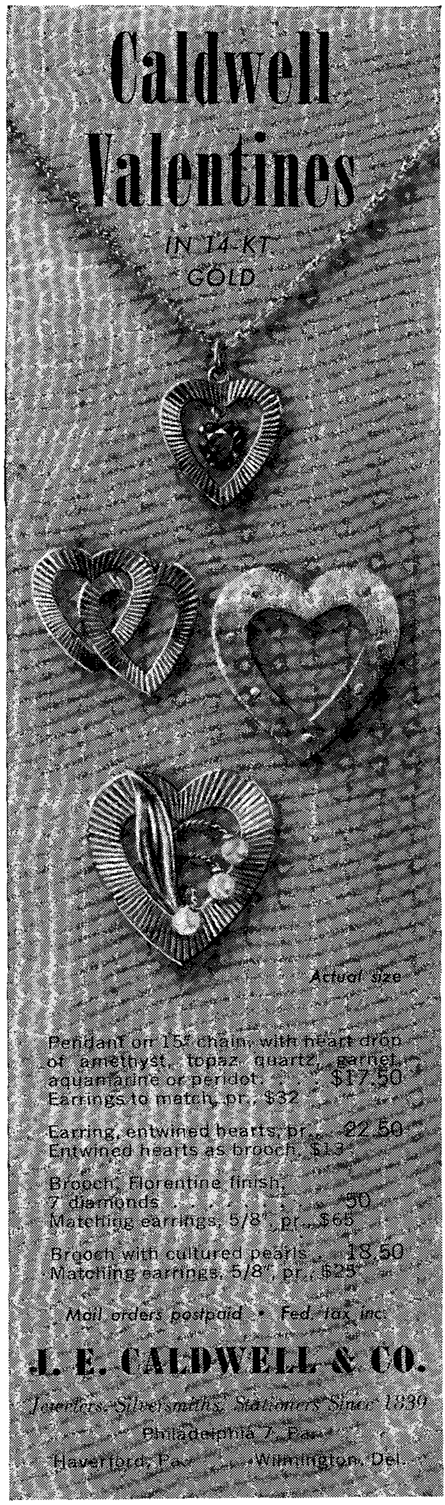
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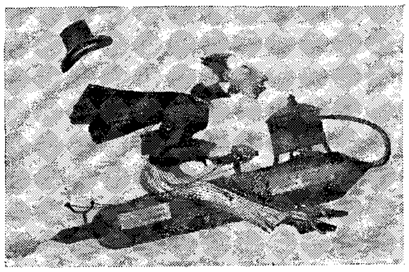
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waistline down toward one hip; $29.95. De Pinna admires Cabana's ideas about sarong bathing suits, which are draped up at one side. A poppy print in red, brown, or sapphire on white makes one with attached panties, and there's a slender wraparound skirt to match. Let me add one touch of utter madness to the scene—Kleinert's bathing-cap wig, which is all rubber petals in red-to-pink carnation tones; $6.

I'M not at all sure that Hawaii should be the fiftieth state—at least if it persists in putting huge pink strawberries and bright-orange daisies on a white piqué background. The bathing suit this makes for Gunther Jaeckel is endearing, though—a narrow, mid-thigh tunic slashed at the sides, with orange cotton bows at the top of the slits. There are *tiny* separate shorts to go with it. A tank-top bathing suit of that Helanca synthetic in an exceptionally fresh print of pink and raspberry carnations and blue-green leaves on a white ground goes at $25. Next comes a Cole of California one-piece bathing suit of pink or blue flowered cotton, all shirred across the back beneath an extra-low décolletage. It's typical Cole, and Cole has never been topped in shirred suits. With it goes a little-girl play dress whose cluster-pleated print skirt hangs from a camisole bodice of plain pink or blue; $25 for the pair. And now Cole's real brainstorm—Toe Beaux, which is a pair of toe rings with a flower of nylon velvet on top. The flower is two inches and a half wide. Fun, even if your feet are pretty; $2.50.

ONE of the spankiest prints in a town that is full of them belongs to Peck & Peck—a white Arnel piqué covered with green leaves, plus blobs (indicating some sort of manic fruit) in sapphire, yellow, orange, red, and on and on. Among the things it's used for are bathing suits with boys'-shorts bottoms, plus a blue bow to suggest a high front waistline. These are for slender figures. For more mature ones (sizes up to 20), there's a suave suit with a circular skirt and widish shoulder straps. The print is also employed for full-skirted sun dresses, shorts, and even flat-heeled shoes; $12.95 to $29.95. Cole has made for Peck & Peck a cotton sarong bathing suit of enormous shaded checks—yellows and greens, reds and oranges, blues and mauves. This cotton is also used for a most flattering sun dress—shirring down the ribs for an easy fit, a circular flare at the sides, and absolute flatness down the front and back instead of puffiness. There are

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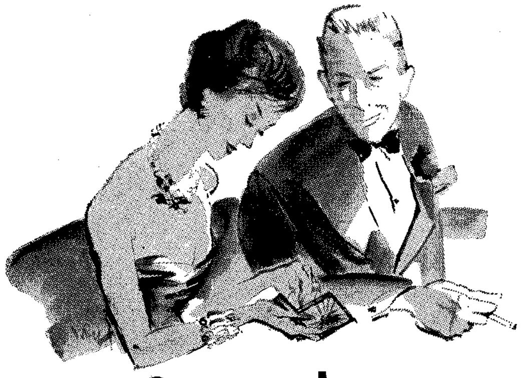
up-and-down gathers over the bosom and shoulder straps on the low back; $29.95. An elongated sweatshirt the likes of which Marlon Brando never wriggled into is of vivid horizontal one-inch stripes—blue and poison green on white, pink and red on black, lilac and purple on turquoise, or red and navy on white; $7.95. To accompany it on sailing expeditions, there are tapered white pants of chino cotton or cotton knit. The establishment's favorite beach jacket is of white terry cloth with black and gray terns wheeling all over it. It has a band neck and cuffed elbow sleeves; $13.95. Black, red, or natural raffia makes a hula skirt to drop over the crowns of beach hats or to be worn by a child with a waist measurement to match your head size; $1.95.

MACY'S South Shop, on the third floor, teems with goodies, such as Ardee's sports separates of Sharkcord, a synthetic fabric that needs virtually no ironing. The color is Gulden's mustard. Slacks of it are $6.98, Jamaica shorts are $5.98, and a stubby white middy with mustard piping and a mustard bib is $6.98. Alex Colman contributes a fine white burlap covered with gold snowflakes. Bermuda shorts of this are $8.98, and a handsome white orlon cardigan, printed to match, is $12.98. Macy thinks that slacks and overshirts to match are more up-to-date than printed-and-plain combinations. One set is of taupe shantung with purple-red roses and dull-green leaves. The slacks are $22.95; shirts with convertible collars are $11.95. Eddy George makes similar stuff of a tie silk that is all vital stained-glass colors. From Italy comes the baggiest overblouse extant, covering tiny shorts that barely show beneath. Enormous medallions and oblongs in reds and browns cover its cotton and are appliquéd on each side to produce one round and one oblong pocket. The blouse is $29.95, the shorts are $10.95. There are Empire lines in Rose Marie Reid's bathing suits of white elasticized faille with a bow and buckle way up on the diaphragm. But it is Catalina that has given Macy the most dazzling display of versatility. A black-and-white foulard pattern on elasticized faille makes a $17.95 bathing suit with bolero detail to impart an Empire look; a brilliant shantung print makes a flattering $17.95 suit with a surplice top that assures nice shaping to the bosom, is smooth down the front, and has shoulder straps above a very low back and shirring across below this; little-girl play dresses and bathing suits appear in the pink or blue cotton brocade I've already re-



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ferred to. The last Catalina is a "God Bless Our Cabaña" sort of fabric that makes you think of an Italian confirmation dress. It's a crossbarred white cotton that is as sheer as a handkerchief. There's a long-waisted bathing suit with horizontal tucks through the middle and a minute skirt, at $17.95, and a sheer, full-sleeved matching shirt, at $9.95. I don't understand these (you might sunburn to death), but it's my duty to tell you about them.

GRETA PLATTRY has been investigating the Philippine Islands, and customers of Best are the gainers. Her checks are the biggest of any so far—four inches square—in dusty mauves, oranges, reds, and so forth. These appear on a smooth cotton that fashions dresses with a collar like a shoulder cape and with buttons down the bodice and the softly pleated skirt; $25. Another dress, for later in the day, has gold and colored-thread embroidery superimposed on the print around the hem and on the camisole top. The same fabric is the basis of bathing suits with boys'-shorts bottoms that are made Oriental solely by a frog at the top of the tiny side slits, and a beach coat with a band collar, raglan sleeves that are quite wide at the ends, and a pyramid effect. Sarong bathing suits over bloomer panties are of cotton broadcloth in bright blue or pineapple yellow, entirely covered with gold-thread traceries and embroidered flowers. There are also cocktail Bermuda shorts of this, as well as shirts with embroidery down the front panel and (more appropriately, to my mind) a full-skirted cocktail dress with one wide, slanting shoulder strap. Another Plattry print is a polished cotton with Oriental designs in a darker shade—pink on maroon, yellow on gold. An occasional blue butterfly flits across this background. A bathing suit of it has an elasticized back and obi-bow detail across the front. The slender wraparound skirt ties on one hip and shows one knee.

NOW all you have to do is get you to one of those vibrating Stauffer couches and acquire a figure worthy of all this. —LOIS LONG

•

He said that the anti-rabies crusade will begin in January, and that first pet dogs will be vaccinated, and then all stray dogs will be eliminated by poisoning. Other aspects of the campaign will be a strict vigilance over persons by dogs.—*Caracas Daily Journal.*

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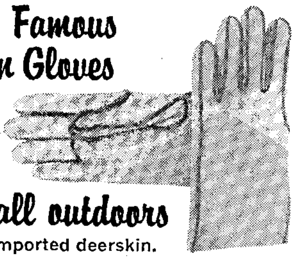

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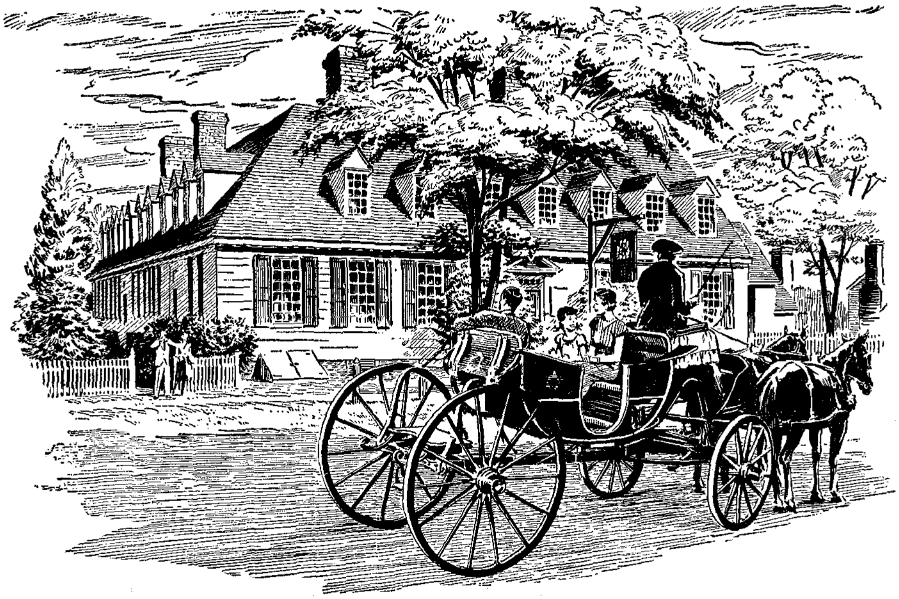
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Dream of Elgar

SINCE I prefer to take my religious mysticism, if at all, in philosophic rather than poetic terms, I am not naturally predisposed to like John Henry Cardinal Newman's poem "The Dream of Gerontius"—or, at any rate, such portions of it as were used by the late Sir Edward Elgar for the libretto of his oratorio of the same title. In my view, the story this libretto conveys—that of a soul's adventures after death—is rhetorically conceived, too remote from human concerns to be truly dramatic, and too commonplace in its imaginative values to be truly apocalyptic. As a scaffolding on which to hang some two hours of singing and playing by a chorus of regimental proportions, a large orchestra, and several soloists, it seems to me undeniably thin. Yet the music Elgar has composed for it has a sturdy, masculine nobility that, for me, redeems these weaknesses, and the performance of it that Sir John Barbirolli, the New York Philharmonic, the Westminster Choir, and the appropriate assortment of solo singers presented at Carnegie Hall last Friday afternoon struck me as a rather stirring affair. Elgar's score is completely sincere and unself-conscious, the product of a serene musical mind and of a mastery of technique so consummate that it need never call attention to itself. The music sings about things like repentance, divine judgment, and peace far more eloquently than the words that go with it, and it is composed as an organic whole, with all the details of harmony and melody conforming to a grand pattern of climax and catharsis. As modern religious oratorios go—and by "modern" I mean written since the time of Mendelssohn—this is, I think, a reasonably strong one. Sir John Barbirolli conducted it with great sensitivity and obvious sympathy, the Westminster Choir held to its usual good standards, and Maureen Forrester, Richard Lewis, and Morley Meredith sang the contralto, tenor, and baritone solos, respectively, very well indeed.

ON Thursday evening, the Metropolitan tackled Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" for the first time this season, and presented no fewer than three



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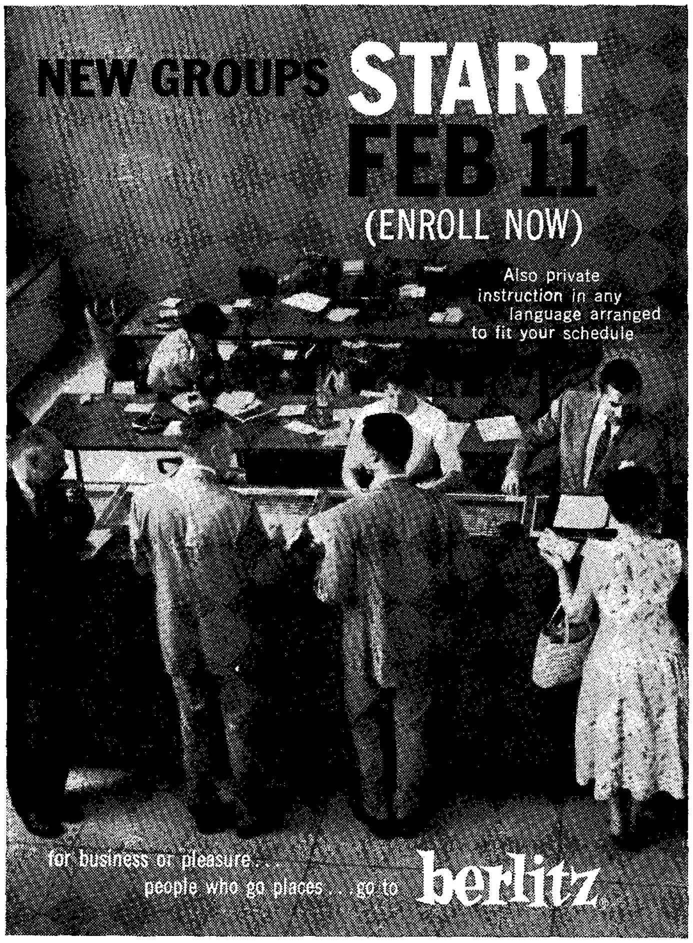
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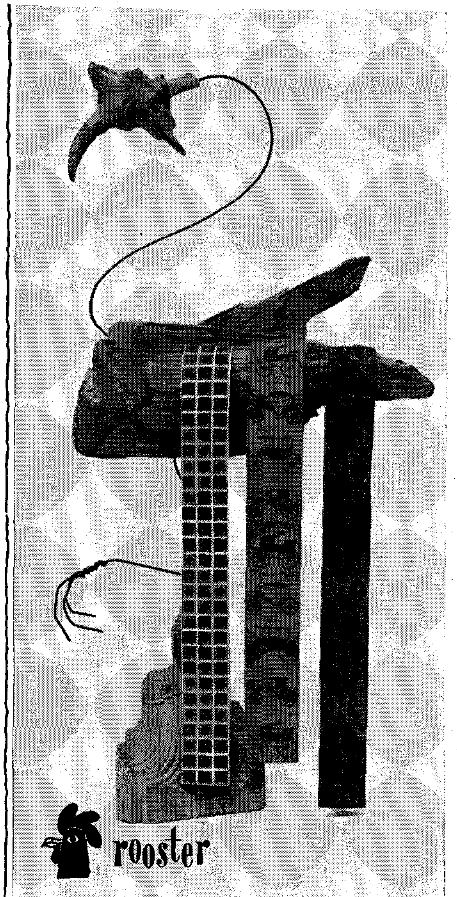
new Central European singers in various roles—an event suggesting that General Manager Rudolf Bing is extremely busy these days trying to assemble the makings of a permanent cast capable of bringing Wagnerian opera back to the state of splendor it enjoyed here fifteen or twenty years ago. His big problem is, of course, to find a first-rate *Heldentenor*—something that hasn't existed, at least at the Metropolitan, since the best days of Set Svanholm and Ramon Vinay, whose voices both seemed to deteriorate spectacularly under the strain the job imposes. Thursday night's new candidate—Sebastian Feiersinger, who sang Walther von Stolzing (a rather light example of a *Heldentenor* role)—did not, I am afraid, turn out to be the answer to an impresario's prayer. Though he went through his routine paces with a fairly experienced air and sang his notes in tune, he lacked the power, the brilliance, the arresting stage presence, the sustained breath control, and pretty much everything else that a great *Heldentenor* must have.

The other newcomers fared much better. Karl Doench, in the role of Beckmesser, made an admirable dramatic impression and had a voice large enough to outsing the chorus in the riot scene at the end of the second act—an achievement that I have not come across very often. Marko Rothmuller, as the Meistersinger Fritz Kothner, disclosed a serviceable, if slightly ponderous, baritone voice and an amount of acting ability that gave this ordinarily minor part a very distinct physiognomy. Among the artists who were familiar in their roles, Otto Edelmann, as Hans Sachs, seemed to be having an off night, and Lisa Della Casa did not give the part of Eva anything more than the passive, agreeably lyric quality that is its minimum requirement. It seemed to me that the main vocal honors, aside from Mr. Doench's Beckmesser, were carried off by Paul Franke, whose David is one of the finest I have heard anywhere, and by the American artist Giorgio Tozzi, who, as Pogner, proved again that he is incapable of an undistinguished performance.

From what I have said thus far, you might easily infer that this was a pretty spotty "Die Meistersinger," but in spite of the flaws I have mentioned, that was not the case. Mr. Edelmann's Sachs, though not up to his best, was still an engaging portrayal, and, apart from the quality of the singing, there were a number of things about the production that I found quite striking. For one, the conducting of Karl Boehm was au-



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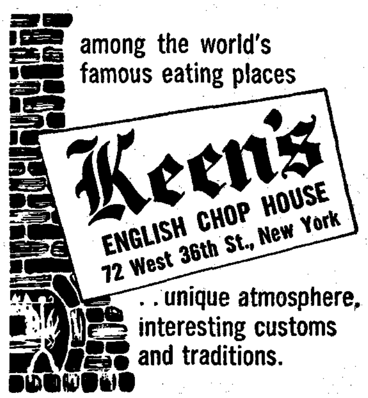
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thoritative and lucid—even a shade more assured than his work in the "Don Giovanni" of the previous week. For another, the stage direction, by Nathaniel Merrill, was unusually perceptive—so much so that the assemblage of Meistersingers in the first act constituted a complex study in individual personality and far transcended the customary dull collective enterprise that is apt to make this scene a bore. Moreover, owing to the imagination and resourcefulness of both Mr. Boehm and Mr. Merrill, the second act—certainly one of the shining jewels of the Wagnerian repertoire—achieved some of the real dramatic poetry that rightfully belongs to it. Beckmesser's abortive serenade and the ensuing riot, contrasted with the love music of Walther and Eva, and enclosed between the two songs of the night watchman (done beautifully by Clifford Harvuot), emerged with a delicate sense of balance and showed an affectionate touch reminiscent of the most memorable performances of the work.

EARLIER last week, on Monday evening, Thomas Scherman and the Little Orchestra Society resuscitated Gluck's "Iphigénie en Tauride" in a concert performance at Carnegie Hall. The production as a whole was hardly inspired, though there was some excellent singing here and there by such conscientious and dedicated artists as Gloria Davy (who seems to be gaining in assurance), Martial Singher, and Leopold Simoneau. In these times, it is hard to believe that the old opera was once considered a revolutionary work, in which the art made a stride forward toward realism and the expression of natural passion. Perhaps the fact that Mozart, only a few decades later, succeeded the stride with an incredible leap has something to do with this impression. At any rate, "Iphigénie en Tauride" today seems a remarkably staid and formal affair, with a plot much too complex for comfort—something that can be saved only by the most meticulous classical artistry. And this kind of artistry, I am afraid, it did not get the other night.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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P. Johnson, Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, and Jess Stacy, has become hopelessly diminished. For despite its vast numbers, the army of modern jazz pianists that has inexplicably appeared in recent years (an enormous number of L.P.s, each by a different performer) has almost nothing in common with its predecessors. Indeed, these pianists resemble a house of mirrors. Each reflects or distorts Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, or Lennie Tristano—the only original pianists (with one notable exception) of the past decade—or, worse than that, copies the others. Not surprisingly, they have a common stylistic denominator. In the right hand, it consists of long, hard melodic lines in single notes, sounded like ping-pong balls (as opposed to, say, the almost angelic transparency of Stacy's celebrated unscheduled solo in the "Sing, Sing, Sing" played at Goodman's 1938 Carnegie Hall concert), or of thick, box-toed chords that clump heatedly and meaninglessly around the keyboard in staccato ranks. In the left hand, one finds largely inaudible murmurs, or spasmodic offbeats that tend to underline the essentially nervous, disconnected air of the right hand. The total effect is colorless, unfinished, metallic, and monolithic. The one exception to all this is Erroll Garner, the remarkable thirty-seven-year-old bravura pianist from Pittsburgh, who, though he is comparable to no one, belongs, in manner and scope, with Hines, Tatum, and Waller. Two recent releases, one involving the epitome of modern pianists, Hampton Hawes ("All Night Session! with the Hampton Hawes Quartet," Contemporary C3545-3547), and the other Garner ("Paris Impressions: Erroll Garner," Columbia C2L9), serve, respectively, as perfect illustrations of this current disease and what, for a time at least, seemed its antidote.

Garner is already a genuine legend. During the past fifteen years, he has made more solo records than any other jazz pianist, alive or dead (between five hundred and a thousand for well over seventy labels, some of which, it is said, stay in existence by simply pirating his recordings back and forth), including a recent release, "Concert by the Sea" (Columbia CL 883), that is reported to be one of the four or five most popular jazz records ever put out. (Garner is phenomenal in a recording studio; in a few hours he sometimes sets down, without pause or retakes, a dozen or more numbers, some of them eight or ten minutes in length.) The reasons for his Sinatralike acclaim are

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puzzling. It began, of course, with the near-adoration that, until not long ago, many admirers of jazz had for him. (Bohemian's Law, that true art originates only in the garret, still operates to an astonishing degree in jazz; when an occasional jazz musician breaks into the big time, he immediately becomes suspect and, often as not, is dropped from all rolls of honor.) More than that, Garner's appeal probably stems not from his style, which is unbendingly rococo and eccentric, but from the easily accessible flash, geniality, and warmth that continually propel it—qualities that once contributed a good deal to the success of such otherwise second-rate musicians as Gene Krupa, Harry James, and Charlie Barnet. A short, ebullient, parrot-nosed man who invariably accompanies himself with an infectious and appreciative series of grunts, hums, buzzes, and exclamations ("Uh-huh," "Yahhm," "Oho"), which seem to double the already high emotional level of his music, Garner is a totally untutored musician who cannot read a note of music. Basically, his plush, pumping orchestral style is divided into two quite different approaches—the rhapsodic and the stomping. When Garner rhapsodizes, he ebbs and floods all over the keyboard, producing, with frequent use of the pedal, vaporous pillows of sound, full of vague chords and trailing, blurred strings of notes. It takes a steady beat to marshal his peculiar characteristics. These involve an extraordinary, almost melodramatic sense of dynamics that no other jazz musician has dared use, and a shifting, highly distinctive rhythmic attack, both of which result in the transmission of pure lumps of emotion through an instrument that in jazz can be flatly inimical to eloquence.

Garner's introductions, which sometimes last eight bars, are often complete, if irregular, compositions in themselves. In a typical medium-tempo number, he may start with heavy, seesawing chords in the left hand that, pitted against his right hand, which repeats or improvises in broken rhythms upon a simple, sharply plucked figure, produce the tantalizing effect of rapid backing and filling. When the listener has been bullied into a cliff-hanging frame of mind (on top of all this, Garner's introductions never indicate what they are introducing), he abruptly slices his volume by two-thirds and drops lightly and offhandedly into the first chorus. Staying close to the melody, his right hand may play barely struck chords that lag just behind the beat, while his left hand settles into metronomic dum-dum-dum chords, each dropped precisely on the

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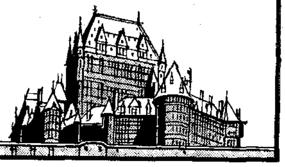

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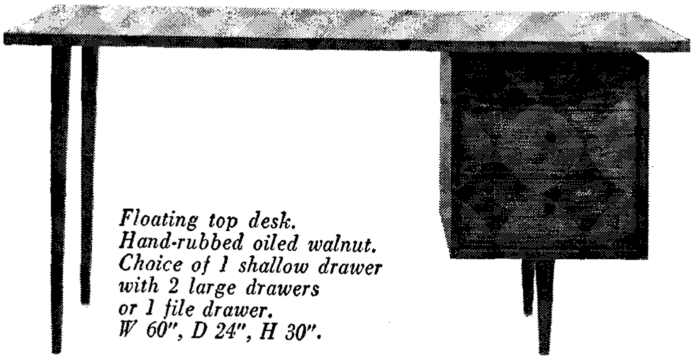

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beat. Before the end of the chorus, he will slip back into jockeying, arhythmic figures, increase his volume, drop it again, and slide into the next chorus, where his left hand begins frequently interrupting its strumming with sharp, perfectly spotted offbeats and his right hand starts dancing off marvellous, hoppety single-note patterns that leap through several octaves, continually circling the beat but never quite landing on it, as if it were electrified. Carrying an increased volume intact into the following chorus, he will shift into a complex of wobbling tremolo chords (right hand) and blocklike thumpings (left hand), which, when he reaches the bridge of the tune, he abruptly abandons for warring contrapuntal single-note lines, played by both hands. The final chorus, though often a simmering-down version of the first, often dissolves into a wandering, uneasy coda, which is suddenly clapped shut with a heavy chord, as if by a gust of wind.

For all its wonders, Garner's style, which has changed very little during the past decade, has become so rigidly perfect within its own terms that it borders on monotony. The nimble, devious single-note passages begin, after a time, to sound much alike, the jumbled, chorded interludes can be spotted miles away, the this-way, that-way rhythmic approach never gains in subtlety or variety, the tremolo chords (similar to those once used so effectively by the old-time blues pianists) reappear too often. The enormous vitality in his work seems, because it can find no new outlets, to be ceaselessly turning back on itself or getting out through variations of variations of the same old figures. Like any Mandarin stylist, Garner must be sampled, not swallowed.

That, in fact, is the best approach to his new album, which contains eighteen numbers, two-thirds of them his own celebration of a recent tour of France. He is accompanied throughout by bass and drums. The tempos are restricted to slow and medium, and in only a handful ("Left Bank Swing," "La Petite Mambo," and "The French Touch"), which include, in addition to some spirited single-note passages, several of his inimitable bridges (complete with assorted grunts), does he get down to business. This also happens when, for four selections, he shifts for the first time to the harpsichord. The results are memorable, especially in a slow, blueslike number of his own, "Don't Look for Me," in which, by using rapidly changing combinations of watery tremolos, by stating the melody

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in the left hand while banging out wild, spindly figures in the right, and by generally revelling in the sonorities of the instrument, he manages to sound like a carillon booming Napoleon's defeat at Moscow.

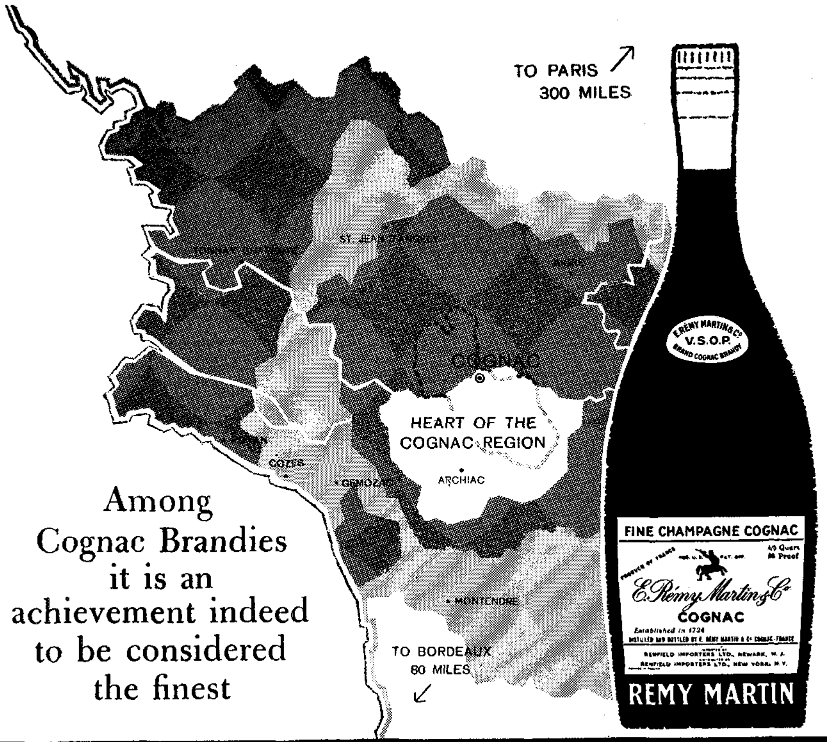
Hampton Hawes, a thirty-year-old from the West Coast, is a one-man anthology of the rest of modern jazz piano. The "All Night Session" records, which were made two years ago during one long, uninterrupted evening, have been widely praised, probably more for their jam-session origins than for their musical content. Hawes, who is accompanied by Jim Hall on guitar, Red Mitchell on bass, and Bruz Freeman on drums, plays sixteen numbers, including an equal sprinkling of blues, standards, bop-era tunes, and his own numbers. The average playing time is over seven minutes, and there are a couple of numbers that last for eleven minutes. It's a remarkable six-day bicycle race. The records are a catalogue of the styles of a dozen pianists, including Horace Silver, Oscar Peterson, and Bud Powell (very strong), Monk and George Shearing (strong), and Johnny Williams and John Lewis (not so strong). What results is a tough, vigorous, sweating pastiche, which is at its most energetic in a long, medium-tempo blues, "Hampton's Pulpit" (Horace Silver kibitzing), and at its most meaningless in a fast "Groovin' High" (Oscar Peterson kibitzing). Hall is intelligent but subdued, as is Freeman, while Mitchell, a powerful singing bassist who plays in the manner of Charlie Mingus, is direct and forceful. If it were not for his onward-and-upward manner, one might suspect Hawes of attempting a parody of all modern jazz piano. He'd have succeeded brilliantly.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

What now is the definite, the permanent outcome? What new islets raise their fronded palms in air within thought's musical domain? Over what age-gray barriers rise the fragrant floods of this new springtide, redolent of the wolf-haunted forests of Transylvania, of far Erdély's plunging river, Maros the bitter, or broad mother Volga at Kazan? What victory heralded the great rocket for which young Lobachevski, the widow's son, was cast into prison? What severing of age-old mental fetters symbolized young Bolyai's cutting-off with his Damascus blade the spikes driven into his door-post and strewing over the sod the thirteen Austrian cavalry officers?—*From "The Value of Science," by Henri Poincaré, translated by George Bruce Halsted.*

For that matter, where is Hal March?



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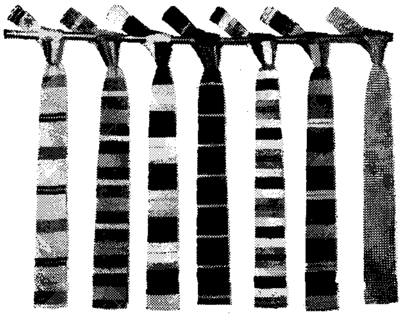

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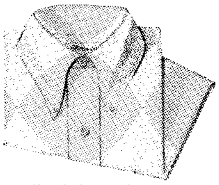

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

They Should Have Stayed Home

"SOME CAME RUNNING" presents Frank Sinatra as a writer whom the *Atlantic Monthly* is proud to publish but who, all things considered, would hardly be welcome at the magazine's offices on Arlington Street in Boston. Among the things to be considered are that he isn't socially housebroken, that he can't look at a female without sliding off into thoughts of a counterpane, and that, when in his cups (as he often is), his language not only is vulgar but doesn't make much sense. The character Mr. Sinatra depicts was invented by James Jones, and the novel in which he first appeared has been adapted for the screen by John Patrick and Arthur Sheekman. The adapters, as well as the director, Vincente Minnelli, have striven hard to convince us that a writing fellow who would be placed below the salt even in the coffee joints frequented by the beat, bewhiskered scribblers of San Francisco should be regarded as a kind of Villon. O.K. (so the argument runs), maybe he is something of a lush, a satyr, and a bum, but deep down under there is something fine in him. The argument—a familiar one in novels and movies dealing with picaresque types—is, unfortunately, developed rather haphazardly, and when the film has run its course, the protagonist has yet to be established as anything but a lush, a satyr, and a bum. Let's qualify this by saying that he has also demonstrated that he is a determined bore.

When we first encounter Mr. Sinatra, it is 1948 and he is a soldier, newly sprung from the Army, who has come back to his home town in Indiana. He hates the place, along with his stuffy older brother (Arthur Kennedy), who put him in an orphanage early in youth; his brother's wife (Leora Dana), who hates him in return; and practically everybody else in town, except a lady (Martha Hyer) who teaches a literature-appreciation course at a local college, his adolescent niece (Betty Lou Keim), and a card shark he presently teams up with (Dean Martin). Every

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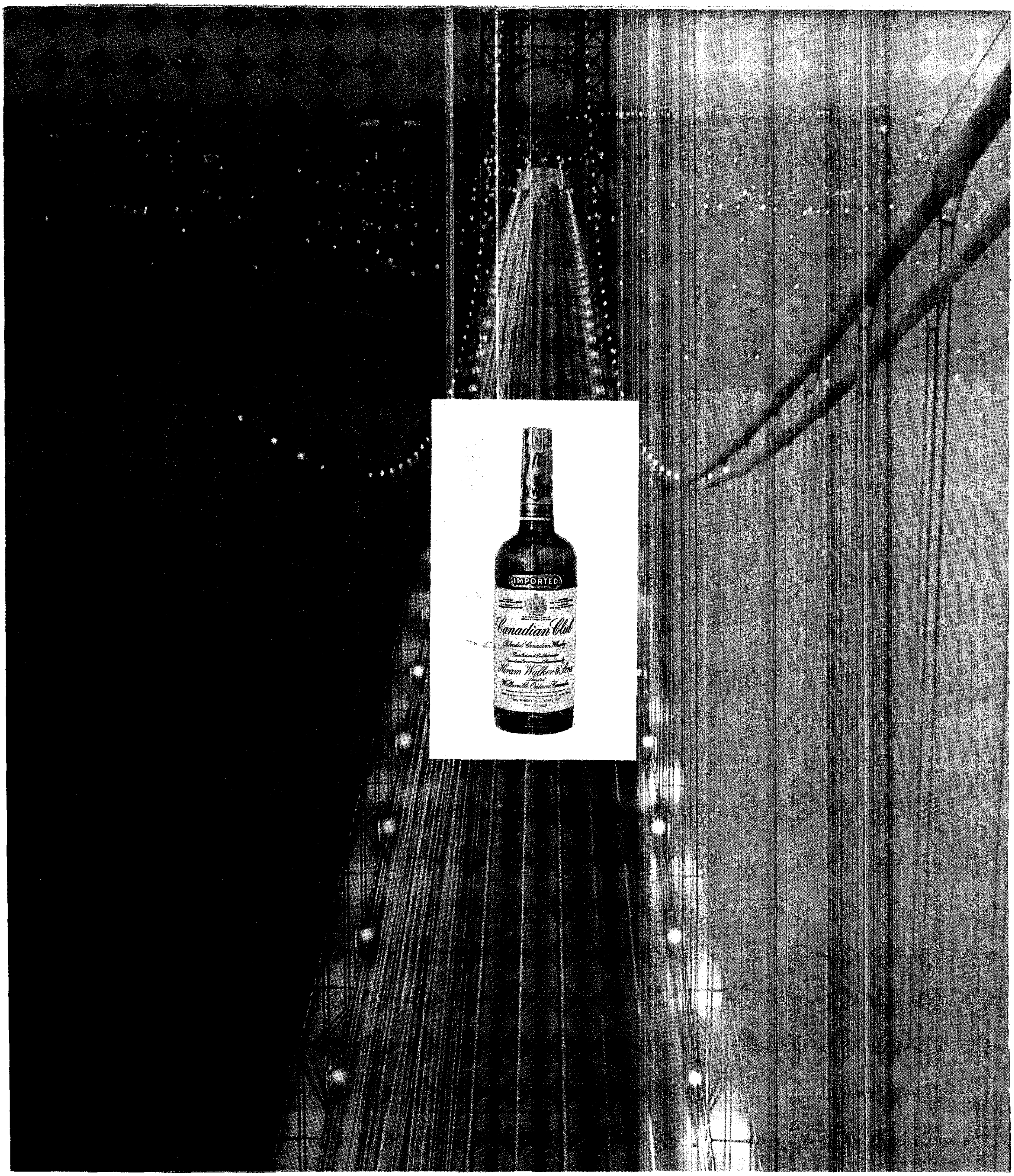

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now and then, he is also inclined to except from his general misanthropy a trollop who adores him (Shirley MacLaine), and eventually, when he has got good and fed up with bourgeois values, he marries her. They weren't made for each other.

In maneuvering the principals around the Indiana landscape, the scriptwriters and the director never seem to have any particular goal in mind, and the whole enterprise winds up with a dishevelled, richly bathetic funeral scene, occasioned by the fact that Miss MacLaine has been gunned down by a frustrated admirer from Chicago. The acting throughout is competent but hardly distinguished.

I AM told by the distributors of the German film "The Sins of Rose Bernd," based on a play by Gerhart Hauptmann, that it was this picture (not "Gervaise" or "The Last Bridge") that brought Maria Schell, who plays the heroine, to Hollywood. The workings of Hollywood are always mysterious to me, and now I find myself in a state of confusion worse confounded, for Miss Schell, who can act, as she demonstrated in "Gervaise," does little here but reveal that she has as fine a set of teeth as ever grew in a woman's head. Giggling, simpering, and beaming, she goes about portraying a poor bucolic slavey who is taken advantage of by her employer, a wealthy farmer, and then, having become pregnant, is seduced again by a steam-shovel operator who has seen her carrying on with Moneybags. When the picture isn't sordid, it's silly, and I hope that Miss Schell has better luck with her future scripts. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

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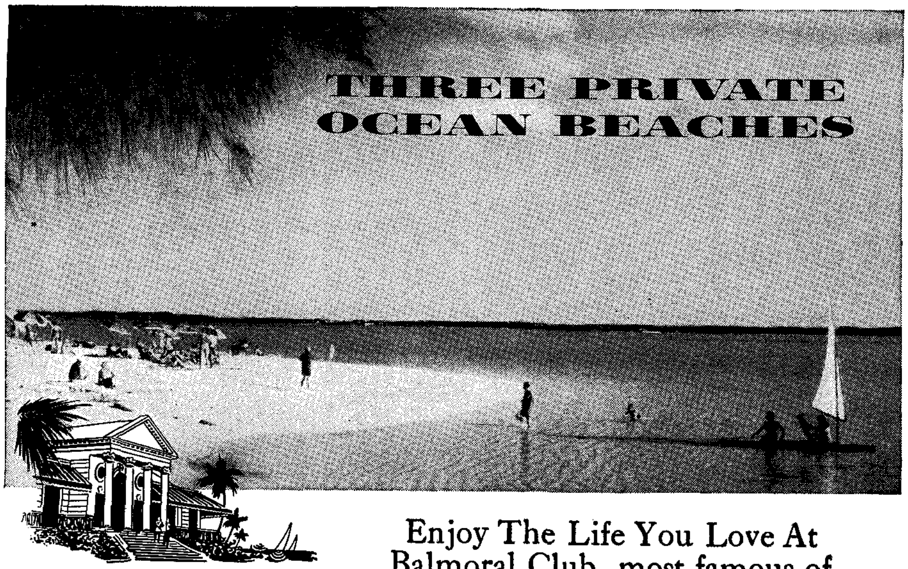

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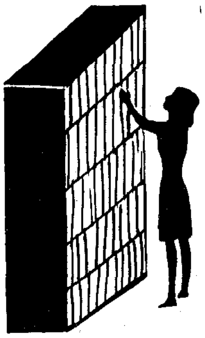
The Director as Critic



A Mediocre drama critic may be defined as a man who is content merely to review plays. He comes to the theatre as a high-school gourmet to a restaurant, equipped with nothing more positive than an open mind and a clean palate; having tasted the dish that is set before him, he pronounces it pleasant or unpleasant, and then goes home to gargle. He is now ready to approach his next meal in the same state of artificial innocence, uncontaminated, as far as possible, by any noxious taint of experience. His mind, like his mouth, hangs open and empty, a fact of which he is quietly proud, since it proves beyond a doubt that he is unprejudiced. In other words, he judges plays in a condition that would unfit him for almost any human activity, except perhaps sunbathing. Intellectually, he is self-gelded, for he has deliberately erased from his thinking all sense of continuity with the past, together with all those aspects of the present that lie outside the theatre's walls. His task, or so he conceives it, is to keep out of his criticism the values and convictions that govern his life and shape his attitude, if he has one, toward society. For him, the drama is a world apart, instead of a part of the world. The great test comes when he brings out a book (imaginably entitled "Rogues and Vagabonds") of his collected reviews. Considered singly, they may glitter; en masse, they resemble nothing so much as a bag of unstrung beads.

Another, rarer kind of criticism is exemplified in "Lies Like Truth" (Macmillan), a compilation of articles on the theatre written by Harold Clurman between 1947 and 1957, mostly for the *New Republic* and the *Nation*. I mean to sound complimentary when I say that Mr. Clurman reads better in bulk than he does in weekly installments. Few of his reviews have literary pretensions; the prose is brusque, spasmodic, and excitable, frequently falling over its own feet in its haste, and many of the items have the fragmentary quality of bulletins from the front line. Yet the book as an entity holds up. The pieces fit together into a consistent pattern; the beads, in short, are strung. Desmond MacCarthy once said that a good critic must watch the hour hand of history as well as the minute hand, and this is what Mr. Clurman does. He sees plays in terms of their environment in time and place. Faced with a new work, he asks himself not only whether he likes it and why but where it stands in relation to the author's development, where the author stands in relation to the theatre he writes for, and where that theatre stands in relation to society as a whole. There is something in him of the child who, addressing a letter to a friend, begins with the name, the street, the city, and the state, and then cannot stop until he reaches the hemisphere and, finally, The World. Mr. Clurman's horizon is similarly uncontracted. This is literally as well as figuratively true; few modern critics have travelled so far in search of theatre. And none, it is safe to say, is better informed about the practical side of the business than Mr. Clurman, who was a director of the Group Theatre for ten palpitating years and is still volcanically active, having staged two Broadway productions in the past five months. This first-hand knowledge is what keeps his idealism firmly nailed to reality. His theories, impassioned and exalted, about what the theatre ought to be are not dreams but workable extensions of what it actually is.

Two themes, so tightly plaited that they sometimes appear one, recur throughout the book. One of them is the sickness inherent in a theatre that equates merit with profit, and the corresponding need for a remedy in the form of subsidized playhouses in which talents, rather than investments, can mature. The other is the nature of merit itself. In Mr. Clurman's eyes, every stage production makes both a statement and an emotional impact, and the critic's job is to decide not merely what the statement is but whether it has value—or, as Mr. Clurman would say, whether it is "humanly relevant." At first glance, his admirations look wildly disparate, ranging, as they do, from Giraudoux to Judy Garland. Always, however, the touchstone is value: Are we being offered an

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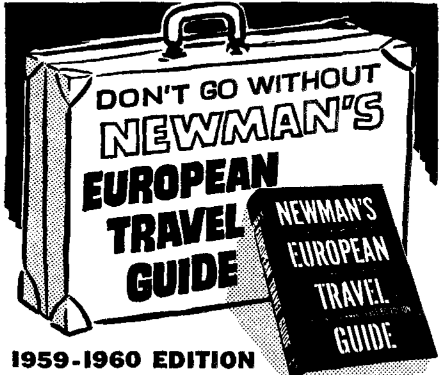

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enrichment that will outlive pleasure? In the least restrictive sense of the word, Mr. Clurman is a moralist. "Theatre," he says, in a congested but expressive phrase, "is philosophy in a fleshed design of action." The difference between him and the clean-palate dilettantes is that he knows what he expects of the drama. They go to the theatre ready for anything. He goes ready for something.

Mr. Clurman is an impatient, untidy writer, who throws off his pearls as perfunctorily as a dog shaking itself after a swim, and for this reason it is hard to do him justice in quotation. Here, all the same, are a few *aperçus* that may help to convey the flavor of his shrewdness. Of the tirelessly eclectic Thornton Wilder: "He arranges flowers beautifully, but he does not grow them." Of O'Neill, with special reference to "Long Day's Journey Into Night": "Every character speaks in two voices, two moods—one of rage, the other of apology." Of Ibsen: "A graph of Ibsen's thematic material would show him oscillating between the determined idealism of 'no compromise' and the more modern question of how much to compromise." Of certain French avant-garde playwrights: "Their rebellion is a little like . . . a revolt in an orphanage." Of Miss Garland: "The tension between the unctuously bright slickness which is expected of her medium . . . and the fierceness of what her being wants to cry out produces something positively orgiastic in the final effect."

The best piece of sustained criticism in the book is Mr. Clurman's analysis of "A Streetcar Named Desire" as directed on Broadway by Elia Kazan. His conclusion, which I find unassailable, is that the "intense, introspective, and almost lyric personality" of Marlon Brando turned the play's values upside down by gaining so much sympathy for the brutish Kowalski that the audience could not help seeing Blanche Du Bois through his eyes—as a posturing fraud who deserved most of what she got. Mr. Clurman's account of how an actor's natural creativeness can inadvertently contradict the spirit of a text without departing from the letter of it could have been written only by a practicing director. With that thought in mind, let us agree to bury the popular notion, fostered in self-defense by generations of reviewers, that backstage *expertise* is at best irrelevant and at worst inimical to good criticism.

On the Stanislavski Method, which achieved full American citizenship through the diligence of the Group Theatre, Mr. Clurman is concise and

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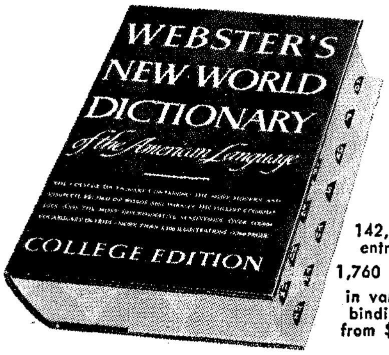

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authoritative. "The grammar of acting," as he calls it, is now securely enthroned on Broadway and needs no defense except against bad actors and imbecile publicity. Not without weariness, Mr. Clurman reminds us that Stanislavski was concerned just as much with external technique as with "inner truth": "I have never heard anyone speak as long and as dogmatically on the importance of the voice and diction as did Stanislavski to me on the several occasions of our meeting in Paris and Moscow. As for posture, physical deportment, correctness of carriage, discipline of manner: on these subjects Stanislavski was almost fanatic."

THE same line is taken by Robert Lewis, another Group graduate, in "Method—or Madness?" (Samuel French), which preserves in permanent form a series of chatty, flossy, but basically sensible lectures delivered by the author to an audience of theatre people two years ago. Mr. Lewis's thesis, clearly visible through a small forest of exclamation points, is that too much emphasis has been laid on the Stanislavski of "An Actor Prepares," which deals mainly with the "insides" of acting, and too little on the Stanislavski of "Building a Character," which concentrates on the outward, or visible and audible, aspects of the craft. He attributes this imbalance to the fact that the latter book was not published in America until 1949—thirteen years after its companion volume—by which time the older testament had been accepted as the whole of the law and its high priests had grown deaf to new doctrine. Mr. Lewis supports his argument with some wily anecdotes and a superbly daunting chart, translated in 1934 from Stanislavski's own copy, of the entire Method process, from the conception of a role to its perfect execution. By stressing the executive side of the chart, which contains panels labelled "Dancing," "Rules of Speaking," "External Tempo and Rhythm," and so forth, Mr. Lewis is able to serve the cause of fair play while at the same time putting in a suave plug or two for the kind of poetic, semi-stylized drama that lies, I suspect, nearest to his affections.

I read his little book with pleasure; even so, I could not help wishing that he

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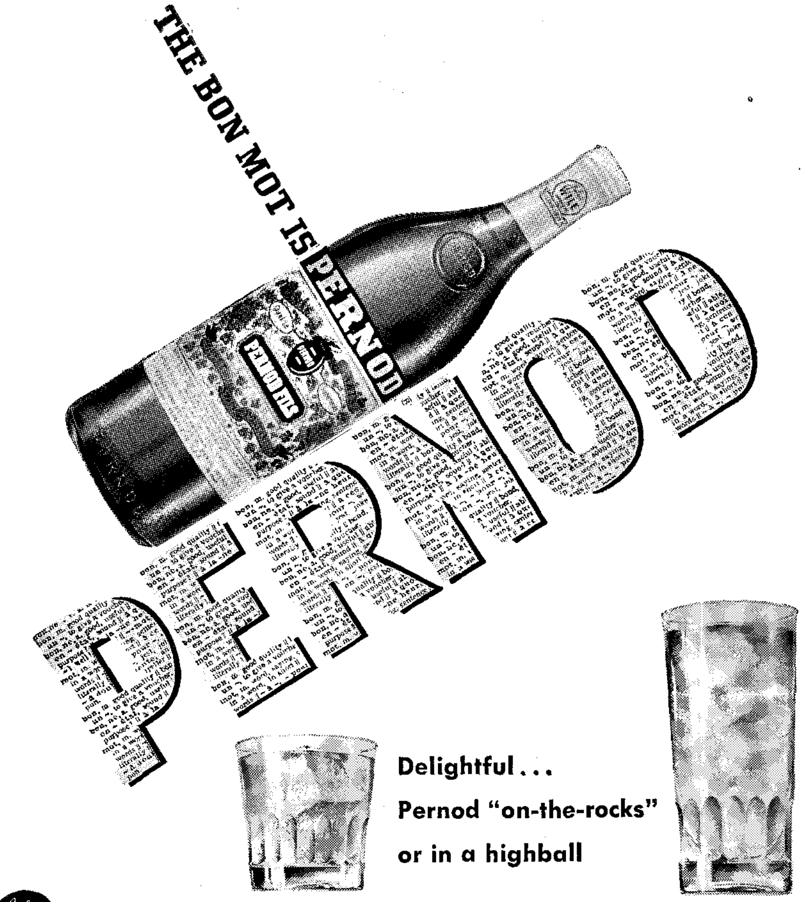
had been too busy to write it. Mr. Lewis is one of the most active New York directors, and yet in the twenty years that have passed since he staged William Saroyan's "My Heart's in the Highlands" for the Group he has directed only fourteen Broadway shows—among them no classics, and nothing written more than a quarter of a century ago. By Continental standards, he is scarcely more than a beginner. Nor is his a special case; it applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to Broadway as a whole. The American theatre is alive with talent, most of which, culturally speaking, is marking time. None of it is employed as such talent ought to be—in permanent companies, where it might try its hand at everything from Aeschylus to Axelrod, and grow by constant use. By a bizarre paradox, the barely competent performers do far more theatrical work than the most strikingly gifted; prestige deters the latter from taking artistic risks that might land them in a flop, while conscience forbids them to indulge in the kind of *Kitsch* that would guarantee a hit. From the directors' point of view as well as the actors', there is not much doubt that the healthiest theatres are those of Sweden, Russia, and Germany. If there were a *Staattheater* in the neighborhood of Times Square, Mr. Lewis would long since have celebrated his fiftieth production, and Mr. Brando might have played thirty stage roles in ten years, instead of one. Compared to the playhouses of Germany, Mr. Clurman wrote from Berlin in 1956, "the American, English, French stages look like little-theatre activities." It is not that the grass grows greener there but that it is more systematically nourished. When the Group Theatre broke up, in 1941, Mr. Clurman made a significant, though ill-phrased, comment: "The basic defect in our activity was that while we tried to maintain a true theatre policy artistically, we proceeded economically on a show-business basis. Our means and our ends were in fundamental contradiction." That is still the dilemma of the Western theatre.

—KENNETH TYNAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NIKI, by Tibor Dery, in an English version by Edward Hyams (Doubleday). Niki is a sprightly terrier bitch whose amiable, undemanding life in Red-run Budapest is gradually destroyed because it is of no use to Communism. She is also a metaphor for human beings; her owners, at



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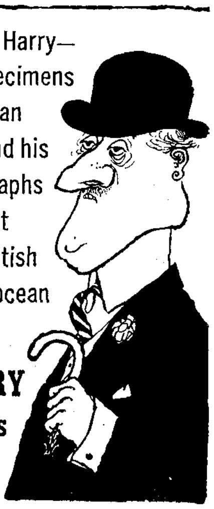
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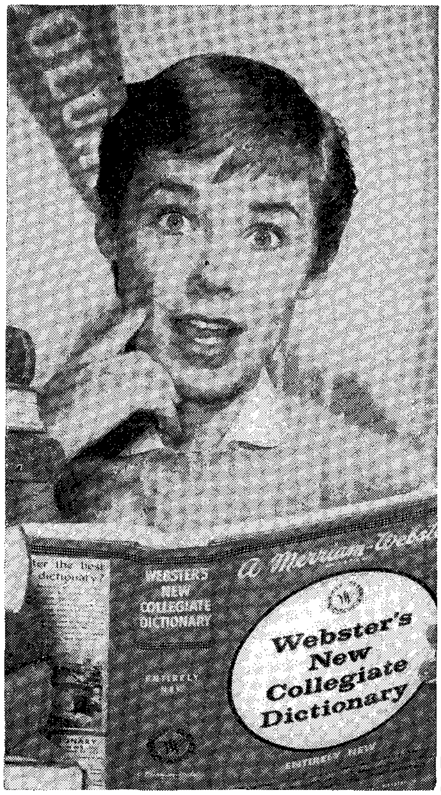

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the mercy of a malignant state, are as helpless and inarticulate as animals. Mr. Dery, who is now in jail for his part in the revolt of 1956, has been compared to Thomas Mann, and, like Mann, he writes broadly and unhurriedly. His imagination is not so fantastic as Kafka's, but, like Kafka, he makes a few characters represent thousands and uses realistic details to create the plausible terror of nightmares. This is a painful novel and a very, very good one.

TENDERLOIN, by Samuel Hopkins Adams (Random House). A long and affectionate novel, painted in bold colors, about New York City in the eighteen-nineties. Mr. Adams' characters—newspapermen, clergymen, society women, prostitutes, and the rest—are hardly more than sketches of personalities, but their affairs are pleasantly complicated, their behavior is consistent with what we know of them, and their appearance and conversation have the appeal that a good poster of the period might have. This appeal, in which amusement is mixed with nostalgia for a New York we never knew, loses its power under prolonged contemplation, and so, in spite of its flamboyance, Mr. Adams' book is first of all a quiet and leisurely entertainment, best enjoyed in short sessions, perhaps at bedtime.

EVERY EYE, by Isobel English (Crowell). A resolute investigation of the present and past of a middle-class Englishwoman, Hatty Latterly, who, locked from childhood in shyness, fails at everything she tries until marriage with a much younger man brings her her first self-reliance and peace. Miss English continually tries to reveal the effect of her settings—they include London, France, Spain, and some Mediterranean islands—on her characters through intense metaphoric description, but, like her handling of human relationships, this is almost always based on faulty or meaningless imagery, which underlines the tilted, blurred impression of a careful talent never quite in focus.

GENERAL

OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE PURITAN REVOLUTION, by Maurice Ashley (Macmillan). This excellent little biography is part of a series imperatively titled Teach Yourself History, whose aim, the general editor, A. L. Rowse, explains, is "by way of a biography of a great man

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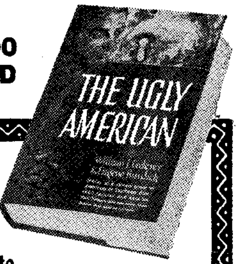

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to open up a significant historical theme." Dr. Ashley, editor of the English magazine the *Listener* and a specialist in seventeenth-century history, has done just that, and done it beautifully. He admires Cromwell, and portrays him with sympathy. He also helps the reader appreciate the needs that the Puritan Revolution attempted to meet, and demonstrates that Cromwell's government was a good deal more than an experiment in republicanism later repudiated by the English people—that, in fact, the revolution settled the terms on which the monarchy has functioned ever since: a powerful House of Commons, a limited royal prerogative, and religious tolerance.

Verdict for the Doctor: The Case of Benjamin Rush, by Winthrop and Frances Neilson (Hastings House). A serviceable account of an important eighteenth-century lawsuit. Benjamin Rush, a Philadelphia doctor, signed the Declaration of Independence, which may have been the last time he agreed with a majority. In the seventeen-nineties, when the Federalists were in power, he supported the Democratic-Republicans. During the recurrent yellow-fever epidemics of that decade, he developed his own treatment for the disease, which few other doctors accepted. William Cobbett, who is known to history as an English radical but was at this time an American conservative and the publisher of a savagely Federalist weekly in Philadelphia, attacked Rush as a doctor because he hated him as a politician. Rush sued for libel and won substantial damages. It was the first time that an American jury had been willing to limit the freedom of the press on behalf of an injured individual. Although Rush's fever cure was, as a matter of fact, worthless (but no more so than anybody else's), the legal remedy he found turned out to have immense, lasting value.

Landmarks of Tomorrow, by Peter F. Drucker (Harper). Mr. Drucker has been thinking about the future and has come up with quite a few stimulating ideas on the subject. He begins by explaining how new emphases on processes, relationships, patterns, and purposes have begun to replace old, static concepts of man, nature, and society. And this, he believes, is more than a change in the language of philosophy; it is the start of a new approach to all kinds of human activities—scientific research,

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the government of cities, the designing of racks for supermarkets. Mr. Drucker's description of the challenges and opportunities that today and tomorrow offer is fascinating, and his picture of new *new* problems to conquer may very likely make the reader want to get out and do something about practically everything.

THE ROME I LOVE, by Patrice Molinard, Jean Giono, Félicien Marceau, and Georges Pillement (Tudor). A portrait of Rome in photographs and text by four admiring Parisians. As is usual in ventures of this sort, the pictures, which are the work of Mlle. Molinard, dominate the book. There are about a hundred of them in all (twelve in color), and they balance nicely between the ancient city and the superimposed modern one, occasionally contrasting the two with stunning perception. M. Giono's contribution is an antic and aimless account, set down in a curious pidgin English ("The Trastevere . . . was pretty much like this but with a little more pompous"), of his first visit to Rome. M. Pillement provides a lumbering commentary on the sights of the city ("Here is a pleasant little square for the pleasure of Rome and then once again churches and palaces"), and M. Marceau is responsible for the captions ("The Capitoline . . . has calm, self-assured grandeur. It is imposing and knows it").

•

Sportsmen's fish committee met with Waldorf plant heads Tuesday to receive word of cooperation planned there to avoid anything that may be happening. —*Missoula (Mont.) Daily Missoulian.*

These days, that's a large order.

•

"If teachers were given the same status in this country as they are in Russia, we would have no teacher shortage," Whitelaw said. "And with no teacher shortage we wouldn't have near the educational problems we face today."—*Canton (Ohio) Repository.*

We're not aware of any problems.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle*]

The former president looked down from a front row Senate gallery seat on the arena where he served for 10 years before moving to the White House. Planting his chin on folded hands, he leaned on the railing and smiled and waved.

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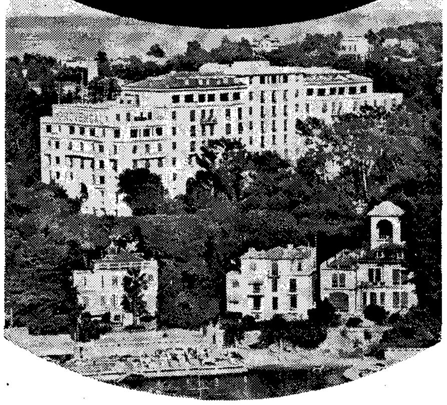

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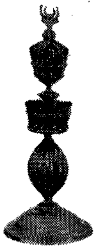

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